

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1870.

THE REASON.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

THIS is such a beautiful world; so full of loveliness, so rich in glory, so suggestive, everywhere, of the greater beauty of the world to come! As I lie here this sweet August afternoon, the wind comes softly from its long journey over still groves, and bright streams, and banks of flowers, softly through the evergreens, lifting the light curtains, and with gentle fingers cools my hot forehead and murmurs to me dreamily. There is the rush of far cascades, the shimmer of distant rivers, yea, even the thought of the solemn sea in its voice; there is the sigh of the lotus, asleep on the slumbrous Nile; the rustle of oleander thickets from Syrian brooks; the surge of desert sands—I can almost fancy it brings the echo of booming cannon from Europe's battle-fields, so many strange stories has it, this wandering wind.

Looking in, you might think me sick and alone; but save your pity—I have plenty of pleasant company. As I look through the wind-rocked green of the trees, with the still, blue sky behind it, so thankful for my quiet portion, I am reminded of a girl I once knew (it makes no difference with my story when or where), who, on such an afternoon as this, years ago, sat at the teacher's desk of a country school-room. The breeze, coming in at the windows, did not whisper to her of far countries—only of the rare pleasure of being quiet and alone. How pleasant to be away from her tiresome perplexities, and, with an interesting book, pass the afternoon hours, that would be so hot and dreary in the school-room, in the shade of the great trees that seemed stretching toward her their green arms, full of tempting shade and coolness. True, she loved her work, but just now she felt tired and heart-sore. Why on this particular day must she be bound to it? Any other would do as well for the children to learn

their lessons. Carriages rolled down the shady road, filled with ladies at ease, looking so fresh and happy in their fluttering muslins and ribbons. They were from the one grand house near by, and she wished—thinking of all they enjoyed—that, for this single afternoon, she might change places with one of them. So much was said about the great mission of the teacher that she had thought she should be perfectly contented when she reached it, yet she could not see that she had ever done any good. The sower's hands were getting very weary and there seemed not the slightest prospect of a harvest. Perhaps this reflection was bitterest of all, for stronger with her than the love of ease or pleasure, even than that of beauty and knowledge, was the desire to do something in the Master's service, but the hope was growing faint. Be patient, young heart, not yet is the harvest, and few signs of it are we allowed to see so early in the season.

It was anything but a cheerful face that came back to its task of watching the restless children. Perhaps they, too, had their little visions of games under the oaks suddenly interrupted by the recess-bell, always unwelcome, however long delayed. At any rate, they did not settle steadily to their tasks, and the sunlight seemed longer than usual in slipping off the stone door-sill and beyond the play-ground, leaving the shadows behind it.

When the time came for Maggie's reading-lesson, it proved a simple little story, just childish and sweet enough to bring to the teacher's mind an undefinable sense of comfort and rest; but the small gleam was soon to go out under an accusation against Lydia Pryne, so grave that Miss Walsh was deeply troubled.

"The Prynes" were the butt of the neighborhood. It had long since voted them as

"idle, dirty, vicious set," and it came to be the fashion among teachers to neglect and punish their children. Miss Walsh had only this one, a child of ten years, to deal with, and faithfully she had striven to improve her, though few would have undertaken so repulsive and apparently hopeless a task. Poor Lydia had no prettiness of face to win one: the eyes were blue, with long, black lashes; the complexion gray, from uncleanness, and the black hair harsh and thin from recent illness and neglect. Of late, the teacher had fancied that something like expression was growing into the vacant face, and that she perceived a slight moral improvement, and it seemed especially cruel, now, to have her small hope destroyed.

She was angry and discouraged, and it was well that she was obliged to defer her reproof till after the close of the session. Better thoughts came meantime; humble, tearful ones of "Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself;" of His patience and her haste, and when the last little barefoot had passed over the threshold, with a silent prayer for help, she could address herself calmly to the girl who sat pouting in the corner, fully expecting her well-merited punishment. Miss Walsh was too sad and disheartened for many words—only how sorry she was that any of her pupils should act wickedly, especially one for whom she had begun to hope so much; then a story of a little girl who tried to do right and succeeded, because she never ceased trying and asking God to help her, and a hope that Lydia would ask and try too.

There was only one interruption: "Was she a poor girl just like me, and did the rest laugh at her and not play with her, as they used to me before you came?"

When they left the school-house the sun was nearly down, and the shadows were bringing coolness in their dusky hands. The child, silent at first, soon began to chatter about various things, and when Jessie bade her good-night at the gate of her miserable home, she feared the hour had been thrown away. So little do we know of God's ways. Too often do we say to ourselves that His purposes seem to ripen slowly and to be long in their unfolding.

The next day, and the next, Lydia was missing from her seat; the third brought a dirty, tousel-headed boy for her books. "She was not coming to school any more." Could Jessie be blamed if her sigh was one rather of relief than otherwise, especially since this settled for her a long vexed question. What it was will

be apparent from Mrs. Leek's greeting, as "the teacher" came up the walk to that lady's domicile, between the corn and potatoes that grew on either side, "as the golden sun was setting."

"You're goin' to be deprived of the privilege, sposin' ye consider it sech, of boardin' at the Prynes, Miss Walsh," said the dame, with a smile intended to mean—"Of course, you would never have thought of such a thing."

Jessie had, though. "Boarding at the Prynes" was the standing joke of the district, a thing which every teacher was continually recommended, but never expected to do, though an unprejudiced observer might have decided that there were other equally unpleasant boarding-places. But, in the country, every neighborhood usually fixes upon one family as a mark for ridicule, thereby exemplifying the gentle charity usually supposed by non-residents to prevail in rural regions. With a different charity, Jessie had thought if by going among those people she could do them the smallest good, make them feel a little less like outlaws, it must be her duty to do so.

But we must not keep the dame waiting longer for her answer, which was only the question: "How so?"

"Well, they're gone off, bag and baggage, the whole troop on 'em, and I, for one, am precious glad on't."

With which satisfied expression she went to set the tea-table, leaving Jessie to reflections not altogether pleasant. When a duty, that we have delayed, and puzzled over, and dreaded, is thus put out of our power to perform, there is apt to mingle with the relief a shadowy regret that the opportunity is gone. When the burden was offered us we thought it too heavy—when it is withdrawn, we begin to think of Him for whom nothing was too hard, and knowing how that all-seeing eye has beheld our shrinking, almost fear the Judge's voice may say—"Thou art verily guilty concerning thy brother."

"The years they come, and the years they go,
And the sunshine follows the rain."

Mrs. Hampton, whom we knew as Jessie Walsh, was thinking of these lines as she sat by her small parlor window one day, and feeling thankful that the rest of the stanza was true also:

"But yesterday's smile and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again."

For she had known much of the frown and struggle of life; now she was learning of its sunnier places, and had no wish to go over the hard ones again. Presently she noticed that

the roses that swung their bright clusters above the portico were taking upon themselves to clamber about in an improper, brambleish manner, and armed with hammer, cord, and nails, went out to tie them up. She was too busy and content with her work to think what a pretty picture she made, or notice that a young lady had stopped her handsome pony-carriage at the neat, white gate, and was watching her wistfully. Neither did she hear the light step on the walk till it was beside her, and a voice said—"Pardon me, but you so much resemble a dear friend I had long ago, and whom I am very anxious to meet again—Jessie Walsh was her name."

"It was mine formerly—but I am quite sure that I never had any such acquaintance," replied Mrs. Hampton, glancing at the card upon which was lightly graven "Lucilla Nye."

"Probably not," was the smiling answer, "you knew me as Lydia Pryne, the by-word of White Plains school, and that I am anything better than I then gave promise of I owe in a great measure to yourself."

"Lydia Pryne—is it possible?" cried the now thoroughly amazed Jessie. "Come in and tell me all about your fortunes since those days."

"It is not a long story," said the girl, "please come and ride with me while I tell it."

A ride being one of Mrs. Hampton's rare pleasures, she gladly went for her hat and shawl, her wonder making her pick them up two or three times each before she found them.

Seated in the pretty carriage, and dashing away after the sleek pony, she could scarcely believe herself awake. Soon her companion slackened the reins and began her story:

"I was sick when we left 'the Plains,' else I should never have gone without seeing you again. During the dreary, helpless days that ensued, I thought much of your kind words and advice, the first I had ever received, and the idea you implanted in my mind that last afternoon seemed to gain strength and stand before everything else. I was sure I need not always live in such a wretched way, and how to help it became my continual study. I recalled your words—"I hope you will never stop asking and trying," and I never have. Night and morning I repeated the prayer you taught me, and after a time asked also in my own words, as you once told me, for what I seem to need most each day. It was always the same thing—that God would show me the way. Nothing seemed to be in my power but to try and tidy the house and myself a little, and with no one to help or teach me it was slow work; still I was able to

effect a slight improvement. When I grew strong enough I went to school steadily, and studied hard to make up for lost time. Often it was bitter work. Few know how keenly taunts and sneers may be felt by the poor, ragged children who seem not to heed them.

"The next year my father and eldest brother went into the army, among the first that enlisted, thinking, with many others, that there would be no fighting and, as they phrased it, plenty of sport. The discipline did them good; they improved, strange to say, where many, always considered respectable at home, deteriorated—re-enlisted for the war, and at its close came home—would you believe it?—sincere Christians. Surely a rich blessing waits those brave men who did not cease to be God's faithful soldiers when they took up earthly weapons, but even amid the horrors of war found time and sought opportunities to win souls.

"For the rest, mother seemed disposed to fold her hands and let us be taken care of by charity, but I had pride enough by that time to be ashamed of that, and tried in every way to get employment. Everything seemed against me—my youth, name, and appearance—and I began to despair, when Mrs. Nye, hearing how much I desired to get work, kindly employed me to wait upon an invalid niece then residing with her. I do not think you can understand the ecstasy of joy with which the news that she 'would try me' was received. I rushed straight home and to my little room, where I jumped and shouted, cried and laughed; then a sudden fear seizing me that mother would not consent, I hurried away to a neighbor's, where she had gone for her usual gossip, to ask her if I might go. She 'didn't care if I wanted to leave my own mother and go among strangers,' 'hoped she shouldn't see me back the first night;' said I needn't expect her to get me ready, but if I would just take the clothes I had and not ask her for any more I might go as soon as I liked.

"All of which was so much more reasonable than I had expected that I began to fear I was really ungrateful, and bade her good-by with many tears and assurances that I was only going so that she would have one less to care for, and maybe sometime I could help her.

"She seemed quite touched at this, bade me good-by very kindly, and I went home comforted, to find the other children; but they were all off at play, no one could tell where. I donned my least shabby garments and set forth. At the gate I paused a moment, and looked back at the dirty hovel with such feelings as I

fancy a prisoner must have when he is leaving his dungeon.

"'Good-by, old house,' said I. 'I hope I shall never have to live in you again, and sometime I may come and take mother and the children away from you.'

"But you must be wearied, Mrs. Hampton, and it is time this long story was closed. My new friends were very kind to me; the niece soon offered to help me on with my lessons, seeing how anxious I was to learn, and a gentle and faithful teacher she proved, leading me by sweet example and wise precept into the better way. She taught me to ask the best blessing for my dear ones, and I love often to think how those prayers have been answered.

"Mrs. Nye, in time, found good situations for the two other children who were old enough, and mother being left with Neddie only, and stirred by her children's example and entreaties, rented rooms in a decent cottage, gave up gossip, took in sewing, and became tidy and respectable. When Mrs. Nye's niece, having fully recovered, left her home for one of her own, the dear old lady said she could not give up Lucilla, too—she liked best to call me by my middle name—and proposed to adopt me as her daughter. She has been indeed a mother to me. Since our removal to this place I go home yearly. God be praised that it is now in *reality* a home, where loving parents and children meet, with honest pride in their success and earnest thanksgiving to Him who has so wonderfully ordered their ways."

Mrs. Hampton had not been too much absorbed in the subject to study the narrator. She saw that the dingy bud had found a fair blossoming. The face was softly white, with pink on cheeks and lips; the eyes charmed her with their changeable beauty from behind the heavy lashes, and the midnight hair, gathered back in a careless sweep of curls, seemed blacker than ever against the snow of the neck. She was at length reminded how close her scrutiny was growing by an embarrassed laugh, and the question "Am I like?"

"Pardon my rudeness," she replied, "you have learned to take care of your gifts, and the soul has awakened and grown. Ah! me, for the spirits that have not found their wings."

"Poor chrysalids!" sighed her companion, "we must do all we can for them."

So Jessie knew, at last, why on *that one day*, long ago, she should have borne care, and confinement, and vexation, while others were at ease. Did she regret it now? Was there any

hour of rest or pleasure for which she would have exchanged it?

And though it may not always please Him to show us what He doeth, yea, though we toil all the day long with no sign therefor, yet, let us not faint, neither grow weary, for the Lord of the harvest knoweth all.

WAITING.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

Peeping over the garden gate,

Weesome, brown eyed May;

Peering under her dimpled hand,

Adown the dusty way;

A little frown, a joyous shout,

As day her glory furls,

At sight of the tasseled velvet cap

Over the golden curls.

Ah! little May, dost frown to wait

So short a time at the garden gate?

Looking over the garden gate,

Winsome, brown eyed May;

Tresses crowned with a rosebud wreath,

Glancing adown the way;

Timidly glancing with half-drawn sigh,

For the sunset fades apace;

But the golden smile and the roscate glow

See, now, on the maiden's face!

Ah! winsome May, dost sigh to wait

So short a time at the garden gate?

Looking over the garden gate,

Constant, love crowned May;

Holy light in the steady eyes

Watching adown the way;

Watching until the glories dim

And the twilight shadows pall;

But kissed away are the tear drops poised

Before they have time to fall.

Ah! love crowned May, dost weep to wait

So short a time at the garden gate?

Looking over the garden gate,

Pure browed, sad eyed May;

Dropping tears on a golden head

That came since he went away;

Seeing naught in the sunset glow

But a sanguine field afar!

Seeing naught in the dazzling sheen

But the blazonry of war!

Ah! pure browed May, 'tis sad to wait

Long, long in vain at the garden gate!

Looking over the Golden Gate,

Adown the star gemmed way

Angel thronged, and brighter far

Than the portals of closing day—

Waiting until a sun is set,

A day of sorrow o'er—

Severed the silver cord that binds

A soul to the far off shore!

Ah! weeping May, 'tis he doth wait

Thy coming now at the Golden Gate.

AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

MAGNETISM.

Characters:

JOHN JENKINS, an old sea captain.

JASPER JENKINS, his son.

MALVINA JENKINS, his sister, an old maid.

AMY KING, a young lady visiting Miss Jenkins.

MISS LUCRETIA LUDWIG,

MISS SOPHIA SNAPWELL,

MISS CORNELIA CRABAPPLE,

MISS DEBORAH DINGLE,

MISS BELINDA HATES,

MISS MARIA MUNROE,

ROBERT, the footman.

Maiden ladies
of an
uncertain age.

SCENE I.—MAGNET.

SCENE.—*The parlor of Mr. Jenkins's house.*

Curtain rises, discovering John Jenkins and Jasper, seated. John is putting a compass together, the pieces lying on a table before him. Jasper is leaning against the table, watching his father.

JOHN.—Another good opportunity thrown away, Jasper? I cannot understand it. When I was your age I should have considered myself the luckiest dog alive to have gone first mate in such a vessel as the Fleetwing, and such a pleasant voyage, too.

JASPER.—I have been once to the Mediterranean.

JOHN (*sarcastically*).—Indeed! Well, of course, that entirely prevents your ever going again.

JASPER.—You seem very anxious to send me away.

JOHN.—I am very anxious to find out what keeps you at home. You cannot be in love, because I have expressly forbidden you to think of a wife before you are twenty-five, and that is three good years from now.

JASPER.—But, my dear sir—

JOHN.—I married young and —— well I would not, of course, say a word against your sainted mother, only—I went to sea a great deal after I was married.

JASPER (*sighing*).—I think you were fonder of the ocean than I am.

JOHN.—Nonsense! You let me know no rest nor peace until I allowed you to go to sea. But now some magnet more powerful than that guiding the compass keeps you ashore.

JASPER.—Supposing it was a pair of bright eyes, father, that proved the strongest magnet in the world. I would not be the first man so situated.

JOHN (*angrily*).—I won't listen to any such

stuff! I have positively forbidden you to fall in love, and I insist upon being obeyed.

JASPER.—Do you think such matters are within our own control?

JOHN.—You had better go to sea at once. I won't hear another word!

JASPER.—But if the young lady is perfectly unobjectionable, sir?

JOHN.—I tell you I won't listen to another word. You shall not marry *anybody* before you are twenty-five. Marry, indeed! (*gathering up his compass hastily*). If I stay here any longer I shall certainly lose my temper.

[*Exit John, in a rage.*]

JASPER.—Too late, my respected parent. It is too late to forbid my falling in love. Already Amy's bright eyes have proved a more powerful magnet than any of the pleasures of the ocean. My heart is fixed here now, and would follow her as the needle points to the North.

[*Enter Amy.*]

AMY.—You here, Jasper? Pray, what have you said or done to put your father in such a rage?

JASPER.—He has been speaking of my marriage, Amy. You know I promised you to tell him of my love for you, but he will not hear me. He positively forbids me to think of a wife.

AMY.—Shakspeare was surely right when he said "the course of true love never did run smooth," for I have had a letter from home forbidding me to think of any husband but my cousin Wilfred, a man I detest.

JASPER.—But who has the right to control your affections?

AMY.—My aunt takes that upon herself. The worst of all is that she has written to Miss Malvina to watch me closely, and not allow me to leave the house in your company, or indeed alone, for fear of an elopement.

JASPER.—An elopement! The very thing! Once married, I can easily coax my father to be reconciled, and you are not really under your aunt's control. [*Enter Miss Malvina.*]

MISS MALVINA.—Here's a pretty fuss about an old compass. Jasper, have you seen your father's magnet?

JASPER.—It was here this morning.

MISS MALVINA.—Well, look for it, do! He is making a terrible outcry over the loss of it.

AMY.—Why it is here, right on the table.
 MISS MALVINA.—Give it to me. Are you dressed for the meeting this afternoon?
 AMY.—I think this dress will do.
 MISS MALVINA.—Will you sign the admission paper?
 AMY (*hesitating*).—Not to-day.
 JOHN (*behind the scenes*).—Malvina! Malvina! have you found that magnet?
 MISS MALVINA.—Yes; I am coming.
 [*Exit Miss Malvina.*]

JASPER.—You will consent, will you not, Amy?

AMY.—Consent to what?

JASPER.—An elopement.

AMY (*laughing*).—I thought you meant to signing your Aunt Malvina's paper.

JASPER.—By the way, what is that?

AMY.—You have been away, so you do not know that your aunt is the president of a society for the suppression of man's tyranny and the elevation of the other sex. Every woman belonging to the society signs a protest against the oppression of man, and avows to resist him in all his efforts to put down the "weaker vessels." This afternoon they will hold a meeting here, and every one is to adopt a mission to advocate and defend.

JASPER.—An idea strikes me!

AMY (*tenderly*).—Dear Jasper, you alarm me. Were you ever subject to such attacks?

JASPER (*laughing*).—You sarcastic little witch!

AMY.—I am admitted to the meeting as a spectator, in the hope that in time I may become an active member.

JASPER.—Amy! You a member!

AMY.—I will tell you all about it to-morrow. Oh! dear me, it is very provoking that I am forbidden to walk with you. It would be a perfect day for a stroll to the lake.

JASPER.—Amy, let me tell you my idea.

They walk back, as if conversing. Enter John, who advances to the front, not perceiving them.

JOHN.—I never heard anything so absurd in all my life! Malvina must be crazy! Amy King, a mere school-girl, the magnet so powerful that she keeps my boy here in spite of my advice and the favorable offers he has received. But I won't have it! Jasper goes to-morrow and accepts the position offered him in the Fleetwing!

[*Exit John.*]

JASPER (*to Amy*).—You hear, Amy! To-morrow! We have no time to lose.

Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—ISM.

SCENE—Same as Scene I. *Curtain rises, discovering Miss Malvina seated centre of background, with a small table before her. She faces the audience, Amy seated beside her. On either side, in two straight lines, profile to audience, but facing each other, are seated Lucretia Ludwig, Sophia Snapwell, Cornelia Crabapple, Deborah Dingle, Betinda Bates, and Maria Munroe, all in walking-dress; the more eccentric, the better.*

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies of the Society for the Suppression of Man's Tyranny and the Elevation of Woman's Rights, we are assembled this afternoon to advocate the cause of—

LCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

AMY.—Gal-vanism!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss King, no levity if you please. Ladies, I repeat that we are here in the interest of womankind, each to advocate some great principle. The greatest of these principles is, we all know—

LCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

AMY.—Paganism!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss King, may I again request you to abstain from levity? Ladies, we will now proceed to converse upon the object of the meeting. I shall be happy to hear from each of you your views upon—

LCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

AMY (*through her nose, and drawlingly*).—Universal Suffrage!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss King, must I request you to retire?

AMY.—Oh! no, let me stay. I am deeply interested, I assure you.

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies, if you will favor me with your views, I—

LCRETIA.—Having thoroughly investigated the subject of Spiritualism, I now—

SOPHIA.—In this enlightened age, no one can deny that Mormonism is the—

CORNELIA.—It is incredible that the advance of Mesmerism is at this day—

DEBORAH.—That any one can be blind to the great cause of Abolitionism in the West Indies, seems to me—

BELINDA.—Having had my attention called to Vegetarianism as the great moral lever by which—

MARIA.—In advocating the cause of Fatalism, I believe that—

AMY (*in a grandiloquent style*).—I maintain that catechism is the only—

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies! ladies! let me beg of you to restrain your natural ardor in the good cause, and allow each other to introduce her views, in order that we may work in harmony. Miss Lucretia, do I understand you that—

LCRETIA.—You do. Spiritualism is now the greatest, if not the only—

SOPHIA.—No! I wholly deny that statement. Mormonism is—

CORNELIA.—Not to be compared to Mesmerism. Mesmerism is, in fact—

DEBORAH.—A huge humbug! Away with theories. Let us grasp solid facts. In Abolitionism we find not only—

BELINDA.—Have I no voice in this meeting? I who have proved Vegetarianism to be—

MARIA.—My sisters, let us unite in investigating the proofs of Fatalism, in order that—

AMY (*in a loud, shrill voice*).—Had you read the history of Vandalism, you would all—

MISS MALVINA.—Silence! I beg of you. The meeting cannot proceed unless—

LCRETIA.—Of course it cannot. If nobody will listen, how can—

SOPHIA.—Nobody listen, indeed! I consider, ma'am, that I have as good a right to speak as—

CORNELIA.—Is that remark intended to be personal? Because, if it is—

DEBORAH.—Any insinuations of that kind I consider—

BELINDA.—If Miss Lucretia wishes to assert—

MARIA.—For my part, if I cannot speak—

AMY (*aside*).—Aint this fun!

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies! ladies!

ALL (*speaking at once*).—Spiritualism! Mormonism! Abolitionism! Fatalism! Mesmerism! Vegetarianism! (*All rise as they speak.*)

[Enter Robert with a letter.

ROBERT.—Miss Malvina, if you please—

LCRETIA.—A man!

CORNELIA.—Put him out!

SOPHIA.—How did the wretch get in?

DEBORAH.—Turn out the monster!

BELINDA.—Who are you, base intruder?

MARIA.—What fate sent you here?

AMY.—What do you want, Robert?

ROBERT.—If you please, Miss Amy, I was told to give this letter to Miss Malvina at once.

MISS MALVINA.—A letter for me?

ROBERT.—Yes, ma'am, if you please. The lady is waiting for an answer. (*Giving the letter.*)

MISS MALVINA (*opening the letter*).—Let me see. Miss Olivia Uppertop. (*Reads.*)

"Madam: Having heard, upon my arrival in this city, of your philanthropic efforts in behalf of our downtrodden sex, I take the liberty of addressing you, to request admission as an humble spectator to one of your meetings. Trusting to your kindness for a favorable answer to my modest request, I am, madam,

"Yours respectfully,

"OLIVIA UPPERTOP."

Ladies, shall this applicant be admitted?

ALL.—Yes, let her come in!

MISS MALVINA.—Did you say, Robert, that she was waiting?

ROBERT.—Yes, ma'am, she is in the drawing-room.

MISS MALVINA.—Amy, will you invite Miss Uppertop to join us?

AMY.—Certainly.

[Exit Amy, followed by Robert.

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies, we will resume our seats, and be ready to receive this stranger, whom we may be the means of converting to a believer in the principles of (*all sit down*)—

LCRETIA.—Spiritualism!

SOPHIA.—Mormonism!

CORNELIA.—Mesmerism!

DEBORAH.—Abolitionism!

BELINDA.—Vegetarianism!

MARIA.—Fatalism!

Curtain falls.

SCENE III.—MAGNETISM.

SCENE.—Same as Scene II. All seated as before. Jasper, disguised as Miss Uppertop, in an old-fashioned walking dress, green spectacles, and a front of false curls, is seated beside Amy.

MISS MALVINA.—I believe, ladies, we are all agreed now upon allowing our distinguished guest, Miss Uppertop, to illustrate by experiment some of the principles of magnetism.

ALL.—We are agreed.

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Uppertop has informed us that she requires a subject willing to put herself entirely under her control.

JASPER.—Entirely!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Lucretia, will you—

LUCRETIA.—You must excuse me. Any influence now operating upon my mind might interfere with the mysterious—

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Sophia, may I ask you—

SOPHIA.—Well, really, Miss President, I should prefer to see Miss Uppertop's experiments upon some of the others.

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Cornelia—

CORNELIA.—I! I give myself up to the absolute control of another mind? Never!

MISS MALVINA.—Miss Deborah, cannot I persuade you?

DEBORAH.—Well, really—I—I had rather not.

MISS MALVINA.—You are not afraid. Miss Belinda, are you?

BELINDA.—Afraid! I scorn the imputation. But I hope you will excuse me.

MISS MALVINA.—Then, Miss Maria, it rests with you.

MARIA.—Oh, really, I could not think of it.

MISS MALVINA (*desperately*).—Amy, dear, will not you allow Miss Uppertop to magnetize you?

AMY.—Oh, certainly, if it will afford you any gratification.

JASPER (*rising*).—May I request you then to move your chair to the front of the table?

AMY (*moving her chair to centre of stage*).—Anything to oblige the meeting.

JASPER (*standing so as to face Amy*).—You will be kind enough to look at my eyes.

AMY (*aside to Jasper*).—Now don't make me laugh.

JASPER (*making passes with his hands*).—You see, ladies, that as I pass my hands thus up and down before the face of this interesting subject she gradually drops into a gentle sleep. (*Amy appears to sleep*). In this sleep she will be entirely subject to my will, and will obey implicitly any order I may give her. Miss Amy!

AMY (*dreamily*).—I hear you.

JASPER.—Are you prepared to do my bidding?

AMY.—I have no choice.

JASPER.—Rise then and walk to the table. (*Amy obeys each direction as it is given*). Return to your seat. Stand up. Drop a courtesy. Dance. Sit on the floor. Rise. Stand on your chair. Kneel down.

AMY.—On the chair?

JASPER.—No, on the floor. Now rise and embrace me.

AMY (*aside to Jasper*).—Is that in the contract?

JASPER (*embracing her*).—Implicit obedience, remember.

AMY (*aloud*).—I am tired.

JASPER (*aloud*).—Sit down, then, and rest. (*Amy sits down*). You see, ladies, something of the workings of this wonderful science, second, I think, to none in the world.

LUCRETIA.—Excuse me, Miss Uppertop, I think magnetism falls far short of spiritualism in its—

SOPHIA.—Who compares any science with the principles of Mormonism, as divulged by—

CORNELIA.—Miss Uppertop surely forgets the sister science of mesmerism when she—

DEBORAH.—Can you for an instant, Miss Uppertop—

BELINDA.—If I may be allowed to speak—

MARIA.—May I suggest—

MISS MALVINA.—Ladies! ladies! allow me to call the meeting to order, while Miss Uppertop proceeds with her experiments.

JASPER.—Thank you. Are you rested, Miss Amy?

AMY.—Perfectly.

JASPER.—If any of the ladies would like to question the subject, they are at liberty to do so. You must take her hand in your own before speaking to her. I warn you all, however, that you must expect perfect frankness, as the patient can speak in this state only what she actually believes.

LUCRETIA.—Allow me (*taking Amy's hand*)! Do you know me, Miss King?

AMY.—I know you. You are the most meddling old maid in the village, Miss Lucretia Ludwig.

LUCRETIA (*throwing down Amy's hand*).—I never heard such impertinence.

SOPHIA.—May I try? (*Takes Amy's hand*). What is your opinion of Mormonism, Miss King?

AMY.—I think it is the disappointed old maid's last hope.

SOPHIA.—Pshaw! (*throws down Amy's hand*).

CORNELIA.—I have some little experience in these things (*takes Amy's hand*). Shall I ever become as expert as Miss Uppertop, Miss King?

AMY.—You possess as much power.

CORNELIA (*delighted*).—I always said I should (*sits down*).

MISS MALVINA.—Do not some of the rest wish to try?

All sit silent.

JASPER.—I will close the experiments by leading the subject by the mere motion of my finger (*to Amy, who follows his directions*). Open your eyes.

Motions to different parts of the room, Amy following his finger.

JASPER (*standing to face Amy*).—I will now lead her by the eye. (*Walks slowly backward, Amy following him.*) Do you see me?

AMY (*dreamily*).—I see you.

JASPER.—Are you happy in obeying me?

AMY.—Perfectly happy.

Jasper walks backward to the door and goes out, Amy following him. All sit silent, looking at the door.

MISS MALVINA.—Why do they not return? Dear me, the woman may be an impostor and stealing all the spoons.

LUCRETIA.—Where can they be?

BELINDA.—I hope Miss King is not in a swoon on the stairs.

MARIA.—Suppose we go and find them.

[Enter Robert with a note.]

ROBERT.—If you please, Miss Malvina, Miss Amy has gone away in a carriage with the strange lady, and she left this note for you. (*Gives the note.*)

MISS MALVINA (*reading*).—"Miss Malvina: Yielding to the magnetism of love, I have followed your nephew, *alias* Olivia Uppertop, as far as the nearest church, where we will soon be joined in the bonds of matrimony.

"Yours truly, AMY KING."

ALL.—A man! Miss Uppertop a man!

MISS MALVINA.—I am thunderstruck.

LUCRETIA.—For my part I never believed in magnetism.

ALL.—Never! It don't compare to—(*each naming her own specialty*).

Curtain falls.

OUR RECORD.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

WE built us grand, gorgeous towers,
Out toward the western sea,
And said, in a dream of the summer hours,
Thus fair should our record be.

We would strike the bravest chords
That ever rebuked the wrong,
And through them should tremble all loving words
That would make the weary strong.

Our sheaves should be golden grain,
From the harvests of many lands;

Our ermined robes should be kept from stain,
By charity's gentle hands.

Like the light of a calm, sweet star,
Our beacon, serene and high,
Should shine to the dwellers of earth afar,
And beckon them to the sky.

There entered not into our thought,
The dangers the way led through,
We saw but the gifts of the good we sought,
And the good we would strive to do.

Like one who with reverence cleaves
The moss from a head-stone gray,
We lift a mantle of fallen leaves,
And gaze on the past to-day.

The words that we would have said,
And the deeds we would fain have done,
Are changed, like the face of a friend long dead,
In the light of the noontday sun.

Here, trace we a hurried line—
There, blush for a blotted leaf;
And tears—vain tears—on the eyelids shine,
That the record is so brief.

Only a trembling prayer,
Forgotten, alas! too soon,
A breath that died on the summer air,
Like a rose on the heart of June.

Only a hope, that fain
Would blossom through change and blight,
A leaf on the bounding, billowy main,
Vanishing into the night.

Only a few brief words,
From a frail, inconstant pen,
Like the waking twitter of forest birds,
Afair in the dewy glen.

Only a few to hear,
For the world was full of thought,
And the buds of our hope were chilled by fear,
And the dreamer dreamed for naught.

Only a taper's glow,
That died on the gaze of men,
And a foolish flower that forgot to blow,
Till the frosts were white again.

Only a host of fears,
And griefs to be comforted,
And the falling of bitter, blinding tears,
On the faces of our dead.

The wealth of our fairy dreams,
And the towers we built so high,
Dissolve like the mists of the mountain streams,
That melt in the morning sky.

The glow of the highest thought
Is the glory that found no tongue,
And the sweetest song that the brain e'er wrought
Is the song that has been unsung.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

BY C.

THIS stupendous wall, which extends across the northern boundary of the Chinese Empire, and forms the barrier between China and Mongolia, is deservedly ranked among the grandest labors of art, and as one of the most remarkable of human structures, and is, perhaps, the most wonderful monument of human industry ever exhibited to the world. It was built during the reign of Tsin-Shee-Hwang-Tee, the founder of the Tsin dynasty. It was commenced two hundred and fourteen years before the Christian era, and finished in about ten years, several millions of men working unremittingly in its construction. This wall is carried over the summits of high mountains, some of which are a mile in height, across deep valleys, and over wide rivers, by means of arches. In many parts it is doubled or trebled, to command important passes, and is built in the most substantial manner, especially toward its eastern extremity, where it extends by a massive levee into the sea, in which portion the workmen were required, under penalty of death, to fit the stones so exactly that even a nail could nowhere be inserted between the joints. In some parts, where less danger was apprehended, it is not equally strong, and toward the northwest consists of a wall two feet thick on each side of the structure, the lower part of which is composed of hewn stone, and the upper part of brick, the intermediate space being filled with earth, forming a very firm rampart.

The Chinese wall is fifteen hundred miles long, twenty-five feet high, and twenty feet thick at the top. Six horsemen can easily ride abreast on its summit. Towers are placed along its whole extent every one hundred yards, which was considered twice the distance an arrow could be shot, so that every part of the wall might be within the reach of the archers stationed in the towers. These towers, or massive bastions, which are square, are forty-eight feet high and forty feet in width. The stone employed in the foundations, angles, and towers, is a strong, gray granite, but the upper part of the wall is made of bluish bricks and a remarkably pure and white mortar.

According to Sir George Staunton and Du Halde, this great barrier, which has been and will continue to be the wonder and admiration of ages, was constructed to protect China from the eruptions of the Tartars, 2,000 years ago.

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It is estimated that the materials employed in this immense fortification would be sufficient to construct a wall six feet high and two feet thick twice around the world.

It is certain that civilization had made considerable progress among the Chinese when it was only dawning on the nations of Europe, but their early history is shrouded in fable. Their earliest existing records are the writings of Confucius, who lived five hundred and fifty years before Christ, and from that period they descend in an unbroken series to the present day. Under their earliest dynasty they attained such prosperity that the Mongols and Tartars invaded their territory for plunder, to prevent which they built the great wall which has ever been considered as a wonder in the world.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

FICTION.—There was a truth in the old Puritan feeling against the exaggerated use of romance as leading to relaxation of the fibre of the moral character. That was a wholesome restraint which I remember in my childhood kept us from indulging in fiction until the day's work was over, and thus impressed the reading of fiction as being the holiday of life, and not its business. It is this which, if it constitutes the danger of fictitious narratives, constitutes also their power. They come at a time when men are indisposed to take up anything else; they take up those moments of life which have a most important influence on our career. Poetry may be more elevating, science may be wiser, and philosophy may evoke a deeper spirit, but none are so tenacious, none reach so many homes, or engage so many readers, as the romances of modern times. Those who read nothing else read exciting tales. Those whom sermons never reach, whom history fails to arrest, are reached by fiction—by the works of successful novelists. It is this which makes a true novel, noble and elevated in sentiment, one of the foremost arrangements of home. We have thus a powerful element, mighty for advancement, for development. Mighty it is because of the interest it invites, mighty for edification and purification, for giving wholesome thoughts, for aspirations, and soul-stirring reflections.—Dean Stanley.

HOW PAUL'S DEBT WAS PAID.

CHAPTER I.

"O PAUL! PAUL! how could you," and the speaker, a pale, delicate-looking girl, wrung her hands, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

Paul Crossland, a handsome and rather dissipated looking youth of two or three and twenty, with bold black eyes and curling dark hair, looked a little ashamed and not a little defiant.

"Who was to know that he'd be home," he exclaimed, "and that things would be looked into as they are being looked into now! I tell you, Milly, after the old man's buried I shan't be safe from discovery for one more day; something must be done; but what? I don't see that there's anything left for me but to hook it, and then what's to become of you?"

What, indeed! Paul's salary was all the two had to depend upon, for the few pupils Milly was able to procure were but a precarious provision for her own personal expenses. The two pounds a week had been sufficient for their living in those meagre little furnished rooms in a dingy suburb of London, to which they had been reduced since their father's death had plunged them into poverty and obscurity: but Paul, finding the tedium of his life insupportable, had been tempted into the society of gay youths of his own age. The enjoyment of that society necessitated increased expenditure, that expenditure induced debt, and to free himself from his liabilities he had been tempted to sin. The gentleman in whose office he was, was an old man; he had been his father's friend, and upon behalf of that friendship had given Paul the post he occupied.

When Paul Crossland had written his employer's name, securing an advantage to himself by doing so, I cannot say to what he had trusted most to preserve his sin from being found out; whether to the laxity of discipline in the office, to the failing health and consequent absenteeism of Mr. Newton, or to the proverbial assistance of that evil character who never fails to aid those who have set their feet upon the slippery downward path that leads to destruction. It is certain that for awhile he had been successful in maintaining his secret. Still, Mr. Newton had suspicions that all was not going on as it should be in the office, and he wrote urgently to his son in India, beseech-

ing his return. The result of this letter of entreaty was the return to England of Roland Newton, to the superintendence of his father's affairs.

The rumor was that Roland Newton was in truth a very nabob, and that in the event of his father dying, the business would be wound up. Already, so shortly after his return, things were more strictly looked into in the office than they had been before for many years. It was the dread and the probability of discovery that caused Paul Crossland to make his confession to his sister; but for that he might have kept her in ignorance while he sunk deeper into the mire. Milly's shame and distress were very great.

"That you should have done this, Paul! you a Crossland, and my dear, honorable-minded father's son! O Paul!" cried the poor girl, "it is dreadful, I can hardly believe it of you—that you should commit forgery!"

"Nonsense, Milly," he replied, endeavoring to assume a careless manner, though he was evidently touched by the way in which his confession had affected his sister. "It's only borrowing a part of the money which old Newton had lying by, that neither he nor his son were ever likely to want. What's a paltry fifty pounds to the like of them! I always meant to pay it back, too, if this fellow had not come bothering home. Why didn't he stay out there with his rupees, and not come ferreting out his father's pitiful savings!"

"But how could you ever have repaid it, Paul? You know it takes every bit of your salary to enable us to live in the very humble respectability that we are doing now."

"Surely," said he, "if I can lose as much at cards, I stand a chance to win as much any night."

"O Paul!" said Milly, with a cry of horror, "do you mean to say that you have learned to gamble? Then, indeed, we are ruined."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Milly, but do, like a sensible girl, think of some way of raising the money. Only let me once get clear of this debt and I will never touch a card again."

Milly's lovely face grew bright through her tears.

"Is that a promise, Paul?" she asked. "Will you give me your word of honor that if I help you to get quit of this incubus, you will never

permit yourself to be tempted into any kind of gambling again?"

Paul thought she must suddenly have conceived some means of helping him, and the relief was so great to his mind that he readily gave the required promise, sealing it with a kiss. But Milly's only idea was to get that promise; she had not the remotest notion how the debt was to be paid.

When Paul left his sister to go to his daily occupation, she sat a long time thinking, and she prayed for enlightenment in her difficulty; and a scheme presented itself, so wild, so utterly romantic, that at first she rejected it, but it returned again, as the only way out of her difficulty; and this was to go to Mr. Roland Newton—not to the old man, for he was too ill to be seen, but to the son—and confess to him what Paul had been led to do, and to ask indulgence from him until she and Paul could scrape together enough to repay what she looked upon as a debt. She thought of the Anglo-Indian as a middle-aged, iron-gray man; she did not know how long he had been in India, nor how old he was in reality, but she knew he was very rich, and that he was stern, severe, and uncompromising; so had Paul represented him. He might be fifty, for old Mr. Newton was more than seventy.

Milly could think of nothing else than the task she had set herself to accomplish for Paul's sake all day long, as she was engaged with her pupils, going through the wearisome drudgery of music lessons. If she could accomplish her object, she thought she might save Paul. He was not naturally bad, only he had been tempted into sharing the pleasures of a set of dissolute companions. This severe lesson would surely give him a distaste for associating with them any longer, and in the first flush of his gratitude she might surely persuade him to withdraw himself from them entirely.

"And how we will work to repay Mr. Newton!" thought Milly. "I will wear my old dresses all the year round, and I'll deprive myself of every luxury, and I'll try and get more pupils. We might, yes, I dare say we might go to humbler lodgings. And I wonder whether Mr. Roland has a wife and family? Paul did not say anything about them. If he has, perhaps Mrs. Roland will give me some plain work to do, when she knows why I want it. There is so much odd time I could fill up in that way."

Here Miss Belinda Peppercorn, a flourishing tradesman's eldest daughter, whom pretty, refined Milly Crossland (whose father had once

resided in a mansion at Wimbledon, and who had had ancestors and ancestresses innumerable), was reduced to instruct superficially in things she had no taste for, struck a discord that jarred through all the sensitive nerves of the governess's frame, and effectually aroused her from her reverie.

That evening Paul Crossland brought home to his lodgings news of old Mr. Newton's death.

CHAPTER II.

The day before Paul had conveyed that intelligence to his sister, a scene had taken place in a gloomy mansion in one of the gloomiest squares of our grand old city. A city merchant lay upon his death-bed. His gray hairs were spread over the pillows, his cheeks were sunken and cadaverous, and there was a film over the once bright blue eyes, that betokened the approach of the King of Terrors. His shaking hands grasped those of a younger man, and the dim eyes sought the loved features of the other, in anxious desire to communicate something ere his power to do so was taken from him. Let us give the substance of that communication, without the breaks in it that characterized the speech of the dying man:

"Roland, when you come to lie, as I do, at the gates of death, it will not be the many brilliant successes you have known in life that will occupy your mind, but the few mistakes that, in spite of your utmost endeavors, have occurred."

"Surely you can recall nothing of that kind to trouble you, father," said the son soothingly. "Your name has been one of the most respected upon 'Change, and your private character has fully borne out your public reputation."

"Nevertheless," replied the old man, "there have been duties neglected, or carelessly filled, and my conscience makes them prominent to me now. My son, you may carry out what I have failed to do. You remember, before you went to India, my intimacy with a fellow-merchant, for whom I had a great respect and liking."

"You mean Simon Crossland?" said the son.

"I do," was the reply. "Four or five years ago he died insolvent, and under circumstances that compelled all men to pity rather than to blame him. He left a family."

"And you wish me to seek out that family and provide for their wants?" said Roland Newton, soothingly. The family Simon Cross-

land had or had not left was of small account in his mind; its all-paramount desire just then was to remove the earthly anxieties of the dying man. "Never fear, father; if they are upon the face of the earth, I will find and relieve them."

"They are not lost," said Mr. Newton. "I have not utterly neglected them. Paul Crossland occupies the second stool in the office, but beyond giving him employment I have never interested myself to discover whether or no he had other wants. I fear things have not all been going on as they should do in the office; if when you come to examine matters you should find Paul Crossland in error, remember what his father was to me, and how upon my death-bed I reproached myself for not having taken a warmer interest in his welfare, and given him that assistance that might have lifted him above temptation."

"I promise you that Paul Crossland shall find as merciful a judge in me, and one as ready to overlook involuntary transgression as he would have done in you," said Roland.

"There are others of them, too, Roland—sisters or a sister; you have abundant means, don't let the wretched girls degrade themselves by hard work. I would have attended to this had I lived."

At seventy-five years of age a man's race is pretty high run, and seldom is further space granted him in which to perform duties he has neglected before that. None was granted to Joseph Newton. On the morrow he died, and Paul and Millicent Crossland were left a sacred legacy upon the hands of his only son and heir.

CHAPTER III.

Could this be the place? a dark, gloomy, five-storied house! Milly looked up to it deprecatingly and inquiringly. She had set herself to perform this duty, and the purpose had only grown greater in her mind through the delay consequent upon old Mr. Newton's death. The funeral took place in the morning; this was in the twilight of the chill March afternoon; but she knew to-morrow Mr. Newton would be at the office, and she wished to obtain an interview with him before that could happen. Her heart sunk within her; the twelve dark windows frowned down so gloomily upon her, and she thought of Paul's account of the Anglo-Indian, and she stood and trembled in her shoes. But this was the house; there was the single word "Newton" on a brass plate on the door. Twice

she spelt over the six letters, whispering to herself the name they formed, before she dared to ring. The porter was some time in replying to the timid summons.

"Can I see Mr. Roland Newton?" faltered Milly.

Milly's shabby dress did not warrant any necessity for particularly respectful behavior upon the porter's part, and he did not show it.

"Well, Miss, seeing as how he's just buried his father, it's most onbecoming o' you to ask such a thing, I should say, if I might be allowed an opinion."

"Oh! but I must see him," cried Milly, clasping her hands, "if it's only for a few minutes. It is business of importance—almost life and death. Won't you give him my name, and tell him I will not detain him long."

Now Milly Crossland was extremely beautiful; and ever since the world began beauty has won its way where merit, in ugliness, could not gain admission; and by virtue now of her pleading voice, her soft eyes, and pale, sweet face, the porter did what, under any other circumstances, he would hardly have been tempted to do—he offered her a seat in the hall very civilly, and went, at her request, to beg that Mr. Newton would see Miss Crossland.

It was full five minutes before he returned, and then his demeanor was considerably altered. The butler was with him, and he had orders to conduct Miss Crossland at once to his master's presence.

Millicent was shown into an apartment that had an air of sombre and oppressive grandeur; the funeral plumes of the mourning hearse had left their atmosphere behind, and their shadow upon the brow of the man who sat upon the hearth. When he arose, Milly did not recognize in him the Roland Newton of her brother's description.

"I—I—beg your pardon for my intrusion," said Milly nervously; "it is Mr. Roland Newton I wish to see."

This was a young man—at least one not much over thirty—with a spare figure, deeply bronzed but handsome face, and crisp, curling, dark hair.

"I am he," he replied, in quiet, grave tones.

Poor Milly became confused and trembling all at once. Last night she had dreamed of casting herself at his feet, and of refusing to rise, though he entreated her with never such calm benevolence, until she had obtained pardon for her brother. All at once a strange, sweet pride stole into her heart, that prevented her, even for Paul's sake, casting herself at the

feet of this man. Instead of behaving in such heroine-like fashion, she took the chair he placed for her, in the most ordinary manner imaginable. She tried to remember all she had prepared to say, but all at once the power of speech even deserted her. Mr. Newton saved her the trouble of recalling it.

"I am so glad to see you," he said simply; for in truth he felt very glad. "The name of Crossland was almost the last my dear father's lips uttered. He seemed to think that he had neglected to perform the duties toward you that his friendship for your father warranted, and he left the task for me to complete. What is there I can do for you?"

Then Milly forgot everything but the cause she had come to plead; forgot that the man she spoke to was young and handsome, and the owner of untold wealth; she remembered only that with him rested the power to ruin her dearly-loved brother for life, to expose him, to prosecute him, to remove her only friend and natural protector from her side, and for herself and him she pleaded, having made confession of his guilt.

"He is so young!" she cried; "and our lives have been so dull and hard since our poor father died, that he was sorely tempted to seek amusement where he should not have done. If you will only have pity, if you will give us time, Paul has promised never to touch cards again, and we will both work unceasingly until we have repaid you the debt."

She had thrown herself upon the floor, impelled, by the magnitude of the cause she pleaded, to that humble posture. She raised her streaming eyes, and the sight of so young a creature in such deep distress went straight to Roland Newton's heart, as no woman's loveliness had done yet. He raised her from the ground and placed her in the large easy chair he had occupied upon her entrance.

"You must think I am the hardest-hearted man that ever lived, Miss Crossland," said he.

Involuntarily she smiled through her tears, though that smile was immediately followed by a hysterical sob.

"You have made my task easier for me," he continued; "for it was my task, my dear father's legacy to me, to seek you out and learn in what way I could most benefit you. I am extremely sorry to hear that your brother has made himself amenable to the laws of his country, and I trust the fear and the pain he has suffered himself, and has caused you to suffer, may be a warning to him. I need

hardly say, after what I have told you, that I cannot entertain any idea of prosecuting him. If, as you say, it is in consequence of the acquaintance he has formed with dissipated young men, who have led him into temptations he could not withstand, the best thing we can do is to remove him from his tempters. But this is for future consideration. For the present, make yourself quite happy upon his account, believing in me as a friend. You shall hear from me very shortly."

Overcome with gratitude, Milly could but murmur a few broken words of thanks. Then Roland Newton conducted her to the hall, with a suddenly assumed and protecting care that was as full of promise for the future as it was of assurance in the present.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Newton saw Paul Crossland at the office the next day; he held private conversation with him for a short time, informing him of his knowledge of the forgery of his father's name—all of which, of course, Paul had in the meantime heard from Milly—and the forged bill was destroyed in Paul's presence, Mr. Newton only making it a condition that the young man should repeat to him the promise he had given his sister. Then Mr. Newton dismissed him with a severe caution as to his conduct in future. Mr. Newton had strict ideas with regard to crime and its punishment; it is hardly to be supposed he would have let Paul off so easily but for the remembrance of two tearful blue eyes and a mouth quivering as it told its agony.

After that, though Paul saw Mr. Newton frequently, when he passed through the outer office to his own private one, there was no further intercourse with him except upon business.

In as short a time as possible from the old gentleman's death, the clerks, with the exception of Paul, were paid off, obtaining other situations through Mr. Newton's recommendation. Paul dared not ask for that, remembering the history of the forged bill. He received his last week's salary from Mr. Newton with a heavy heart, and when he took leave of him, ventured to say, "Neither Milly nor I have forgotten the debt we owe you. Believe me, as soon as ever I succeed in obtaining employment it shall be paid."

"Don't allow another to share the burden you have placed upon your own shoulders," said Mr. Newton. "Your aim should be to

spare your sister; she did none of the wrong, and deserves none of the consequences."

Paul colored up to the eyes. Milly had taken her share of the burden so completely upon herself that Paul never saw his own unmanliness in letting her do so until it was thus placed before him.

Mr. Newton dismissed him, saying no more, and Paul walked home mortified and indignant that he could not moderate those feelings, because in his heart he felt that Mr. Newton treated him with more than justice.

"Well, there's good-by to him forever," he soliloquized, as he mounted the stairs to their little sitting-room. "I must get along as best I can now."

But there was not good-by to him forever. Milly jumped up from her low seat to prepare tea for him, with radiant face.

"O Paul! guess whom I had a visit from to-day," she said. "But you never will unless I tell you."

Paul was not affected by her radiant spirits; he sat down in dejection upon the hearth.

"I wish to Heaven, Milly, that I could get away out of this horrid country," he said. "When a fellow has the misfortune to make a slip, and do something wrong, there's nothing but throwing it in his teeth at every turn."

Milly had filled the teapot, and put the cozy over it. She came now to her brother's side.

"Dear Paul, we have so much to be thankful for. What is causing you to be so desponding to-night?"

"Isn't there cause enough to be desponding? There's no more work for me at Newton's, and goodness knows how I am to get another situation without a character."

"Still it doesn't weigh down my spirits, Paul. Mr. Newton has been so kind to us that I seem to think all sorts of goodnesses will come to us from him. Now guess who was my visitor, Paul?"

"I don't know, and I don't care to-night," said Paul. "Is tea ready?"

"Not quite," said Milly; "but I am sure you would care, Paul. It was that very Mr. Newton you are so angry against."

"Mr. Newton here!" cried Paul, in amazement.

"Yes, he came to see me," said Milly. "And, O Paul! he has invited both you and me to dine with him to-morrow; I promised for you, because I guessed you would have nothing better to do. He says I need not be afraid about entering a bachelor's establish-

ment, for that he has a lady housekeeper who is indeed very nice. I am sure he intends to do you some great good, from the way in which he talked about you."

This altered the aspect of affairs, and Paul's face brightened as he drew up to the tea-table.

"Perhaps," said Paul, "he is going to suggest some way in which my debt may be paid."

"Perhaps," said Milly, as she handed him his tea with careful attention.

Upon the following day the rain poured down in torrents, and just as Milly and Paul were beginning to speculate as to whether their future expectations and their present resources would warrant the extravagance of calling a cab to convey them to their destination, Mr. Newton's carriage drove up to the door, and their difficulty was removed.

The gloomy rooms in the large, empty house put on a more cheerful aspect to day, for there was the gleam of firelight upon walls, and hangings, and picture frames.

Mrs. Hayward did not always take her meals with her master, but to-day she did, to countenance Milly. Mr. Newton treated his young guests with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Paul was astonished at the difference there was in him in the respective capacities of a host and a master. Nothing was said that had the remotest reference to business matters, until Milly and Mrs. Hayward had retired, and Paul and Mr. Newton sat alone together; then Roland Newton spoke.

"You must have thought I dismissed you very summarily yesterday," said he; "but the truth is, I was anxious to test your independence of mind and firmness of purpose. I know that since your sister Millicent made her appeal to me in this room, you have successfully withstood all temptations to break your promise to her and to me, and this when all your inclinations were against your keeping it. There is the right stuff in you for the making of a man, and I am anxious, for your own sake, to aid you in becoming prosperous and successful. What do you say to an entirely new field of action—India, for instance?"

Paul's face was a study when this proposition was made; for, to tell the truth, to go abroad had been his day-dream ever since the necessity for toiling had come to him. Mr. Newton read the young man's delight at his proposition, and his inability to express his thanks, in his face.

"I see that you are delighted at the idea," said he; "the matter is settled then. I had thought to go back again myself; but now, if

ever, is the time for me to settle in England. You shall fill the berth that was mine when first my father sent me out. I hope you may meet with the same success."

Much conversation passed between the two upon the subject, and then Mr. Newton exclaimed—"What do you think Millicent will say to all this? It is hardly fair that the matter should be so decided without her counsel."

In the first flush of delight at the gratification of his wishes, Paul had quite forgotten his sister. He looked blank for an instant, when she was thus recalled to his mind.

"I suppose it would not do for Milly to go with me?" he said.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Newton. "The fewer encumbrances you have the better."

"But Milly is no encumbrance, sir," said Paul; "she has been to me a most valuable assistant; and the poor little girl is so fond of me that it would break her heart to be left behind. I believe I'm a coward; but I don't think I dare even hint to her such a thing."

"Leave it to me to inform her, then," said Mr. Newton. "Don't say a word to her upon the subject to-night, and I'll drop in at your lodgings about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I trust to you to take care that she is alone."

This Paul promised; but for Milly's sake, none the less he was very uneasy in his mind; then Mr. Newton proposed their adjournment to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER V.

Paul absented himself from Milly nearly the whole of the afternoon on the morrow, hardly daring to trust himself to look into her face, remembering as he did how he was withholding from her a secret that was about to transform their lives entirely. She asked in the morning what he and Mr. Roland Newton talked about when they remained so long a time in the dining-room, and Paul hardly knew how to put her off without betraying his secret.

Milly prepared tea, and sat down to wait for Paul's coming as usual on her low seat before the fire, picturing to herself scenes in the bright coals as she waited. A step upon the stairs caused Milly's heart to beat quickly within her bosom, but something whispering to her that it was not Paul, she kept her seat before the fire. This person, whoever he might be, paused outside the door and rapped.

"Come in," said Milly, and Mr. Roland Newton entered.

They shook hands, and both sat down; then there was an awkward pause.

"Paul is out," said Milly, feeling that something ought to be said, for every instant that the silence continued it became more awkward, and she felt that Mr. Roland Newton's eyes never left her face; "I am very sorry, Mr. Newton, if you want to see him."

"I do not want to see him particularly," he replied; "I am come purposely to see you, and to ask if you reached home safely last night."

"Oh! yes, thank you," she replied.

Milly knew both question and answer were quite unnecessary, as she and Paul had returned in Mr. Newton's carriage.

"I am also come to find out whether Paul has behaved honorably concerning a matter which he and I talked over last evening, and which he promised to leave for me to communicate to you."

"Paul told me nothing," said Milly in astonishment.

Mr. Newton left his seat, and came and stood over against her, leaning his arm upon the mantelpiece; he seemed to talk more freely in that attitude.

"You and I, I believe, were agreed some time ago that the best thing that could happen to Paul would be removing him entirely out of the way of those companions who led him into evil, and from whom he will never be quite safe as long as he remains in London."

"Yes," assented Milly.

"Now, suppose some one offered to him a situation, say in India, should you have the courage to let him go?" asked Mr. Newton.

Rapidly, in a few seconds, passed through Milly's mind all the arguments for and against this proposition. It was much the best for Paul, it would be dreadful for herself. But there would be advantages even in her own liberty; and so, with her wonted abnegation, she put self aside. Mr. Newton noted the change in her voice.

"It would be well for both Paul and me if he were away," she replied; "I could take a situation, and then every penny I earned might go to help Paul discharge that debt to you."

"There is another way in which that debt may be paid," said Mr. Newton. "Milly, will you pay it as I wish you?"

He took both of her hands in his as he put this question, and Milly felt his earnest gaze call up the color into her cheeks.

"I pay it?" she said; "I alone?"

"Yes, you; for from no one else will I take the payment," said Mr. Newton.

"But I have not a farthing in the world," said Milly, "and I can only get it by earning it. If Paul goes, I will get a situation as governess. Perhaps in one year we may be able to make it up between us."

"But I will not take repayment from Paul; it is you only who can give me what I require."

"I have nothing," she said.

Milly's head drooped, but she did not resist the strength with which he was drawing her toward him.

"You have yourself, Milly; and it is yourself I ask in payment. You alone can cancel Paul's debt to me. Say, my darling, are you willing to do so?"

When Paul returned, full an hour later (for he had been anxious to give Mr. Newton plenty of time in which to explain all the circumstances to Milly), he found Mr. Roland sitting upon the hearth in the little sitting-room as though he were quite at home. His arm was round Milly's slender waist, and her head lay upon his shoulder. Milly raised it, coloring gloriously when Paul came in. But Mr. Newton did not remove his arm; instead of that he drew Milly closer to him, while he told Paul she had promised not to break her heart at his departure, but to bear it as cheerfully as she could. And, more than that, she had promised that before Paul's departure he should see her installed in a certain country mansion which he, Mr. Roland Newton, had purchased, as its mistress, and that she would become Mrs. Roland Newton before her brother sailed for India.

Paul learned so much with intense satisfaction; and from that day to this Milly Newton has never regretted for one instant how she paid Paul's debt.

MISERIES OF HOUSEKEEPING.—*Jones:* I thought I warned you particularly, cook, against boiling my eggs hard. Now how is this? Here they are boiled fit for a salad, in spite of every direction. What did I tell you?

Cook: Oh! sir, I remember exactly what you told me, and acted accordingly. The eggs were in the water, to a moment, precisely nine minutes.

Jones: Nine! I told you three.

Cook: Yes, sir, but there's three eggs. Of course, if one takes three minutes boiling, three must take nine.

THE HERMIT AND THE ROBBER.

BY ROSNA MARSH.

AN aged hermit once dwelt by a pleasant stream, whose placid murmurings seemed a fitting emblem of his peaceful life. In prayer and good works his days flowed on apace, and his name was loved and revered by all.

One morning as he was setting out upon some mission of love, the chief of a band of robbers, who had long been the terror of that neighborhood, met him, and throwing himself at his feet with many tears, begged him to say if he thought there was any hope of God's mercy for so great a sinner.

Pausing in his walk, he looked upon the robber, and a feeling of pride and self-righteousness filled his heart as he contrasted the blood-stained, lawless life led by that wretch with his own blameless and peaceful one. Thinking in this manner, he exclaimed—"Vile wretch! sooner shall roses grow upon this staff" (striking it as he spoke upon the ground), "than God's mercy be extended to such as thee!" and passed on, leaving the poor sinner almost in despair.

A very short distance had he gone, when his staff seemed to take fast hold of the ground, resisting his efforts to draw it out. But his astonishment may be imagined when the staff, putting forth leaves, in a few moments was covered with the most beautiful roses, and a voice said—"Sooner shall roses bloom on the barren staff, than God's mercy fail the repentant sinner."

Falling upon his knees in deep humility, the hermit confessed his fault; and, retracing his steps, he soon was again beside the poor robber, who had continued his prayers. Showing him the rose-burdened staff, he related what had passed, and taking the repentant brother by the hand, he led him to his own humble home, where they two dwelt in peace and friendship till death parted them. They planted the staff before the door, and as it grew to a beautiful shrub, it was a sweet reminder that "Sooner will the barren staff bring forth roses than God's mercy fail the repentant sinner."

A COUNTRY clergyman, paying a professional visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question, "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh! yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded minister, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."

AMY'S HERO.

BY M. F. BURLINGAME.

A DISSATISFIED expression was on Amy Carroll's countenance as she sat listening to her lover, John Wentworth. She had been indolently dreaming over Tennyson's poems all the afternoon, and her real seemed prosaic compared with her ideals. The shimmering moonlight and the soft zephyrs, perfumed with the breath of June roses and lilies, failed to cast their usual glamour.

There was an upheaval in her soul. Her nature clamored for a life removed from the common-place, untarnished by the actualities of labor, and filled with romance and luxury. The babble and childish laughter floating up from the miners' cottages struck discordantly upon her ear. What romance and poetry was there among those women absorbed in household cares, and those grimy, hard-handed men? True, those men sometimes met terrors in the mines, but they meditated no more upon them than oxen, and stolidly plodded on in the race for bread. Why could not she have been born a princess, instead of the daughter of the mine superintendent, without rank, and without wealth, though comfortably circumstanced?

And what was her lover but an honest, hard-working, mining engineer? He looked quite picturesque fanning himself in the moonlight, but he had never performed a heroic deed, never went on chivalrous quests, nor battled for the fair. She wanted a hero-lover, chivalrous, knightly, daring; and he was only a neatly-dressed, intelligent, every-day-sort man, whose greatest ambition was to succeed in his business and to make a cosy home for his Amy. How could she listen patiently to his relation of his plans and of the prospects of the mine, while visions of Sir Launcelot and Sir Galahad haunted her?

She was a sensible little girl, and did not trouble her lover with her dissatisfied thoughts; but there was an indifference in her manner and a petulance in her tone that he noticed and felt.

"Amy, what is the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing," she answered freezingly.

At that moment Mr. Carroll called in an excited tone, "Wentworth, come quickly, there's a fire in the miners' row!"

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Wentworth hastily ran down the steps, and the two men strode toward the fire. Amy went to an opposite room, where she found her mother gazing at the rapidly increasing flames.

"Amy, let us go there," she said, "perhaps we may be of some aid to the sufferers."

They found nearly all the villagers gathered around the fire a few squares distant. Men were carrying furniture out of the burning building and dashing water upon the neighboring houses. Mrs. Carroll and Amy hastened to join the group standing around the mistress of the cottage, sitting with a babe in her arms and two frightened children clinging to her skirts.

"They can't save the house," explained the woman to Mrs. Carroll, "but they're gettin' 'most the things out. They carried mammy out first of all," glancing affectionately at her old bed-ridden mother.

"Yes," chimed the invalid, "my boy and Mr. Wentworth carried me out easy as a baby."

Amy's eyes kindled, but something mockingly whispered, "no heroism in that, for there was not the least danger." Nevertheless, she watched her lover's cool and energetic movements with admiration, and gave little heed to the disjointed chat around her.

At length the building was pronounced unsafe to enter, and the men slowly edged toward the group of women.

"Amy, you here?" exclaimed Wentworth, seeing her there for the first time.

"I came with mother," she replied cordially.

"We've got 'most the things out," cried the owner cheerily to his wife. "'Tisn't much matter 'bout the old shanty, I'll have to build a new house a leetle sooner is all." A sudden pallor flashed over his swarthy face, and he shouted—"My God! there's half a hundred cask of powder in the pantry I clear forgot! Run for your lives!"

A shriek of terror sounded; men and women snatched up their children or some household treasure and ran in all directions, frightened and bewildered, seeking a place of safety.

Amy felt John Wentworth wring her hand, heard him whisper huskily—"Amy, go quickly, God bless you, my darling," and saw him darting toward the burning house.

"Amy, come, come!" cried her mother.

"Yes," she answered mechanically, but stood still, watching John enter the house. He disappeared—the roof seemed ready to fall—Amy thought him lost and reproached herself. "I was so wayward and grieved him. O John! my darling, I cannot live without you," and her soul wrestled in an agony of prayer. It seemed hours to her before John emerged carrying the cask. Some of the fugitives glancing back, like Lot's wife, saw him, and raising a wild huzza, heartily returned to aid him. The moment the powder was out of danger, John sunk exhausted, and the crowd rushed up, overflowing with curiosity and gratitude; but Amy was first at his side.

"Are you hurt?" she asked, supporting his head.

"I believe not," he gasped, "the excitement makes me weak. In five minutes more the powder would have caught fire."

A shudder ran through the crowd at the thought of the devastation they had escaped.

"Oh! your hands!" exclaimed Amy pityingly.

He held them up, horribly burned, but he only said, "the cask was hot."

In a few minutes John recovered sufficiently to walk to Mr. Carroll's, where Amy bandaged the poor, blistered hands.

"John, did you know how much you risked?"

"Yes, I realized it all in a second, but I determined to give up my chance for escape for the small possibility of saving the others. Amy, why did you not go with the rest?"

"I could not seek safety while you were in peril."

The next day she told him all her dreaming and discontent of the evening before, adding—"I am prouder of my hero than I would be of Sir Galahad."

"Why, Amy?"

"Sir Galahad gave his life to a phantom quest, but you offered yours on behalf of humanity."

SPECULATORS generally die poor. If they make ten thousand dollars to-day on a coal mine, they must try to make twenty thousand to-morrow by dabbling in the Do'-Em-Brown Railroad. Like the boy who undertook to steal figs through a knot-hole, they get their hands so full of sweets that they can't pull them back again.

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THREE YEARS.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

THIS is the place where she lay,
Three little years ago;
The perfectest blossom of May
That ever a May will know.

Three years! and the winds came sweet
As they came that day from the pines
But, hark! for her pretty white feet
They moan in the jasmine vines.

We kneel, and with finger tips
Touching, as rose leaves may,
After a wreck of ships,
Some still, sweet wave of the bay

The tiny white pillow of down,
With never a tress inlaid,
Try, vainly, to think of the crown,
Forgetting the marble's shade!

Ah! me, for her roseate palms,
To the rain of our kisses given,
We would barter the happiest psalms
That ever were heard in Heaven.

* * * * *

This is the place where she lay
Three little years ago;
But the perfectest blossom of May,
Never the May will know—

Never again! and the winds
From the southland sunny and sweet,
Cry low in the jasmine vines,
Missing the sound of her feet!

—o—o—o—

THE SWEETEST MOMENT IN LOVE-MAKING.

—"Perhaps there is no period," says Anthony Trollope, "so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of whole hearts in writing words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by anybody but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars, haycock, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced."

JACQUELINE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON receiving the telegram which announced his father's sudden illness, Sydney Weymouth had set out at once for home. He reached it to find his mother well nigh frantic with the terrible shock she had undergone.

His father recognized Sydney, but his mind wandered more or less, and although the physicians were unanimous in their opinion regarding the sick man's ultimate recovery, they insisted on the absence of all excitement for their patient.

After his interview with his father the young man went into his mother's room and sat down there. However luxurious the apartment might be, the thoughts of the occupant were very little to be envied at that juncture.

Outside, the wind was like trumpets that summoned legions to battle, while it tossed the rain in blinding waves against the windows, yet the man did not heed it.

In a few words his mother had explained to Sydney the circumstances which had preceded his father's stroke, and placed the officer's letter in his hands.

So Philip Draper was an innocent man, and Sydney Weymouth had lent his ear and sympathy to the base falsehoods of a criminal fresh from State's prison, skulking that moment from the officers of justice on his track!

This was not certainly a pleasant reflection for any man, especially when he was conscious that he had in covert ways used all his own influence, which, of course, was not small, to promote the factory disaffection toward the superintendent.

I do not pretend that Sydney Weymouth hated Philip Draper now a whit less than he had been doing for months past, but he certainly felt himself meaner and more like a coward than he had ever done in his life.

Then, too, this sudden stroke of his father's had a look unpleasantly like the judgment of the gods.

Sydney Weymouth was not superstitious, certainly, but you must remember that he had just come from the sick bed of his father, and his mother's words left small room for doubt as to what had laid the old man there.

In a few moments Mrs. Weymouth came into the room, looking ten years older than when Sydney had left Hedgerows.

He started up. "Poor mother! It must

have been terrible to go through this all alone." Wherever he failed, it was not in being an affectionate son.

Mrs. Weymouth tried to answer and burst into tears. It was a good while before Sydney could quiet her. When he had succeeded partially, she broke out with what her son had been knowing must come all the while—with what, too, he had been dreading to hear. "It's all come of that dreadful business. It's nearly cost the life of your father, Sydney! It's been a wretched affair from beginning to end."

Hardly knowing what he did say, he could not help feeling there was a certain reproach in his mother's tones.

"I've seen for a week that the affair was wearing dreadfully on your father, and I've been anxious and troubled, but I never supposed it could come to this."

"Nobody could have supposed it," answered the lady's son.

"It was a dreadful thing—your father's having to go through with getting rid of his superintendent. He's gone about the house with his hands in his pockets, shaking his head, and muttering to himself—'Strange! I never made a mistake in a man before; and then there's Draper's face, too.'"

Young Weymouth set his teeth hard under his handsome mustache. Perhaps he was cursing Philip Draper's face down deep in his heart, but he took care at least that his mother should not hear him.

She went on, too excited herself to notice her son's silence: "I have done nothing but attend to your father since yesterday. I knew you would take matters into your own hands as soon as you reached home."

"Where's Draper? Has he left town?" asked Sydney, with a sudden hope.

"I sent down for him at once, but learned that he would not be at home until late at night. I presume the storm has kept him."

"No doubt," thinking it was the luckiest storm that ever fell into his own life. "Have you made up your mind what to do?"

"I was too nearly frantic to make up my mind about anything, but I should certainly have shown Draper the officer's letter, and told him the whole story—how that wretch had been going about to work his ruin with you and your father."

"There, no doubt, it seems he was a rascal."

"He's the deepest and the blackest villain on the face of the earth," exclaimed Mrs. Weymouth. "Hanging is too good for him. I hope, at least, he will go to State's prison for life."

Sydney got up and moved about uneasily.

"It's dreadful," he said again.

"There's only one way to remedy it. You must do it at once, Sydney."

"What is that, mother?"

"I thought you would see it, too," said the mother, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Weymouth looked at her son with some doubt regarding the soundness of his judgment. "We must settle up this matter somehow with Mr. Draper. We must get him back in his place at the mills."

"I don't see how that is to be managed. I doubt, indeed, whether Draper will wish to return."

"But we must leave no stone unturned to induce him to come back," continued Mrs. Weymouth eagerly. "I know your father, and there is nothing in the whole world that would go so far toward setting him up again as having this matter all settled as it was before that wretch interfered. For my own part, I'm ready to go down on my knees to Draper, if that will do any good."

"O mother! you talk like a woman," exclaimed Sydney. "Business is never done in that way."

He did not know it; but there was some scorn or impatience in his voice. He began to feel that he was driven to bay, and must turn and fight the fate that was closing around him.

If Sydney was Mrs. Weymouth's idol, she had not less adored his father. All the heart of the wife had been stirred in her by the scenes of the last twenty-four hours, and even her mother-love could not blind her to the fact that Sydney had been thoroughly deceived by a man straight from the cell of a prison, and that had her son been less obstinate on Reynolds's side, her husband would never have taken the course which had cost him so dearly.

All this Mrs. Weymouth could see clearly with what knowledge of the facts she possessed. She knew how Sydney's father had been driven by his son's statements to act against his true convictions from the beginning; and even in the mother's eyes the son's conduct seemed precipitate and headstrong.

Added to all the rest, there seemed something almost unfeeling in his tones, if not in his last words, and some sudden indignation overswept

Mrs. Weymouth, which she would not have imagined possible she could ever feel toward her son.

Under its influence she spoke—"If I am a woman, Sydney, I have sense enough to see where the truth is, and that if you had never been wheedled by that wretched Reynolds into swallowing his lies, this whole thing would never have happened, and your father would not lie where he does to day."

Words from his mother's lips bitter as blows; so bitter because of the terrible truth in them. If a man had spoken them there would have been some relief in knocking him down. He would have done it, too.

As it was, Sydney rose up and stood before his mother. He was very white.

"I have no reply now to make to your reproaches, mother," he said in a hard, dry voice. "I want to know simply what you intend to do in this matter."

Mrs. Weymouth was not just herself on this morning. Grief and excitement had aroused some latent force in her, which, after all, was more like desperation than anything else. Weak natures have that, you know; not that Mrs. Stephen Weymouth was exactly a weak woman; but she spoke now in a way that left no doubt she meant to do precisely what she said. "I know what your father's wish would be. He would have justice done to Philip Draper. If you do not show him the letter, and tell him who has been at the bottom of all this miserable business, I shall, Sydney."

"You will, mother?" His face was fairly livid.

Her eyes were dim with weeping and watching, or she must have seen it.

"I will, Sydney."

He turned and walked up and down the room two or three times. He went to the window and looked out on the bleared, dreary sky and the sheets of rain, scourged and twisted by the dreadful winds.

He wished he was dead; wild, fierce impulses hurried through him of running away; of rushing out and throwing himself into the river down below, whose swollen rapids were thundering and tossing madly toward the sea; but Sydney Weymouth had neither those faults or virtues which plunge some natures into desperation and suicide.

Yet it was the bitterest hour—the sharpest humiliation of his life; but the thing must be done, even though he would give his right hand to avoid the doing.

He turned away from the window and came

and stood before Mrs. Weymouth. "Mother," he said, "I have a story to tell you."

She was on the point of returning to his father, but something in her son's manner struck her now, and she sat back in her chair, only saying—"You must be quick, Sydney."

But during the next half hour she forgot all about the time—forgot even about the invalid in the next room.

Sydney Weymouth had to make a clean breast to his mother. If he did not tell his story precisely as I have told it to you along these pages, I would not accuse him of intentionally distorting the facts.

So they might have looked in his eyes, it being a fact well worth remembering that one's own wrong-doing never appears to himself precisely what it does to others.

After all, the main features of my story and Sydney's are the same. He had proposed to Jacqueline Thayne. Here his mother started horror-struck. He had been refused. His father's superintendent had, or Sydney believed that he had, come between him and all which he coveted most on earth.

No doubt this fact had unconsciously predisposed Sydney to listen to Reynolds's story favorably. He had believed he was doing the woman of his love the greatest of services to prevent her union with a hypocrite and a scoundrel.

After all, it seemed he had been deceived. Reynolds was the villain, and Draper an innocent man. Sydney would to the end of his days deplore the precipitation with which he had acted.

This, in substance, was his story, and the woman who listened to it was Sydney Weymouth's mother. Yet, disguise them as her affection would naturally seek to do, there were ugly features in the tale which she had heard. Although, of course, they looked to Mrs. Weymouth very different from what they have all along been looking to you.

She would henceforth bear a grudge toward Philip Draper, although he had spared her the misery of seeing her son the husband of Jacqueline Thayne. But Mrs. Weymouth was not without instincts of justice and honor, which her partiality could not wholly blind.

"O Sydney!" she cried out, "it is a terrible business! How will it all look to your father?"

For the last twenty-four hours Sydney Weymouth had been asking himself this question. His father had some old-fashioned notions of truth and honor. He could be inflexible enough, too, when his mind was once made up.

He might insist on the superintendent's return at any price, and on installing him in his old place at the office. Spite of all which had passed, Sydney could not yet believe that Philip Draper had willingly resigned his position.

Young Weymouth walked up and down the room; a cold sweat came out on him.

"To feel that he is my rival; to see him every day; to be certain that he suspects the secret cause which made me give what he at least will think such easy credence to Reynolds's story! If Draper goes back, I will give up my position, and will never set foot in the works again, mother."

Mrs. Weymouth wrung her hands. "Your poor father! What will he say?"

"At least he will not forget that I am his son. There is some humiliation he cannot demand of me."

Then it struck Sydney of a sudden that his father would have to know, too; and how the whole would look when brought fairly before the old gentleman. He groaned out sharply.

The groan went to his mother's heart. She knew what it meant. She rose up and went to her son; she laid her hand on his head.

"Sydney, I will tell your father," she said.

She could at least spare her son the pain of going over his story a second time; and it must be several days before his father would be able to take in the whole bearings of the case. Meanwhile, they must do the best they could. When it came to losing his son or his superintendent, Mrs. Weymouth believed there could be no doubt that her husband's affections would incline the scale; but it was a miserable business, and Sydney's share in it must be an awful shock to his father.

But what was done could not be helped. If Philip Draper and Jacqueline Thayne would only go off to the ends of the earth, where their faces could never be seen, their names heard of again!

Suddenly Mrs. Weymouth turned to her son with a start. "He will be sure to come up here as soon as he reaches home and gets the message of your father's illness."

There was no need she should mention any name now; and the sound of Philip Draper was not pleasant in the ears of either mother or son. Sydney came and stood by her.

"Mother," he said, "I could face an army of spectres, but I can't see that man to-day."

No need to repeat here all that followed. Suffice it that it was arranged betwixt the two that Philip Draper should not be admitted to

Mr. Weymouth's bedside. There were plausible reasons for keeping him away from the patient; neither would Mrs. Weymouth acquaint the superintendent with her son's arrival, or the contents of the letter which had precipitated her husband's illness.

It could not serve the young man now to learn of the wool-sorter's villany, and the share the latter had had in undermining the superintendent at the factories was Weymouth's secret, and there was every reason why the latter should conceal it.

Somewhat, all the time they were talking, both mother and son had a miserable feeling of guilt clinging to them. At the close of it all, the mother burst out with a woman's vehemence—"O Sydney! I feel as though I could not go back and look your father in the face."

The son did not answer, but his heart echoed the words so loudly that he fancied his lips spoke them without volition on his part.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Thaynes, uncle and niece, awoke next morning to find the storm had not abated over night. The rain still rattled its volleys against the casement, and the winds held their triumphant race course through the air.

As for Blue River, that was a spectacle to appal the eyes of the stoutest. Its great tides overflowed the high banks at Hedgerows, and the wide meadows and pasture lands lay drowned under the flood.

But that was not the worst. Borne helplessly along with the rush and thunder of the currents, were the wide, terrible witnesses of the destruction which had been wrought in the land over night. All along the banks, for miles above Hedgerows, mills and barns and storehouses had been carried away, while the wreck and debris tossed and struggled above the drowned lands at Hedgerows.

The freshet had rushed in also upon the low country roads, and swept them off in a single night. With awful hiss and roar, the floods had burst in upon the lowlands for miles along the river, and where, the day before, had stretched green meadows unscorched of frosts, and broad orchards in the laughter of autumn sunlight, there was now only one dreadful scene of havoc and devastation. Trees torn from their roots, bridges hurled away in the frenzy of the torrents, granaries with the stored harvests of the year—all the wide plunder of the flood was heaped together on its bosom,

while every small mountain stream, swollen suddenly into a mad torrent, had swooped up its trophies on the way, and shot them triumphantly into the river.

The thunder of the dam was awful. It almost drowned the bellowing of the tempest when Squire Thayne and his niece met that morning in the breakfast-room and looked at each other.

"It's awful!" said Jacqueline, with a shudder.

"Yes; I never knew a storm like it in my whole life. God take pity on the victims!" answered the squire, glancing out of the windows.

"It hardly seems as though we had any right to take our breakfast comfortably while all this is going on," said Jacqueline.

"Oh! yes we have, bringing to it hearts a little more thankful for ourselves, a little more pitiful for our human kin," answered the squire, seating her at the table with his unvarying courtesy, which was beautiful, because it was an instinct with him.

What a pleasant, attractive scene it was, that warm, cosy breakfast-room, and the meal that old Deborah had prepared with her usual success. The contrast, too, of all that home peace and comfort with the mad storm outside, was something to strike the coarsest imagination. There was not, perhaps, as much wit and humor as usually flashed and glimmered about Squire Thayne's coffee-urn; but I doubt whether, after all, the two had ever had a pleasanter breakfast together than that one.

"Did you sleep last night through all that storm?" asked Jacqueline.

"Sound as a hunter after a week's campaign. What in the world is there in the wind's blowing or the rain's falling, to prevent a man's sleeping who is at peace with God and his neighbor, and has sound nerves and a good digestion?"

Jacqueline laughed. "I suppose all that applies to a woman also, for, though the wind did wake me up two or three times, I dropped right off to sleep again."

"Whew!" exclaimed her uncle, as the wind shook the house again. "What a blast of artillery that was! Let us go up into the Round Tower and take an observation."

They went together. Just as they reached the lower landing her uncle laid playfully both hands on Jacqueline's shoulders and half lifted her up the stairs. There was nothing unusual in the act, only something happened not long afterward which made Jacqueline re-

member just how they two went up-stairs together that morning.

From the upper windows of the Round Tower a terrible scene spread before them. There ran sunny Blue River over the submerged land, with its dreadful heaps of wreck. For awhile the two could not find voice to speak for pity and grief.

Even Huckleberry Hill was gone. Jacqueline looked for it, and remembered the talk of last summer; but there was only a black waste of waters where the old hill had lifted its broad shoulder to be warmed in the sunlight.

"The destruction is wider than I expected. I never dreamed my eyes would behold a scene like this," said the squire, going from one window to another. "And this is one night's work. Pitiful! pitiful!" and he shook his fine old gray head sadly enough.

So they stood there awhile, gazing with all their might on the woful scene. At last Jacqueline came to the window out of which she had walked one winter day—walked so nearly to her death. She never stood there without remembering that time. Her uncle she fancied must have thoughts of it too, for he came over and stood by her side and said—"Well, my little girl, you've seen enough of this scene of horrors. Let us go down." Before they reached the lower landing, there were voices in the hall. Two or three townsmen had come over in a hurry to solicit aid of Squire Thayne's workpeople.

Some warehouses, stocked with merchandise, on the other side of the river, a mile below, were in imminent peril. The buildings had been regarded as quite out of danger, as they occupied a comparatively high point some distance back from the river, but the flood had already spread into the lower apartments, and without prompt measures at this juncture it was feared the foundations would give way.

The squire's workmen were off duty that day, with the exception of the gardener, but the gentleman promptly offered his services to his neighbors.

Jacqueline helped him on with his great coat, and then said—"O Uncle Alger! do take care of yourself. What if anything should happen to you?" It was not just like her to speak in that way.

"What in the world, child, do you suppose would be likely to happen to me?" Then he turned back and looked at her. "You don't feel afraid, do you, to stay here alone in the storm?"

"Afraid! Uncle Alger!" and her face answered for her.

And Squire Thayne went.

Drawing up his horse on the edge of the "railroad bridge," Philip Draper saw a sight which a man would not be likely to behold more than once in a life-time. He beheld the old, tall, narrow warehouse, with its three stories, totter and shiver like a human thing all through its gaunt-looking frame, then slip from its foundations, while the current seized it, and it went with a slow, stately motion, like the gliding movement of a spectre, down the black whirl of the river, until, at last, it bore suddenly toward an island in the centre, the tops of the small trees barely visible, and the old building was shivered to pieces in one moment, like some tower of sand which a child builds and a breath of air sweeps over.

Philip Draper had been on horseback for the last three hours. He was drenched to the skin, numbed and exhausted with beating against the wind. He had been overtaken by the storm, and had made his way back to Hedgerows by slow stages, as he could, the business which had taken him out of town not lying on the line of railroads.

A small crowd of men on the other bank had also witnessed the strange spectacle of the house sailing down the river. They had not so good a standpoint for the whole effect as Philip Draper had, just above the railroad bridge; but the sight was sufficiently impressive to make them stand rooted and silent to the spot.

When they turned to the other warehouse, that too was rocking to its foundations.

Two men rushed out of the lower story in panting haste. "The timbers are giving way," they shouted. "Everything is going to pieces!"

Then a face appeared at the upper window, with some surprise or apprehension in it, like that of a man suddenly awakened out of sleep. There was a shout of alarm among the men. "It's Squire Thayne! Come down for your life!"

The face disappeared. But the next moment there was a sharp creaking and rending of timbers, as though the soul bound up in the old beams and rafters found a voice in that last death wrench, and then in a moment the whole building went to pieces with a crash like thunder, and the whole mass choked the currents that seized with hiss and roar upon it.

The crowd of white, horrified faces looked at each other.

Philip Draper on his horse, up at the rail-

road bridge, does not know to this day whether he heard the voices of the men shouting Squire Thayne's name the moment before the warehouse went to pieces, but a conviction flashed across him like lightning that the man was inside the building. He was off his horse, leaving the creature to take care of itself; he was down the road, his feet swashing the water, a few inches deep, which was creeping up the high bank; he was among the group of horrified, staring men.

"Oh, my God! my God! what shall we do?" cried Philip Draper.

In the black whirl of the waves and the choking mass of the timbers a face suddenly appeared. The figure seemed struggling with the current; but of a sudden a huge rafter floated against the man, struck him, and he went down. Philip Draper did not know that he had thrown off his overcoat; but he had, and plunged into the river. It seemed certain suicide. Surely no human strength could breast those fierce currents that would toss him about and suck him down, and drown the life out of him in a few moments; but Philip Draper never once thought of his own life—only of his friend's. How he did it he cannot tell to this day; neither can the men who stood on the bank in stark, silent horror—neither can I. I only know that Draper held his own in the black, swift currents; that among the floating wrecks he saw the gray head drift once more; that he seized it, and that with superhuman strength, and with one arm, he fought the tide.

It was well that he had been a splendid swimmer from his boyhood. He did not let go his grasp of his unconscious burden. He bore it out of the sweep of the main current, and then the men on the shore came to their senses and shot planks within his reach, and by the aid of these he still made headway toward the banks, until at last the nearly drowned men were dragged on shore by those who ventured farthest into the river to their aid.

Yet Philip Draper never quite lost consciousness through all that dreadful time. He knew when they forced brandy down his lips, and when the crowd parted and they carried the squire to the nearest house. Philip Draper knew, too, when they were bearing himself away, and when, a little while afterward, he was in a wide, warm room, and then he lost consciousness for a time.

Jacqueline Thayne started of a sudden, for there was a loud knock at the door breaking in upon her thoughts. For the hour after her

uncle went away she had been restless enough, unable to set herself about anything, going from one window to another, watching the storm outside, and thinking of all the dreadful havoc it was making over the land.

But after awhile the story of Ruth Benson came up, and the talk of last night followed hard on that, and she had forgotten all about the storm, and had been sitting still as a mouse before the fire for a half hour when that loud, sharp knock sent her thoughts flying.

She went straight to the front door, the wind and rain rushing in as she opened it.

Two or three men stood there. She recognized the doctor at once, and knew by his look that something was the matter.

"Oh, what has happened?" she cried out, not thinking for the moment of her uncle.

The old doctor had known the girl from childhood. There was a dreadful pity in his eyes as he looked at her. "Try and be brave, Miss Jacqueline," he said, "it is your uncle."

She gave a little cry, then stumbled backward, and would have fallen, perhaps, if Deborah had not put her arms around the girl, who did not even know that the old woman had come out and stood by her side, her face turning white as her mistress's.

Suddenly Jacqueline staggered forward and caught the doctor's arm. She could not speak, but her eyes asked for her lips, and he understood.

"Oh, no, my child, he is not dead. He was in the warehouse, working like a beaver to save things, and didn't observe the danger, when the old shell suddenly went to pieces, and he was thrown into the river and dreadfully knocked about in the currents and the wreck. But we will hope for the best. Try and be a woman for your uncle's sake. He will need you now, Miss Jacqueline."

That was the one appeal to reach her. Jacqueline roused out of her stupor. They were lifting something carefully from a covered wagon outside. She had no need to ask what it was. When they brought him in and laid him on the bed she was at the head.

The squire was still unconscious; but after a hasty examination and consultation, they had thought it best to bring him home; and the physicians—for two had accompanied him—had meanwhile sent for a surgeon.

Neighbors and friends hurried over with offers of help; and the quiet house at Blue River was full of awed, anxious faces; but no face was like the face of the girl who kept watch at the bedside, white and still, with all

the life in the dreadful anguish of her eyes. Yet she seemed to understand everything they said to her, and was ready with service.

Somebody asked if the young fellow was hurt; and another said "it was the grandest deed he had ever witnessed in his life, and that it was a miracle they'd either got to shore with a breath of life in them." And then Jacqueline had started and inquired what they all meant. She got the story in fragments, for one and another took it up and told her what Philip Draper had done.

Just as they had finished, her uncle opened his eyes; he knew the touch of the little soft fingers on his forehead.

"Jacqueline, Jacqueline," he said very feebly.

At sound of the dear voice she put her face down to his. "O Uncle Alger! Uncle Alger!" she said; and somebody who heard her speak then, said he kept wondering all that day whether the dead who loved each other here did not speak in just that way when they first met in another world.

At that moment the surgeon came in; and for a little while Squire Thayne and his physicians had to be left alone together, even Jacqueline dragging herself into the next room, only saying to the doctors—"You won't keep me away long?"

The examination corroborated all the doctors' worst fears. The blow of the beam as he lay in the water had struck Squire Thayne on the back. It had paralyzed the spine. One side of him was utterly helpless, and *the hurt had been fatal.*

The physicians looked at each other. Squire Thayne had full possession of his senses by this time. He understood the look and what it meant.

"My friends, I am not afraid to hear it," he said. "Tell me how long the old hulk can hold out."

"A few hours—until midnight, probably."

There was no need of disguising the truth with such a man.

He closed his eyes a moment, and then they heard him speak. "O my bairn! my bairn!" and his voice had a real human anguish in it that it would never have had for himself.

There was nothing to be done; and now the time was so short, it was cruel to keep her away from his side any longer.

She came back from the next room, out of which Deborah had carefully shut everybody and kept guard herself. Ever since she had been away a hope had been growing in Jac-

queline's heart that it was not so bad as she had feared. Her uncle was alive; he had known her. He would recover in a little while.

She came forward eagerly, the first livid terror having passed away from her face.

"Dear Uncle Alger! we will have you well in a little while," she said; and how that girl loved him was in her face.

He looked up and saw it. "Yes, dear, I shall be well in a little while," he answered with a smile, and a bright solemnity all through it.

Whether the smile or the tones struck her, I cannot tell. The intimacy had been so long and close betwixt them that many words on either side were never needed. She darted a glance at him; her face grew awfully livid, the white lips stood fixed apart. He saw it all; but it must come, and better from him than from another.

"Yes, my bairn, I must go away from you a little while—such a very little while—remember that."

She was mercifully half stunned for a moment. She stood there, staring at him in a ghastly way, her face fallen, her jaw dropped; then, as his meaning grew slowly upon her, she dropped down on her knees, with a little, low, exhausted cry. "I shall go with you, Uncle Alger," she said. "I cannot live in the world all alone without you, and my heart will break, and we shall go together," and a spasm of gladness actually shone across the whiteness of her face.

He saw it. With a great effort he put up his right hand, for his left one would never move again, and stroked the face over which that old dreadful pallor had grown.

"I should not want to break your heart, my darling. I should not want you to come with me in that way."

"Don't say that; I can't be left here all alone without you. O Uncle Alger! you were never cruel to me in life. Don't be so now—don't say at the last that I may not come with you!"

In her great anguish she hardly knew what she was saying. I think at that moment it seemed to her that her fate for life or death rested with the dying man.

"But you *are* coming, dear, only not just yet. You must remember that, and the time between is so very short that it does not seem worth grieving about, only as I see what it costs my little girl; not more, really, than it did when I used to bid her good-by in the morning to be

gone all day, knowing I should come back at night."

"But, oh, uncle! there will be days and days and days—never to see you, never to hear your voice," she cried out sharply, waving her hands, as though she would wave off those dreadful spectres of the future days.

"Don't think about that. You have nothing to do with those days now, my child. But I have a good deal to say, and you will want to hear it, Jacqueline."

There was all the quiet power of his old strong voice through his words. It had its influence even in the agony of that hour.

One by one the people had gone out and left the two quite alone.

It was the last talk, and in life they had loved each other so!

I cannot tell whether it was the effort which she made to listen to his words, or whether it was in her case, as in all others, that nature had its limit of capacity of suffering, but she grew still and torpid, and listened with her sharp, frozen face while her uncle went on talking.

"You must bear that in mind always, darling, that it is only a little while that you are coming to me, and every morning and every night you must remember that we are so much nearer the meeting, just as you used to look at the clock and say, when I was gone, to yourself, 'in an hour at farthest he will be home again!'"

"So let the thought be always with you that you are coming to me, and never that you are away from me, or that the grave lies dark between us."

Still she did not speak. She only sat looking at him with that frozen, hopeless face of hers.

"And take comfort, dear, from the thought that every time you tell over to yourself the words that you are coming to me, you will be a little nearer when you have finished than when you commenced speaking; and then I shall certainly not love my little girl less, but more, because I am in Heaven and she upon earth; and, dear heart! she has always been so thoughtful for my comfort and happiness she will be glad sometimes to think I am gone away to fuller life and blessedness."

It seemed that then some faint feeling came into the hard, stony look of Jacqueline's eyes. Her uncle went on again.

"And then there is so much to comfort you in the way I am leaving you; without any pain, to speak of. I've always looked forward with a cowardly dread to suffering; to the slow breaking down of vital forces, day after day,

before disease; to the growing old, sense and memory failing under the gathering burden of the years—you know how we've talked about all that."

She bowed her head, her lips moved and fairly writhed with their effort to speak, but not a word came out of them.

"Such a good life as I've had in the world; such an easy way of getting out of it at the last; not a pang except that of leaving my bairnie!"

At that old familiar word her face broke up suddenly with a kind of gasp; she put it down on the pillow by the dying man's, and he felt the slow tears oozing upon his cheek, yet she lay quite still.

He did not speak for awhile, and when he did the energy of his voice had failed a little. He had left everything in order he said. His will was made and he could trust her to carry out all his wishes. She would live on in the old home—she and Deborah. It would be lonely at first, but then, though she might not believe it now, God would certainly find some way to comfort her. And again he was still, and the hot, hopeless tears trickled upon his cheeks.

After awhile he spoke again. "Jacqueline, you will take my last words to him—I should never have been able to send them if he had not put his life at stake to save mine."

She knew he must mean Philip Draper. The doctors had told the squire all that had happened after he fell into the river.

"Yes, uncle."

"Tell Philip Draper that I loved him above all other men!"

Even at that moment such words startled her. She lifted her head and looked at her uncle.

There was a movement at the door just then, and Philip Draper came in. Weak and bruised with the morning's work the man dragged himself across the room to the bedside. An hour or two before he had awakened from the stupor in which they had carried him up from the river to a house at hand. Familiar faces were all about him; his first inquiry was for the fate of Squire Thayne.

They broke the dreadful tidings carefully, for by this time it was known in every household throughout Hedgerows.

Then the young man had insisted on coming out to Squire Thayne's. Everybody thought it was madness. The storm was, if possible, fiercer than ever, but Philip Draper was resolute.

He looked at the squire; he looked at the

white, worn woman, on whose face age seemed suddenly to have crept.

And the squire said—"Oh, my friend, I am glad to thank you before I die!"

"I was ready to give my life to save you, but I was too late." The words choked out from his heart to Philip Draper's lips.

Jacqueline heard them. She looked in his face. The sense of all he had done that day came suddenly upon her. "You tried to save him for me. You did your best; but he is going to leave me all alone. Oh, my God! all alone!"

It was the cry of her heart. Philip Draper turned and looked at her. She was the woman of his love, bowed unto death with her awful sorrow. Then his soul stirred itself within him and cried out, and he could not help it—"Oh, Jacqueline! I would to God, for your sake, that I lay there in his stead."

Perhaps through all her grief that cry made itself felt.

But it was Squire Thayne who spoke now. "Philip, I have known it all along and kept your secret well. Let me tell her now."

Philip Draper understood. He must have answered with voice or sign, although he did not know it and Jacqueline did not hear.

"Jacqueline, he loves you, and God let him spare my life long enough to tell you."

She started back; she put her hand to her face; even then there came no flush across the deadly pallor, and the stoniness was all gone, and it was quick with life as she gazed at Philip Draper, and when his gaze answered hers she could not doubt that her uncle had spoken the truth.

Something swelled in Jacqueline's heart which she thought could never move it for man again. With a blind kind of instinct she put her hand in her uncle's, and when he laid it in Philip Draper's she knew what that meant and did not withdraw it.

"My children!" he said, and he thanked God and he blessed them.

So they were betrothed.

It was almost midnight. Outside the long vengeance of wind and rain had well nigh spent themselves. Since the sun went down the squire's strength had failed. Before that time he had said many things to his niece and to Philip Draper which only they two of all the world will ever know. But his voice gradually grew fainter and a stupor grew upon him. He was restless at times, but he seemed to suffer very little pain. It was just before midnight

when he roused himself and his eyes opened. Jacqueline put her face down to his. She heard him murmur "I cannot see you, my child."

"Here I am, Uncle Alger."

"He is the only man to whom I could ever have given you. I shall not leave you alone my bairnie! my bairnie!"

She lay quite still, listening, but no more words came, and his lips grew very cold when her cheek lay close to them. At last Philip Draper's voice called softly: "Jacqueline!" and he lifted her up. She turned and looked at the face on the pillow and then she knew!

She put out her arms to Philip Draper. "Philip, Philip, take me away," she said, and then he knew for the first time that she loved him—that with her heart she gave herself to him!

Overhead, out of a gray, watery stripe of cloud, the young moon rode suddenly and looked on the faces of the man and woman, and on the face of the dead which smiled beneath them.

THE END.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.—A contemporary has these excellent remarks on children's parties: "Doubtless children have always had their parties, but the scale and style of them at the present day are quite peculiar. The little guests are summoned two or three weeks beforehand, probably by gilt-edged circulars, and in terms formal and complimentary. They assemble in the evening and stay well on toward midnight. We shall leave to others the consideration of the moral consequences to the juvenile mind of this early acquaintance with all the forms of fashionable society, and shall confine ourselves to a consideration of the physical consequences which we take to be injurious and undesirable. Children are excited beforehand, and still more at the time. They are dressed insufficiently; they dance themselves into great fatigue; they eat and drink at late hours what would try their digestion badly enough in its midday vigor, and, worst of all, they lose from two to six hours' sleep. The ulterior consequences of this entire disarrangement of their habits and their functions are paleness, languor, and the development of various other ailments, according to the constitutional peculiarities of the children.

By all means let children have their own gatherings, but let them be within reasonable hours. Let food be simple, dress sufficient and warm, and, above all, let not the precious hours of sleep be curtailed.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(See Engraving.)

"IT'S a shame!" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babes, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also getting off as fast as she could, so as to shift responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house, for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babes, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh that others might hear, and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone—all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman, not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?" said Wheaton.

"Don't know. Poor-house, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poor-house?"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em, and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma! mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old, rose up in the bed and looked piteously about the room. "I want mamma."

A great, choking sob came into the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke and said—"Don't cry, Sissy. Mamma's gone away." At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this nohow," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and comforting them with soothing words.

"What on earth have you got there?" ex-

claimed Mrs. Wheaton as her husband came striding into the room where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered, in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor and rose up in amazement.

"What?"

"Mrs. Cole's two babies. I've been over to the funeral, and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these little things carted off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them—no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them up in his arms, and let their tender, tearful, half-frighted, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones, utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of mother-love into the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer with an involuntary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between the husband and wife—at least not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence, and drew from them such looks, and ways, and little expressions of satisfaction, as touched her heart and filled it with a loving interest.

After night-fall, when supper was over, and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs. Wheaton was first to speak.

"What were you thinking about, John?" said she, almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes, nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county?"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here!" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that; but who's to take the care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind that so much, but——"

She kept back the sentence that was on her tongue.

"But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on——"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton. "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh! in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John?"

"It's true—more's the shame for me. That was eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in idle company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"O John!" There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face as she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days; no more foolish wasting of money; no spending of evenings at McBride's."

"O John!" In her surprise and delight she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll take the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this and say so," answered Jane, laughing through tears.

"All right, then. It's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow-workmen taunted John, calling him soft-hearted, and a fool, for "taking other men's brats."

One said to him—"Are four mouths easier to fill than two?" Another—

"You'll be sick of all this before the year's out." And another—

"I'll see you sold out by the constable in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply—only maintaining an air of quiet good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day—something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the doorway; the broken steps were mended, and clean panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young, green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up, and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvellous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as old Brown used to say—'Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in me again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow workman said to Wheaton, half in banter—"Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his questioner had expected.

"I thought I saw him looking around after things, and counting his fees on his fingers."

"Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's, instead of to the landlord—eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First-rate," Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing to his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the light mortgage that for years rested on his little home; and not only this, had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast-room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan baby—and, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master workman, and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house, and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's, instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking homeward, one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, yet with undisguised bitterness—"I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"Why?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thought.

"For good luck," said the journeyman.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

"Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and not long after added a third. And how is it to-day? You have a nice house, and your

wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there—the largest and the handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you? How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why, nothing. Why should I help pay for his house?"

"Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful calling, as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at?" said the journeyman.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look on his face.

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"No!"

"Yes, to a dollar. So, in five years, at this rate, you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now, it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride, and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough, and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will, for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor-house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was in anything

but a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps:

"If you see anything of my Jack about your place, just send him home, will you?"

Jack was there, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who, with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it all over last night. I'm done helping saloon-keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are!"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard yesterday of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at the Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said—"Look here, Frank; take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride's—between you and lost days—between you and idle thriftlessness, and my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then, with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed—"I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the Mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well. Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.

It is not pomp or pretension, but the adaption of the expression to the idea that clinches a writer's meaning—as it is not the size or glossiness of the materials, but their being fitted each to its place, that gives strength to the arch.

HINTS TO WEARERS OF KID GLOVES.

IT is not generally known, or does not appear to be known, even by those who wear kids almost exclusively, that the durability and set of these articles depend very much upon how they are put on the first time. Two pairs may be taken from one box, of exactly the same cut and quality, and by giving different treatment when first putting the hands into them, one pair will be made to set much better, and to wear doubly, or nearly that length of time, longer than the other. When purchasing gloves, people are usually in too much of a hurry; they carelessly put them on, and let them go in that way then, thinking to do the work more completely at another time. When this is the case a person is sure to meet with disappointment, for as the glove is made to fit the hand the first time it is worn, so it will fit ever after, and no amount of effort will make a satisfactory change. Never allow a stretcher to be used, for the gloves will not be likely to fit as well for it. All the expansion should be made by the hands; if the kids are so small as to require the aid of a stretcher, they should not be purchased, as they will prove too small for durability, comfort, or beauty. When selecting gloves choose those with fingers to correspond with your own in length; take time to put them on, working in the fingers first, until ends meet ends, and then put in the thumb, and smooth them down until they are made to fit nicely. A glove that sets well will usually wear well; at least, will wear better than one of the same kind that does not fit well. When the ends of the fingers do not come down right, or when they are so long as to form wrinkles upon the sides of the fingers, they will chafe out easily; where the stretcher has to be used to make the fingers large enough, the body part will be so small as to cramp the hand so that it cannot be shut without bursting the seams of the kids. Some recommend putting new kid gloves into a damp cloth before they are put on, and allowing them to remain until moistened. With this treatment they can be put on much easier than otherwise, and will fit very nicely until they get dry; but on second wearing there will be an unnatural harshness about them, wrinkling in spots, and they will not set so perfectly as at first. I have tried the damping process and do not approve of it.

THOU canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

AN ANGEL BY THE HEARTH.

BY FANNY FALES.

THEY tell me unseen spirits
Around about us glide;
Beside the stillly waters
Our erring footsteps guide:
'Tis pleasant, thus believing
Their ministry on earth:
I know an angel sitteth
This moment by my hearth.

If false lights on life's waters,
To wreck my soul appear,
With finger upward pointing
She turns me with a tear:
'Twere base to slight the warning,
And count it little worth,
Of her, the loving angel,
That sitteth by my hearth.

She wins me with caresses
From passions dark defiles;
She guides me when I falter,
And strengthens me with smiles;
It may be, unseen angels
Beside me journey forth,
I know that one is sitting
This moment by my hearth

A loving wife. O brothers!
An angel here below;
Alas! your eyes are holden
Too often 'till they go;
Ye upward look while grieving,
When they have pass'd from earth;—
Oh! cherish well those sitting
This moment by the hearth!

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

THERE is a country just beyond life's river,
Whose beauties far exceed our wildest dreams,
And yet sometimes in fancy we can picture
Its golden streets, bright flowers and crystal streams.
We hear rare birds chanting their glad "Te Deum,"
We see the loved who've crossed life's stormy tide,
And in our heart we feel the blessed promise
That in that home we shall be satisfied.

Sometimes our hearts grow sad with weary waiting,
Earth's petty trials weigh our spirits down,
And we forget that to the valiant only
Our Father promises a starry crown.
With eager eyes we view life's narrow river,
And long to plunge into its rushing tide,
To join our loved ones in the land supernal,
Where, free from sin, we shall be satisfied.

No more unrest, no vague, unquiet longings,
No reaching for the bliss we may not find,
No looking forward to some happier future,
Or sighing over joys we leave behind.

Ah! no, in that bright land there is no sorrow,
Within the pearly gates no tears abide,
No fleeting cloud obscures the starry brightness,
For God is there, and all are satisfied.

Together we are nearing Death's dark river,
And sometime we must cross it—thou and I;
In vain we tremble as we hear the rushing,
And view the angry waters leaping high.
There falls upon our ear the joyful singing,
The choir of angels from the other side;
Such glorious music through Heaven's arches ringing,
Tell us that all within are satisfied.

And while thy road lies on along Life's rugged path
way,

There is a friend who holds thee by the hand;
His arm shall keep thy timid feet from faltering,
And lead thee onward to the "better land."
And when at last thou nearest the dark river,
He'll guide thee safely to the other side;
There thou shalt join the choir who sing forever
And, safe in Heaven, thou shalt be satisfied.

I am alone, I know not thy Conductor,
From His long proffered help I've turned away,
Now I can almost hear Death's raging torrent,
And feel the waters as they round me play.
Help me to know and honor thy Redeemer,
That I may walk life's journey by his side,
And, safe in Heaven—thou and I together—
Then—then—dear friend, I shall be satisfied!

THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into the vast forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here.
No word came with our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow
Our footsteps fare;
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—
His love alone is there;
No curse, no care.

THERE'S NAE ROOM FOR TWA.

IT was in simmer time o' year,
 An' simmer leaves were sheen;
 When I and Kitty walked abraid,
 An' Jamie walked atween.
 We reached the brig o'er yon wee linn,
 Our burnie's brig sae sma';
 "Jenny," said Jem, "maun walk behin,
 There's nae room for twa."
 "There's nae room for twa," said he,
 "There's nae room for twa,"
 O, Jamie's words went to my heart,
 "There's nae room for twa."

A weel a day! my heart leaped high
 When walkin' by his side;
 Sic thoughts, alas! are idle now,
 For Kitty is his bride.
 He cou'd na, an he wad hae baith,
 For that's forbid by law;
 In wedded life, an' wedded love
 There's nae room for twa.
 There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
 There's nae room for twa;
 Sae I hae gang'd my gait alane,
 There's nae room for twa.

The creepin years hae slowly pass'd,
 An' I have struggled strang,
 Wi' a broken hope, an' broken heart,
 But it's nae now for lang.
 My thread o' life is a' but span,
 An' I maun gang awa,
 An' moulder in the clay can'd ground
 Where's nae room for twa.
 There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
 There's nae room for twa;
 The narrow bed, where a' maun lie,
 Has nae room for twa.

Dear Kitty! on thy bonnie brow
 The simmer sun shall shine;
 While wintry clouds, and winter's gloom
 Are gatherin dark o'er mine.
 I'll gie to God my lingering hours,
 An' Jamie drive awa;
 For in this weary, wasted heart
 There's nae room for twa.
 There's nae room for twa, ye ken,
 There's nae room for twa;
 The heart that's given to God an' Heaven
 Has nae room for twa.

OF ONE DYING.

BY ALICE CAREY.

IN the blue middle heavens of June
 The sun was burning bright,
 What time we parted—now! alas,
 'Tis winter-time and night.
 The swart November long ago,
 With troops of gloomy hours,
 Went folding the October's tents
 Of misty gold, like flowers.

The wind hangs moaning on the pane,
 The cricket tries to sing,
 And a voice tells me all the while,
 It never will be spring;

It never will be spring to her,
 For in the west wind's flow,
 I hear a sound that seems to me
 Like digging in the snow.

She will not have to lay away,
 The baby from her knees—
 The wild birds sung his lullaby,
 Last summer in the trees;
 The cedars and the cypresses,
 That in the churchyard grow—
 But little Alice will be left—
 How shall we make her know,

When she shall see the pallid brow,
 The shroud about the dead,
 That the beloved one is in
 The azure overhead?
 For scarcely by the open grave,
 Have we of larger light
 And clearer faith, the strength to shape
 The spirit's upward flight.

My friend, I know not as the sands
 Of life are almost run,
 If thou hast any power to say,
 Thy will, not mine, be done.
 But pray thee, Holy Comforter,
 To make her weary eyes,
 To see from out the clouds of death,
 The star of promise rise.

INVITATION TO THE YOUNG.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

"They that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii. 17.

COME while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
 Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
 Come while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
 And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
 Come while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfold-
 ing,
 Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
 While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding
 Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
 And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
 Pleasure will fold her wings, and friend and lover
 Will to the embraces of the world have gone;
 Those who now love thee will have passed forever;
 Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
 Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
 As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing:
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
 Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
 Fades like the sunset of a summer's sky.
 Life has but shadows, save a promise given,
 Which lights the future with a fadeless ray;
 Oh, touch the sceptre; win a hope in Heaven;
 Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of thy brief existence
 Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul;
 And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
 Will of thy patient race appear the goal:
 Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,
 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
 Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,
 Who would not early choose a lot like this?

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

MY SALLY AND THE "COLD WATER SOAP."

BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

"WHAT is that?" I asked, as my husband laid a small parcel on the table.

"A piece of new fangled soap that Lukens gave me. He's all agog over it. Nothing would do but I must take it home for you to try. If one is to believe all he says, it will cleanse anything, from dirty linen to a soiled conscience; and this, too, *in cold water!*"

"Lukens is always going wild over some new thing," I answered.

"Yes, I know. But if half he tells me about this soap be true, it is the most wonderful thing of the age."

"Oh!" said I, with a little banter in my voice, "he's made a convert of you, then?"

"No. But seeing is believing," he replied. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Here's a piece of the soap, and it won't be hard to make a trial of its virtues."

And he opened the parcel he had brought in, producing a piece of soap in all appearance like common laundry soap.

"Nothing remarkable in its appearance," I said. "Ordinary rosin soap, I should call it."

"But very uncommon in its virtues," answered my husband. "According to Lukens's testimony, the result of actual experiment, he declares that used only in cold water, it will wash in a few minutes the dirtiest clothes you can bring, making them clean and white. Grease, and even paint, vanish as if by magic at its touch."

"Pshaw!" said I, a little impatiently. "The thing is simply impossible."

My husband took off a collar which he had worn two days. The weather had been hot, dry, and dusty, and the collar was badly soiled—actually black along the band and seams.

"Let us try this," he said.

I laughed incredulously; but he poured about a pint of water into a wash-bowl.

"Scrape some of the soap into this, and make a good lather."

I did so, and in a little while had the suds ready.

"Let the collar soak four or five minutes," said my husband. "Lukens says that little or no rubbing will be required, as the soap is self-washing; that is, by virtue of its own action, it discharges the grease and dirt, and leaves the garment clean."

I was amused but incredulous. The thing seemed too absurd. But I laid the collar into the basin, and waited five minutes. Then putting in my hands, I lifted the collar. As I did so, my fingers touched the black-looking seams, when, to my amazement, the dirt dissolved away under my touch, floating as if it had been a colored paste. In some excitement I dashed the collar back into the suds, squeezed it hard in my clinched hands, swished it in the water, and then held it up to the light. Wonder of wonders! There was scarcely a dirt mark anywhere upon it; but the water was almost black. I gave it two or three turns more in the suds, rubbing and squeezing it, then rinsed it in clear water. It was milk white! And all this in a few minutes, and with cold water!

"Well," said my husband coolly, and with an air of triumph, "what do you think of that?"

"I don't know what to think of it," I replied. As yet I could hardly believe what I had seen. "Some hocus pocus, I'll be bound."

"No hocus pocus there," answered my husband, pointing to the collar.

"I'm not so sure," I answered, turning the article over and over in my hands, and looking at it sharply. The fact was not to be gainsaid. The collar was faultlessly clean, and the water in the basin dark with dirt.

"Anything that will cut the dirt out like that will eat up the garments," said I, with a positive air.

"Do your hands feel as if they had been in anything caustic or irritating?" asked my husband.

I looked at them, rubbed them together, felt the tips of my fingers, but could find nothing wrong. Indeed, they felt unusually soft and smooth.

"Nothing in it to hurt a baby's skin, or the most delicate lace, I am assured by Lukens," said my husband.

"How does Lukens know? He doesn't make the soap."

"He happens to know Mr. Warfield, the inventor, or patentee," replied my husband. "Indeed, they are old friends. He told me that he has examined the patent, and knows, in consequence, every article that enters into the composition of this soap."

"You can't make people believe this," said I. "They've been humbugged too often."

"A thing that is right and good in itself, and a public benefaction into the bargain, is bound to make its way, in spite of prejudice and incredulity," returned my husband. "But let us give this wonderful soap some further trial. Have you a soiled hair-ribbon?"

"Yes, lots of 'em. But you can't wash ribbons."

"Lukens says it will wash silk, woollen, cotton, or linen equally well."

"Lukens don't know what he is talking about," I declared a little warmly.

"Bring out your hair-ribbons," said my husband.

And, at the word, I drew from a box a handful of greasy ribbons that had been lying there for months, useless and worthless. These were put into the basin where the collar had been washed. I wanted to throw out the dirty suds and make a new supply. But my husband said no, that was good enough. We only added a trifle more water and soap. After five minutes, I took up the ribbons and squeezed the suds out of them. Not a grease spot was to be seen!

"Why, John!" I exclaimed, almost trembling with surprise and pleasure, "isn't this wonderful?"

"Yes, it is wonderful," he replied, in his quiet way.

I rinsed the ribbons thoroughly in clean water, and then ironed them under a damp cloth. They were as bright and glossy almost as when new.

"Here's a saving of a good many dollars every year in the item of hair-ribbons," said I, with quite a glow of pleasure in my voice.

We were thus far in our experiments when the dinner-bell rang.

The whole afternoon I spent in testing the virtues of this wonderful soap. I had a white nubia, the gift of a friend, which had been worn for two winters; but

It had become so badly soiled that it was thrown aside. The work was very fine and beautiful, and I had abandoned it with regret.

"I'll try that nubia," said I, and forthwith got a large basin, into which I poured half a gallon of water, and dissolved a few ounces of the new soap. The light, flimsy garment was placed in this, where it remained six or seven minutes. Then I squeezed out the suds two or three times, and afterward rinsed the nubia in two clean waters and hung it up to dry. What a transformation! My beautiful nubia was restored to me as white and fresh as when I received it from the hands of my friend. And at what a trifling cost of time and effort!

Soiled laces, cambric handkerchiefs, tidies, gloves, collars, and I can't tell you what all, were submitted to the new washing process, out of which they emerged guiltless of grease or dirt.

Two or three times I was on the eve of calling Sally up from the kitchen, and so overwhelming her with evidences in favor of this "Cold Water Soap," as to deprive her at once of all opposition. But sober second thought caused me to hesitate, and defer my advances toward this personage, who had shown herself on two or three occasions dead set against new things.

In the evening I talked the matter over with my husband. Like most men, he was for being master in his own house.

"Just tell her that she's got to use it," said he, speaking in a positive way. "It's our affair, not hers. Washed with this soap, our clothes will wear twice as long, as there is no hard rubbing, and washing-boards are wholly dispensed with. Then the saving of fuel is an item, to say nothing of the heat through the house in summer, and the fumes of soap and steam in winter. She's got to use it."

"Better leave that to me," said I, seeing that he was growing warm, and talking so loudly that Sally could hear him in the kitchen.

Well, not to make my story too long, I got a few pounds of the cold water soap, and on the next morning, after breakfast, took a bar in my hand and made a visit to the kitchen.

"Sally," said I, in as quiet a voice as I could assume, "here's a new soap that I want you to try."

I saw an instant flash of opposition in her eyes.

"Dade, mim, and there's no good in any of them new things at all," she answered.

"But this can be used without hot water, and will wash out grease and the worst kinds of dirt in a few minutes," I said, growing earnest in spite of myself.

"And ye don't believe all that stuff and nonsense, mim?" said Sally, with a cool, provoking laugh.

I took from my pocket a white handkerchief, and, to Sally's amazement, rubbed it on a greasy, iron pot, and in other ways made it black and dirty.

"How long would it take you to get that white with boiling and bleaching?" I asked.

"Wouldn't like to say," answered Sally. "Don't know that it could ever be done." Her face was sober, and she looked at me as though she half feared I was losing my senses.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us see what 'Warfield's' soap will do." And I shaved off a few ounces into a pan of cold water, and soon had a good lather. Sally stood looking on as I put in the white handkerchief.

"Ye'll have a good time on it getting that clane," was her only remark.

I stood for a few minutes, and then squeezed the

handkerchief tightly in my hands. The water that ran from it was badly soiled. I put it back in the suds, let it soak a minute, and then squeezed it out again, lightly rubbing two or three places where the black grease had been thickest. Holding it up before Sally, I said—"Well! what do you say to that?"

She didn't utter a word for some moments. Then, with a jerk in her voice, she said—"If it'll ate dirt out after that fashion, it'll ate y'r clothes ap, and y'r hands intil the bargain."

I held up my hands, and she eyed them sharply.

"No harm done, you see."

"Well, mim, I can't believe it, though I see it wid my own eyes. It don't stand to reason."

"Put in that greasy dishcloth," said I, "and see how clean you will have it in a few minutes."

Sally did as I directed, and, sure enough, in three or four minutes she held up her dishcloth as free from dirt and grease as it had ever been.

"Now, Sally," said I, determined to follow up the advantage, "let us see what else it will do. Go and bring down all the towels, and stockings, and handkerchiefs that are in the clothes-basket, and I'll help you to wash them."

"Och, mim! But it isn't washin' day."

"I know that, Sally; but I'm going to have a play day, you see. So run up and get the towels, and stockings, and handkerchiefs."

Sally went, but not with much spirit. While she was gone, I got a tub and put into it a bucket of cold water, and by the time she returned was scraping in the soap and swashing the water about to make a suds. She brought down about two dozen pieces.

"Get another tub, Sally, and pour in two buckets of water."

She did as directed, but with a protest in every movement.

When I had a pretty strong suds, I put into it half the clothes Sally had brought down, and let them remain nearly ten minutes.

"Now, Sally," said I, "rub these clothes lightly, then wring them out and throw them into the tub of clean rinsing water."

After this was done, I put the remainder of the clothes into the first tub and let them soak a few minutes. Sally rubbed and squeezed them out, and then rinsed them all in clean water. They were as white as milk!

After rinsing them a second time, they were wrung out and hung up to dry. There were, as I said, two dozen pieces, and it wasn't over half an hour from the time Sally brought them down until they were on the lines as beautifully washed as I had ever seen garments in all my life.

"I can't believe it, mim," was Sally's exclamation after the clothes were out. "There's some hocus in it."

"Seeing is believing," I replied.

"Dade an' that's true. But I can't make it out. If it will always do that, washin' will be next to playin'."

"Of course it will. You can get through in half the time, and with half the work. No stewing yourself over hot kettles and steaming tubs. No shaking yourself to pieces over rubbing-boards. Nothing to do but make a good strong suds with cold water and put your clothes in to soak. If there are dirty places on any of them, rub the soap well over these places. The soap does the washing, and all you have to do is to squeeze out the dirt and suds, and then rinse thoroughly in two or three clean waters."

"An' tho't's all, mim."

"That's all, Sally."

"No bluin'!"

"None."

"I'm dramming jist," exclaimed Sally.

"No, you are wide awake."

"An' y'r sure it won't ate up the clothes?"

"Not a bit of it, Sally. I'll run all that risk. In fact, clothes washed with this soap will wear twice as long. It stands to reason you see. Why, the way you rub a garment over the ribs of a washing-board is enough of itself to wear it out in a few months. My very flesh creeps sometimes when I hear the sound it makes."

"There's something in that," assented Sally.

"Now," said I, "you can try anything for yourself. Here's a good strong suds in the tub."

"What shall I try?" she asked, beginning to catch some of my enthusiasm.

"Your apron isn't the cleanest in the world," said I.

"Faith, and ye may well say that. It's as black as the back." And she took it off quickly.

"That will do. Put it in the tub."

In it went. After soaking for some minutes, Sally took it up and began squeezing out the suds. The water ran from the apron in dark, muddy streams. She put it back and let it soak three or four minutes longer; then squeezed the water out again, and held the garment open. It was clean, with the exception of two or three spots where it had been greasiest and blackest.

"Rub soap on these spots," said I, "and let it soak again."

Sally did so. A few minutes more and the apron was rinsed through clear water, out of which it came as clean as when it left the store.

I had no trouble with Sally after that. She recognized in the new soap a friend indeed; and said to me, after two or three weeks' trial—"Why, you see mim, it's the grandest thing in the world; an' if ye wouldn't buy it for me, I'd lave ye in a jiffy, an' I wud!"

Not long after this I overheard a conversation between Sally and a friend who had called in to sit an evening with her in the kitchen.

"I'm going to lave, so I am," I heard the visitor say.

"What for?" asked Sally.

"There's too much interfarence, there is."

"Who by?"

"The lady herself. Only this afternoon she came into the kitchen, and says she—Kate, I've bought some of this new cold water soap; and want you to use it." Humph! I just riled up, I did. Cold water soap! 'I don't want any of it,' I said as sharp as I could speak. 'But I do,' she answered as cool as a judge; and you must use it or——' 'I give notice, mum,' said I, firing up. 'O very well. Your week's out on Tuesday.' And she turned away looking as quiet and easy as if she owned the town."

"Well, you are a precious fool!" I heard Sally respond. 'I'd lave in a minute if Mrs. R—— didn't buy this very soap you flare up about. It's the grandest thing that iver was made! If ye'll believe me, it saves just half the wark on washin' days.'

"Hoot! Y'r just funning, ye are!"

"I'm in dead earnest," replied Sally. "Ye knows Biddy Coyle, ye does?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, ye see, Biddy was going to give up her place, an' it was a good place, only she isn't very strong, and the washin' came too hard on her. When she told me about it, I said—'Do they have Warfield's Cold Water

Soap at your house?' But she'd niver heard on it. So I told her all about it. How there was no stewin' over bilin' water; nor tollin' like a galley slave over washboards, rubbin' y'r heart out, or shakin' y'rself to pieces; but just asoakin' of the clothes in suds, and a wringing of 'em out, and then a good rensin', and that they came out as white as curds, and in half the time. I tell ye, Biddy did brighten up at this. And she went straight to the lady and told her about it, and the lady got the soap, and Biddy says her washin' days are play days to what they were."

"And y'r not just a foolin' ov me?" I heard Sally's visitor say.

"Niver a hate. It's all as I tell ye. There niver was such soap made since the world began. An' it's good for everything—for cleaning, and scouring, and takin' out grease. Look at my tables and dresser. Ye'd think I'd wrought at 'em wid soap and sand for an hour. Niver a bit on't! 'Twas all done as aisey as wipin' up the floor—jist rubbed on the soap-suds for a minute, and let it wark its way into the dirt, and then everything washed off as clane as you see. I'm jist set up wid the thing. It's turned wark into play, it has. And would ye belave it, Kate; I washed that old striped silk skirt of mine, that was grease and spots, and dirt all over, an' it came out like new. I've pressed it, and it'll make over again splendid. I wouldn't a given a ha'penny for it; and now it's ill-gant."

I heard no more, but that was enough. Kate, as I learned afterward from Sally, went back to her place and withdrew her notice to quit.

"Warfield's Cold Water Soap" I have now used in my family for several months, and I cannot speak too highly of its remarkable qualities. I would not be without it if I had to pay fifty cents a pound; and I know of many housekeepers whose experience runs parallel with mine.

COLD BATHING.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

A RECENT article in the "*Mother at Home*" advocates for children cold water bathing all the year round as preventive of colds and greatly conducive to health. But cold water, like all hobbies, may be ridden to excess. Some doctors may recommend it—I do not know how that is—but certainly there are physicians of long experience and high standing who cordially disapprove it, especially for children.

There is little danger, either for children or adults, of too frequent bathings and rubbings, provided tepid or warm water be used; the hot bath, unless taken at night, does, as most people are aware, open the way for colds; not so, tepid or warm water.

A strong, athletic, stout man, who never knew a day's sickness, may use a cold water bath and enjoy it—perhaps one in ten thousand. But for women and children it is another thing. Scarcely one in fifty thousand can bear it. Unless the system be so vigorous as to cause a *glacé* to follow directly, more harm than good results from the cold bath. But to be, from one to four hours afterward, pale, blue, shaky, and thoroughly uncomfortable, is, to say the least, a remedy worse than most diseases, and seems in itself a sufficient argument. Serious and even fatal results have followed the cold bathing of little children. Better to be prudent! They are of too great value and responsibility to admit of any risk or doubtful practises.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY

MORE ABOUT OUR DOG PADDY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I DON'T like to talk about him now as I did in the summer time, when, in great glee, I told you little fellows what a cunning puppy he was when he was first brought home in Rube's coat pocket, no bigger than a pair of woollen stockings folded up.

But I feel it to be my duty, painful though it may be, to tell you the whole story. As I look from my window this pleasant morning in the early autumn, I see the maple boughs that lean against the panes are beginning to show red and yellow tints, the harbingers of the mellow October, and this makes me sadder too, as I take up my pen to tell the rest of the story that in the glad summer I began in joy, and now, in the autumn, I end it in sorrow.

Some little boys are very sweet tempered in babyhood, and as they grow older become ill-natured and cross, and ready to find fault with everybody and everything. I am sorry to say that this was just the way with our dog Paddy.

As he grew older he grew morose, and crabbed, and hardly ever smiled.

Our dear sister came to visit us from the far West, and brought home with her a little grandson and nephew, whom none of us had ever seen. He was such a funny, little, round-bodied, chubby boy, with white hair and twinkling black eyes, and little legs that looked like sticks stuck into a pumpkin. Oh, he was so fat! He had lived on the broad prairies, and had never seen big trees like ours, and he was so amazed at their wonderful growth that he could not find language to express his feelings.

His name was Otto. Paddy did not like Otto one bit. I guess it was jealousy, because he was afraid we would love Otto better than we did him.

I am quite sure it was jealousy, for if I was playing with Otto, and smoothing his white hair, and patting his fat shoulders, and saying—"he is auntie's little man, so he is," don't you think that Paddy would turn his head over, and roll up his eyes, and catch a long, tremulous breath, and look down at his white breast as much as to say—"Ah, woo is me." Then he would walk right in between us, and crowd Otto away from me, so my hand would rest on his head, and the small talk fall to him.

One day papa brought to the house a half-dozen pumpkins and squashes, and piled them in a corner of the porch. Otto bounced in among them and called them horses, and commenced riding them. Every time he would get fairly to riding them they would roll over and throw him off. If one of the horses rolled near Paddy he would growl out—"Regh-h-h! Regh-h-h!" and tuck up the sides of his mouth and show his sharp, snow-white fangs threateningly.

Otto sat astride one of the horses and looked at Paddy awhile, and said—"Why, Patrick Henry, you wouldn't bite your dear little nephew; the little man who came all the way here to visit at his grandpa's, and see the trees, and eat apples, and gather nuts. I love you!" and here he reached out and patted the dog's head softly, letting his hand slide down over his ears. "Why, your ears are cold, you poor fellow," he said. "Why didn't you tell your nephew, and let him warm 'em. Otto will take good care of Patrick,"

and the child went and got his mother's shawl and warmed it and put it over the dog's head.

All this while Paddy was threatening and whirling, like the sound of a wheel, an ominous "Regh-h-h."

"His ears are soft, like the moles that live in the ground and make their own railroads, and don't have any eyes to do it with, either," said Otto, feeling in under the shawl and letting the sicken ears droop and slide softly in the palms of his pretty hands. "Yet, and yet, they are cold," said the child, caressing them, while the dog kept his quivering lip tucked up, persistently showing his cruel, white teeth, and an unusual breadth of white in his eyes.

I knew by the expression of his sullen face that inwardly he was calling Otto hard names. He looked as if he were saying—"I just wish this little purple Swede, or whatever he may be, would keep his clammy little claws away from my head. I hate the very touch of them. All the family, except myself, think he is rosy, and chubby, and dimpled, and all such nonsense, but he looks to me as if all the bees on the prairie had stung him, and if I could only get him away from their sight I'd bite him right royally! I'm no plaything for babies. I'm a citizen and have my rights."

Just then I went to see if the cookies were done, and I left Otto saying "the blessed ears, they shall be made nice and warm now!" The cookies were done, and I was laying them on a newspaper by the pantry window to cool, when a sharp, piercing yell from the dog rent the air, followed by a sharper shriek from the boy. I dropped the pan and ran. The dog stood out in the yard under the elm, with his tail tucked down closely, his head sideways, and one leg raised, and the foot pressing against his right ear, just as one would hold his jaw if suffering great pain.

Otto stood on the porch, crying bitterly, and looking at one pretty, fat, little arm, that was blue, and gashed, and bleeding.

"Oh, auntie, he bit me," he cried, "when I was just trying to warm his cold ears for him."

"How did you try to warm them, dear?" I said, kissing the little arm and holding it to my bosom.

"Oh, I just struck a match and stuck it in the ear of him, and as soon as he began to get warm he just bit me," cried the child, pitching his voice higher and higher until it reached a scream. Poor baby Otto! I tied up the hurt, and wet it with ammonia, and it soon grew better, but he will never forget his first visit to his grandpa's.

Well, I lectured the dog soundly, but I must confess that I put my arms around his neck, and my face down beside the one warm ear, and took the keen edge off the lecture with my sympathy and charity.

Oh, I did love Paddy with all his faults! But from the time of Otto's visit he always manifested a jealous, suspicious disposition. He did not want any little boy to come in between him and the members of his family.

Every time the students would walk home with the girls, from lecture or society, the dog would stand at the stile, or along the path leading thereto, and bite them on their way back. And he would always bite the arm that had lent assistance to his girl-friends. That was all the place he wanted to bite. There is more than one fine cloth coat that will carry the

marks of his nipping-teeth as long as it remains a coat.

Paddy had strong likes and dislikes. He was somewhat aristocratic. A beggar, or a roughly-clad man, with a bundle or a sack on his back, was his special hatred. He liked finely dressed people. The gloss of fine cloth and the rustle and lustre of silks delighted him.

The principal of the academy, who lives with us, sent abroad for a German professor, and when he came, for the children's sake, and that they might acquire correct German pronunciation, we let him board with us. He was an excellent young man and we all loved him very much. That made Paddy jealous again. Rudolph tried to be good friends, and always invited him to accompany him when he went out to shoot ducks or rabbits. Before they would start I would take one of Rudolph's old collars and put it on the dog and fasten a soiled bit of ribbon in front, and try to make him think that he was as important a person as Rudolph himself.

I always observed if Paddy could do anything to show Rudolph off to a disadvantage, he would do so. In case I would be carrying in wood from the shed for the night, and Rudolph would be sitting anywhere in sight, every load I would carry in, the dog would walk behind me and carry one stick in his mouth and lay it down with mine. Then he would look at Rudolph, as much as to say, "You great, two-handed professor, you can sit there, dawdling over your useless books, and see this toil-worn woman work and carry in the wood, and never offer to help her, while I, with no hands at all, but with a hearty good will, can show an honest expression of my feelings by assisting her all that lies in my power," and then he would walk off and look back sneeringly over his shoulder, and wrinkle up his nose, and sniff scornfully, as though German professors were of little account compared with good dogs.

One day a box of nice things came by express to Rudolph from his far away home. We were all kindly remembered when the box was opened. Paddy stood by as though expecting something, but of course there was nothing for the dog. I have often regretted that I did not have tact or forethought enough to have taken a knot of ribbon that the girls had worn long enough, and pretend that it was Paddy's gift from the kind family in the East.

A very fine suit of clothing was sent to Rudolph, small-checked, dark stuff, that we all admired very much. The clothes fitted him admirably, and we turned him round and looked at him, and thought he never was so becomingly dressed before. The dog peeped out of the corner of his eye, as his head lay on his white paws. His glance seemed to be fiery and full of threats. He looked as though that kind of cloth was his aversion; that nothing was fit to make suits of but soft, gray hair, just like his.

A few weeks afterward there was public society in the evening at the academy, and Rudolph was on for debate. He dressed up in his new suit of clothes, after supper, and went out into the shadiest corner of the orchard to look over his performance. The dog glared after him angrily, as much as to say: "It is astonishing how concealed a young German professor can be?"

After Rudolph had arranged and committed his part of the performance to his satisfaction, he came toward the house, folding his papers as he walked along.

Paddy lay under a cherry tree, on one of the low limbs of which papa had thrown his coat when he

came in from work. As Rudolph walked in under the tree, bareheaded, his pretty brown hair curling in rings about his forehead, and his lips parted in an unconscious smile, the dog could stand it no longer, and sprang up behind him with an angry, prolonged yell, and bit him on the arm, and then on the leg, and, as he came down, tore a wide strip the full length of the new pantaloons. Then he sprang up again and tore down another strip, just as a man would hurriedly peel bark from an elm tree.

Rudolph screamed, and the dog yelped out sharply and seized him again, biting him every time, and carrying down a strip of fine, new pantaloons with every bite he gave. The combat was short and fierce and noisy, and Rudolph got away as soon as he could, all in tatters and bitten in little nips nearly over his whole body.

Poor boy! I forgot that he was not in trim to receive visitors. I was so scared that I hurried right up to his room and pushed open the door and gasped out: "Oh, Rudolph, are you hurt much?"

There he stood, as purple as a plum, shaking all over, his hair standing up like the quills of a porcupine, and really I almost have to laugh a little bit when I think how ragged he was. He made me think of a horse that has those leather strings all over it to keep flies off. He was so stringy and dilapidated, and woebegone in appearance, that his own mother would not have known him.

"Now," I said, "Rudolph, just as soon as your hands are steady enough that you can fire Rube's revolver, I want Paddy killed."

"Oh, no, you would be so sorry after it was done. I don't want to shoot him," said he, and he looked savage enough to want to kill him with his own teeth.

"He made an unprovoked, unmanly attack upon you when you were not expecting it," said I, "and I want no such an unprincipled man or animal about, and I ask you to shoot him, and that as soon as you can."

I came down stairs, and, contrary to his usual habits, the dog walked in and met me, and his countenance was the meanest and saddest and most hopeless that I ever saw. His eyes were red, and glowed like living coals, and he made the attempt to lick my hand imploringly. His face looked just as though he would try to justify himself by saying, "Rudolph, he—Rudolph, why, I wouldn't have done it at all only Rudolph, he." "No apologies," I said, sternly, "hush right up; you're mean; you're no dog of mine to tear down a poor boy who is far away from home and friends; tear him down as though he were a brute, deserving of blows. Not one word will I hear. Go right away from me!"

He walked out into the shade of the ash tree, by the pump, and I followed after. His red eyes looked up appealingly, and he began whining out piteously: "Oh, dear! Rudolph, he—" "Silence! not one word!" I said, and shut the door, and so shut that fair dog-face, that had been mine for years, out of my sight forever.

Rudolph stood there with the revolver. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his keen, gray eyes searched and probed into my face, as he tremblingly said: "Shall I?"

I couldn't trust my voice. Every pair of eyes in the family looked up at me sadly, but I nodded "yes!"

The boys went out. The dog had crept closely up to the house, in under the tangles of the wild rose and the jasmine vine. It was a fit place in which to hide his downcast head and his sorrowing heart.

I heard the low hum of voices, and they sounded like words spoken in the death-chamber at midnight, low and restrained, and very sad. They ceased, and then came the discharge of Rube's revolver, and it was all over.

They said a bright crimson stream trickled down over his snow-white breast and upon his velvety paws, and that he never looked so peaceful and pretty, and good, as when he lay dead. They buried

him immediately, out in the orchard, under one of the finest trees.

Rudolph rounded up his grave smoothly and placed the green sod all over it carefully. I knew by the tender touch of his hands, and the care he took while performing this last sad service, that he forgave all, and only cherished the virtues and remembered the many good qualities and the shrewd tricks and cunning ways of our poor dog Paddy.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

DECEMBER should find all the outdoor work of a garden finished, for the weather will sometimes prevent anything further being done. This is the month for doing what you have neglected in November.

See that all tender shrubs, rose bushes, vines, and herbaceous perennials are protected from the cold by a covering of manure, straw, leaves, or evergreen boughs. Bulbs will also do better if the ground is covered with coarse manure. The beds planted with seeds in the fall for spring blooming are also better for protection.

A writer in the *American Agriculturist* suggests laying monthly roses and covering with sod to preserve them. He says: "A shallow trench is dug, in which the plant is laid by bending over; it is pegged down, and covered with sods placed grassy side up. Some litter should previously be put around the bushes to keep the soil from freezing, so that the operation can be postponed until the ground freezes. Covering too early will lead to decay."

Trellises and garden ornaments of all kinds will last much longer if put under cover during the winter.

Snow must not be allowed to remain on the tops of evergreens, trees, or shrubs, as it is liable to break them.

The grounds must all be cleared of dead leaves, dead and decaying plants, and litter of all sorts, and be made to look as neat as possible.

If the weather is favorable new beds may be dug up, walks laid out, and the garden be prepared for spring planting. There is, however, no heresy about this, as January, February, and March, all give time for this work.

In the house the plants must be kept at as even temperature as possible, as high as sixty-five degrees during the day, and not less than forty-five degrees or fifty degrees at night.

Water when the plants require it, but not oftener. Hanging-baskets are better for being watered every day. Frequently sprinkle the leaves to remove dust.

The green fly or aphid may be got rid of by tobacco smoke, and frequent showerings will dispose of the red spider.

Bulbs that have been potted or placed in glasses for winter flowering can now be brought to the light if they have formed good roots. These should be kept in a light cool place.

Air is necessary for plants, and should be given whenever it is safe. The pleasures arising from the culture of flowers are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes a triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, is secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days. It is an employment which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indi-

gent; teems with boundless variety, and affords an unceasing excitement and emulation without contention and ill-will.

THE WINTER SNOWS.

OVER the mountains the snow-wreaths are drifting,
Hanging their garlands on laurel and pine,
Robbing the fields with an exquisite beauty,
Bending the feathery sprays of the vine,
Falling like down on the breast of the river,
Crowning the maple-trees over the way,
Drifting along on the winds to the southward,
Hiding the vessels far out in the bay.

In the red sunset the snow-flakes are shining,
Snow drift on snow-drift, and eurl upon curl,
Flashing back colors of exquisite brightness,
Diamonds and rose-leaves, and mother-of-pearl;
Softly, ye snow-wreaths, drop over the hillside,
Where in still slumbers the weary ones rest;
Where by the pine-tree my mother is sleeping,
Tenderly lay your white folds on her breast.

Soon shall the spring-time break over the mountains,
Over its beauty no cold wind shall blow;
Frost shall not breathe there to wither the flowers,
Never again shall they hide in the snow;
Eye hath not looked on that spring in its beauty,
Songs of the seraphs shall welcome its birth,
Come in the beauty and glow of the morning:
Spring-time eternal! dawn over the earth.

FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.

WE have heard so much of late years, says the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, about the beneficial influence exerted by the presence of ozone in the atmosphere, that even non-scientific readers may like to know how it can be artificially produced. Hitherto electricity, phosphorus, and permanganate of potash have been the recognized sources of production, but Professor Mantegazza has discovered that it is developed by certain odoriferous flowers in a still greater amount. A writer in *Nature* states that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Professor Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the houses, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

DISHES FOR INVALIDS.

RICE GRUEL.—Wash and thoroughly rub two tablespoonfuls of rice. Pour upon it a pint of cold water and let it boil for about two hours, filling it up with water so that the quantity may not diminish. Season it with salt. In cases of dysentery it is very useful, and then black pepper must be plentifully added to it.

CREAM SOUP.—Cut some thin slices of bread and toast or dry them out thoroughly. Put them into a bowl, pour about three tablespoonfuls of rich cream over them, and add to it a pint of boiling water. Season with salt. This forms a very delicate and nourishing dish for invalids.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Put four tablespoonfuls of the best coarsely ground oatmeal into a pint of boiling water. Put it over the fire and let it boil gently, stirring it continually until it becomes as thick as you wish it. Strain it and add a small portion of nutmeg or whatever you prefer to flavor it with.

MOSS JELLY.—Steep some Irish moss in cold water for a few minutes, to extract the bitter taste, and then drain off the water. To half an ounce of moss add a quart of fresh water and a stick of cinnamon. Boil it until it becomes a thick jelly. Strain it and season to your taste. For invalids this is a useful receipt.

To make a blanc-mange with the Irish moss, use milk for boiling instead of water.

THE BEST SORT OF BEEF TEA.—Take one pound of beef, take off all the skin and fat and put it in a pint and a half of cold water. Let it boil five minutes, then take the beef out and cut in small pieces. Put it again in the same liquor and let it boil ten minutes longer, with a pinch of salt (and a few cloves if you please). Then pour it into a fine cloth and press all the juice from it.

PICKLES.

PICKLED AND SPICED FRUITS, &c.

PICKLED CHERRIES.—Four quarts of cherries, two quarts of vinegar, one pound of sugar, one tablespoonful of cloves, and the same quantity of allspice. Boil the vinegar, sugar, and spices together and pour the liquor hot over the cherries.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Skin a gallon of tomatoes; to this quantity take one tablespoonful of allspice, three tablespoonfuls of mustard, four tablespoonfuls each of salt and pepper and eight pods of red pepper. The ingredients must be made fine and then simmer slowly in a pewter or tin vessel for three or four hours. They must then be strained through a wire sieve and be bottled close. Use enough vinegar to have half a gallon of catsup when made. It may be used after two weeks, but it improves by age. The beauty of this article is its thickness. Your sieve should not be too fine.

PEACHES.—Seven pounds of peaches, three and a half pounds of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves, and one quart of vinegar. Let the vinegar and sugar come to a boil and then add in

the peaches, letting them boil twenty minutes. Then take out the peaches and add the spice to the vinegar and let boil five minutes. Pour it boiling hot over the peaches.

SAVOY CABBAGE.—Cut the leaves the right size, taking out the large stems. Wipe the leaves if they are soiled, but do not wash them. Pack them in a jar, sprinkling some salt over them occasionally. Boil your vinegar and pour it over the cabbage, standing the jar in a bucket of hot water. Let it remain thus till the water cools. The jar should be covered immediately after the vinegar is poured into it, so as to keep in the steam, and that will cook the cabbage sufficiently.

SPICED PLUMS.—Procure a pound of firm plums, place them in a suitable kettle and add to them half a pound of sugar, half a pint of good vinegar, half an ounce of cloves (ground), and half an ounce of ground cinnamon. Simmer them over a slow fire for two hours.

CANTELOPE PICKLE.—To seven pounds of fruit add three pounds of sugar. Use as much mace, cinnamon, cloves, and allspice as suits your taste. Pare and cut your fruit into tolerably thick slices and pour enough vinegar over it to cover it. Let it stand over night. Then take the same quantity of fresh vinegar, adding to it the spices and sugar and boil them well. Pour the mixture into a jar over the fruit and cover it tight. Do this for three mornings, but the third morning, when the mixture comes to a boil, put the fruit into the kettle and let it boil for about ten minutes.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Wipe clean a half peck of ripe tomatoes. Prick them and lay them in strong salt and water for eight days. Then soak them in clear water. Skin ten white onions, cut them into pieces, and lay them in salt and water for an hour. Put into a jar alternately with layers of the tomatoes, layers of cloves, pepper, allspice, and mustard, and sprinkle the onions among the tomatoes. Fill up the jar with cold vinegar.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Skin the onions and let them lay in salt water over night, then take them from out the water and sprinkle them with salt. Dry them in the sun until they look white and then put them in vinegar.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Pour boiling water over half a peck of peaches, rub them with a coarse cloth and stick about four cloves into each peach. Put your peaches into a jar and pour two quarts of boiling vinegar over them, adding one and a half pounds of brown sugar. Tie the jar up tightly for ten days, and then boil the liquor again and pour it over the fruit.

PICKLE-LILLY.—Procure one peck of green tomatoes and a quarter of a peck of onions. Slice them, lay them in deep dishes, salt them, and let them stand thus for twenty-four hours. Drain off the liquor, put the ingredients into a kettle and cover them with good, strong vinegar, adding some cinnamon, mace, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, and whole black pepper; also, some ground mustard seed and mustard flour. Let the whole simmer in a nice bell-metal kettle until quite clear—say for about half a day. Put the pickle into crocks and cover them tight.

CATSUP.—Half peck tomatoes, half gallon vinegar, one teacup salt, one of mustard seed, four pods of red pepper, three tablespoons black pepper, one handful celery seed, two pieces horseradish, one cup nasturtium seed. All mixed cold; bottled tight.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Let your cucumbers soak in salt water for a week or ten days, then take them out of the brine and soak them for a day in clear, cold water. To what you consider a sufficient quantity of nice strong vinegar (which must be determined by

the number of the cucumbers), add mace, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, whole pepper, and root ginger. Put these articles into a kettle and boil them well. Place your cucumbers in stone jars and cover them with the vinegar, etc., whilst it is hot.

WALNUT PICKLES.—Walnuts may be pickled according to the foregoing receipt, except that the walnuts must be scraped and soaked in salt and water for two weeks. The vinegar to be poured over them hot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We find on our table this month quite a goodly pile of books for the young folks—all neatly printed, handsomely bound, and liberally illustrated books, forming a dainty, tasteful-looking little library, that would gladden the heart and brighten the eyes of any boy or girl with the slightest turn for reading. Here, for instance, is *The Little Maid of Oxbow*, by May Mannerling—the sixth and last of the "Helping Hand" series—a charmingly romantic story of the adventures of a little book-peddling girl in a New England village. Then we have the third in the "Charley Robert" series—*Charley and Eva Roberts' Home in the West*—the scene of which is laid principally in Chicago. Boys and girls in their teens, and even older readers, will take an interest in this very pleasant series. And here is *The Pinks and Blues*, a graphic picture of life in an orphan asylum, with a romantic plot and a very pretty moral, by Rosa Abbott, of whose charming series of juvenile stories it forms the concluding volume. Next, in a neat box, we find the three volumes making up the second set of the "Proverb Series." This is an admirable series, and comprises *A Wrong Confessed is Half Redressed*, by Mrs. Bradley, and *Actions Speak Louder than Words*, and *One Good Turn Deserves Another*, by Kate J. Neely. And last, but not the least in attractiveness, we have, also in a tastefully illuminated box, the six volumes of Mrs. Samuels' entertaining and instructive "Springdale Stories," which cannot fail to delight the younger class of juvenile readers. The stories included in this series are severally entitled *Adele*, *Erie*, *Herbert*, *Nettie's Trial*, *Johnstone's Farm*, and *Ennisfellen*.

Light at Eventide is a choice collection of religious hymns and poems, made with unusual care. We cannot have too many books of this class. The editor has done a good work in giving us in a single volume so many poems that breathe the soul of religious trust, tenderness, and consolation.

All the above are from Lee & Shepard, of Boston, a firm which, unless we are greatly mistaken, does a larger business in issuing children's books than any other house in the country. Their selections are, in the main, of the best character, and they spare neither pains nor expense in giving to their books that exterior attractiveness without which even the best written works often fail to invite readers. The publications whose titles we have given above are for sale in Philadelphia by Turner Brothers & Co., and by E. H. Butler & Co.

Almost a Priest is a tale that professes to "deal in facts." It is from the pen of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "Priest and Nun," "Almost a Nun," and other books of a kindred character. The story is one of considerable interest, though the effect is sadly marred by a certain crudeness of style, and by the

author's frequent ill-judged personal appeals to the reader.

The numerous readers of the *Lady's Book*, as well as the race of housewives in general, will be gratified to learn that S. Annie Frost has made a collection of the excellent household receipts which have for a number of years past appeared in the pages of that established favorite. As these receipts are from the practical experience of old housekeepers, and have all been carefully tested, their value may easily be appreciated. The whole forms a complete and reliable cook-book, with a full table of contents and an alphabetical index. The book is entitled *The Godd's Lady's Book Receipts and Household Hints*. Evans, Stoddard & Co., of Philadelphia, are the publishers.

William White & Co., of Boston, have favored us with a copy of *The Faithless Guardian*; or, *Out of the Darkness into Light*. A story of struggles, trials, doubts, and triumphs. By J. William Van Namee. Mr. Van Namee is pretty widely known among a certain class of readers as the author of quite a number of novels and novelettes of various degrees of merit, most of them, however, showing good intentions rather than positive literary excellence. The present story is, perhaps, above the average of its author's productions, and is not without a certain interest, from the fact that it is in some sort a medium for setting forth the doctrines of spiritualism.

One of the best arranged books of its class that we have ever seen, and, in the character of its contents, certainly the most attractive, is *The American Popular Speaker*, just published by Porter & Coates, 822 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is designed for the use of schools, lyceums, temperance societies, etc., and gives evidence of commendable care and judgment in its preparation. By J. R. Sypher, author of a "School History of Pennsylvania," "History of New Jersey," etc., etc.

Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have published *Workday Christianity*; or, *The Gospel in the Trades*. By Alexander Clark, author of "The Gospel in the Trees." In an introductory note to the author, W. C. Bryant, the poet, says: "I have read 'Workday Christianity,' and have been pleased with the ingenuity with which the author illustrates religious truths by things which correspond with them in the material world, especially by the methods and processes of the mechanic arts. *** I particularly like the Catholic spirit which pervades these pages."

Mr. Clark's style is clear, forcible, and often eloquent, and he has rare felicity of illustration. He has evidently studied his subjects with great care, and the result is a volume that will interest every thoughtful mind. There is scarcely a page that does not hold the reader's attention and give him food for thought.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1871.

Look at our Prospectus in this number.

You see that we are going to make the "HOME," which is *acknowledged to be the best reading magazine of its class*, the most attractive of them all. This year it has been *superior to most of them*, and behind none. Next year we intend leading the van, and yet keep to the old range of low prices.

Our new premium picture has been engraved by the hands of the same artist who gave us "THE ANGEL OF PEACE" and "BED-TIME." The cost of this engraving largely exceeds that of our previous pictures. Its title is "THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES," and it represents two beautiful children, one of them bearing a wreath of immortelles, on their way to the village churchyard, to lay their offering upon a mother's grave. It is one of the loveliest of pictures, tender, sweet, and fascinating, and exquisite as a work of art.

Every getter-up of a club for 1871 will receive a copy of this picture, and every subscriber for 1871 will be entitled to order a copy for \$1. It cannot be bought at any print sellers' for less than \$5.

And now friends of the "HOME MAGAZINE," if you have not yet completed your clubs, make them up with as little delay as possible. The sooner the effort is made, the easier will be the work. We look for a large addition to our subscription list during the coming year. Everything points to a heavy increase; and we shall make our magazine worthy to go with the most popular, and better, we trust, than any or all of them.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

We are going to make our magazine for the little ones surpass even itself next year—if that be possible. The best, the purest, and the most beautiful in the world—this, by common consent, is the verdict in its favor.

The next number will be the richest in illustration yet issued. It will contain, besides the regular matter, an eight page Supplement of "CHRISTMAS CAROLS," new and old. This Supplement is designed to furnish carols for the coming Christmas festivities in schools and families. The Supplement is now ready, in advance of the January number, and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents. It will be furnished in large or small quantities for schools, at the rate of \$5 per hundred, mailed free of postage.

THE WORKINGMAN.

Send a stamp and get in return a specimen copy of this carefully edited and richly illustrated pictorial. It is a temperance paper, and its wide circulation among working people cannot fail to do much good. It is only sixty cents a year—so cheap that the poorest can afford a copy.

As a paper for family reading, where young people are growing up and daily forming opinions and habits of thinking, its introduction would be of great use. Its temperance feature is not obtrusive, but so addressed to the reason and common sense as to carry great weight. The moral tone is of the highest and purest quality, while the reading is never dull.

VOL. XXXVI.—25

CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS.

We mentioned, in referring to "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," that with the January number would be given a Supplement of eight pages, containing Carols for Christmas, new and old. The design is, to furnish schools and families with a supply of choice carols for use in the coming Christmas Festivities. The Supplement contains nine carols, as follows:

1. Softly the Echoes Come and Go.
2. Little Children Can You Tell.
3. Once in Royal David's City.
4. Three Kings of Orient.
5. There are Whisperings in the Heavens.
6. God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen.
7. The Christmas Tree.
8. A Christmas Carol.
9. Haste! The Blessed Babe is Born.

This Supplement is now ready, in advance of the January number, in order to give full time for all who wish to procure it early. A copy will be sent to any address on receipt of *ten cents*. It will be supplied to schools, in large or small quantities, at the rate of \$5 per hundred, mailed free of postage.

OUR SERIAL FOR NEXT YEAR.

This will be from the pen of Miss V. F. Townsend, whose true and tender, yet vigorous transcripts of human life, always hold the reader's intensest interest. The new story will be one of her best.

"WAITING AT THE WINDOW."

How suggestive this picture! Who waits not at some window of life, expectant, longing, weary, yet rarely patient, looking for a coming delight—idly waiting, and looking, and longing—while the duties of the hour, from which alone the mind gets rest and satisfaction, go all neglected.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

Don't fail to examine our premium list. For 30 subscribers to our magazine, at \$2 each, we will send a GROVER & BAKER \$55 sewing machine. If as many as 30 subscribers cannot be obtained by any one trying to get a machine, we will take the number procured and charge a cash difference, which will not be large in any case, as for instance, if only 25 subscribers can be obtained, \$5 in addition to the subscriptions, or \$55 in all, will procure the machine.

OUR PREMIUMS.

These are all useful and valuable. Look at the list in this number. There is the celebrated GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE. Then you have a choice of two beautiful bronze mantel clocks, manufactured by the well known American Clock Company; or of a large variety of articles in double and triple plated silver-ware, from the establishment of Garrett & Co., of Philadelphia, whose goods are equal to anything in the market. That library in itself, Chambers's Encyclopædia, and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, are also offered as premiums. They should be in every household.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER will be one of rare attractions.

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TAKE NOTICE.

In remitting, if you send a draft, see that it is drawn or endorsed to order of T. S. Arthur & Sons.

Always give name of your town, county, and state.

When you want a magazine changed from one office to another, be sure to say to what post-office it goes at the time you write.

When money is sent for any other publication than our own, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ends.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written plainly.

In making up a club, the subscribers may be at different post-offices.

Canada subscribers must send 12 cents in addition to subscription, for postage.

Before writing us a letter of inquiry, examine the above and see if the question you wish to ask is not answered.

COLORING STEEL FASHION PLATES.

We give in this number a specimen of the beautiful colored steel fashion plates announced for 1871. It will be seen that they are superior in fineness of execution, and delicacy and brilliancy of coloring, to any that have yet appeared in any other magazine. It is our purpose, as announced, to make "THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE" superior to its contemporaries in all the essentials of a Lady's Magazine.

"THE WELCOME HOME."

This charming cartoon is from that elegant pictorial monthly publication, "*The Workingman*." We give it as a specimen of the rich and liberal manner in which it is illustrated. See prospectus in this number. At only sixty cents a year, it is one of the cheapest and most attractive papers issued.

MAKING UP CLUBS.—Every year it happens that whole clubs fail to be renewed because the getters-up of these clubs have moved away, are sick, or too much engaged to attend to the matter, though nearly every member of the club desires to continue the magazine. We would suggest that every member of a club for 1870 who would like to renew for 1871, take a little personal interest in the matter, and see that the club does not fail for lack of effort. If the old getter-up of the club is absent or indifferent, try and get another to take her place. *If no one desiring the extra copy, or premium picture, will make an effort to renew the club, then we will take the club price for any and all who will renew for the next year.*

A WORD TO THOSE WHO SEND CLUBS.—In sending a club in which our different magazines are included, be careful to write each list of names by itself. This will make our entry of the names in the different subscription books easier and prevent many mistakes.

REMITTANCES.—Send post-office order or a draft on Philadelphia, New York, or Boston. If you can not get a P. O. order or draft, then, if the sum be five dollars or upward, have your letter registered at the post-office.

POSTAGE ON "THE LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE" is twelve cents a year, payable at the office where the magazine is received.

Any member of a club for this year, who is not called upon to join a club for 1871, has the privilege of renewing at the club price, and can do so by enclosing the amount directly to us; and in order that the getters-up of clubs may not fail in the number required for an extra copy, or premium picture, we will, should a club afterward be made up at the office, allow such subscriptions to count, if required to fill the club.

Under this arrangement, club subscribers for 1870 will not be thrown out for 1871, through a failure to renew the whole club; and getters-up of clubs who happen to come in late, will not lose the benefit of such renewals, as they will be allowed to count in their clubs the same as if sent by themselves.

The goods of Messrs. GARRETT & SON, from whom we get our premium silver-ware, are widely known as of the best quality in the trade. See their advertisement in this number of HOME MAGAZINE.

WIDE AWAKE YOUTH'S PAPER.—For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly, entertaining reading, the "*Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has no superior among the youths' publications. See advertisement.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to that of many others, as to the superiority of my Wheeler & Wilson Machine over all others with which I am acquainted. During the twelve years I have had it, it has travelled many thousands of miles, accomplished a great deal of sewing, from the finest linen cambric to heavy broad-cloth, and has never once been out of order.

MRS. ANNIE TYNDAL.

Middleburg, Neb.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.

These are all expressly engraved for us at a large cost, and afford a rare opportunity to those who love good pictures to obtain them at less than one-fifth the price at which the foreign copies are sold.

For 1871, all who make up clubs will have the choice of four premium plates, viz:

THE WREATH OF IMMORTELLES,
THE ANGEL OF PEACE,
BIRD-TIME,
RICE'S LARGE AND FINE STEEL PORTRAIT OF T. S. ARTHUR.
One of which, as may be desired, will be sent to the getter-up of each club. And every subscriber to "THE HOME MAGAZINE" will be entitled to order one or all of them at a dollar each; or three at \$2.50; or the four pictures for \$3.

CLUBBING.

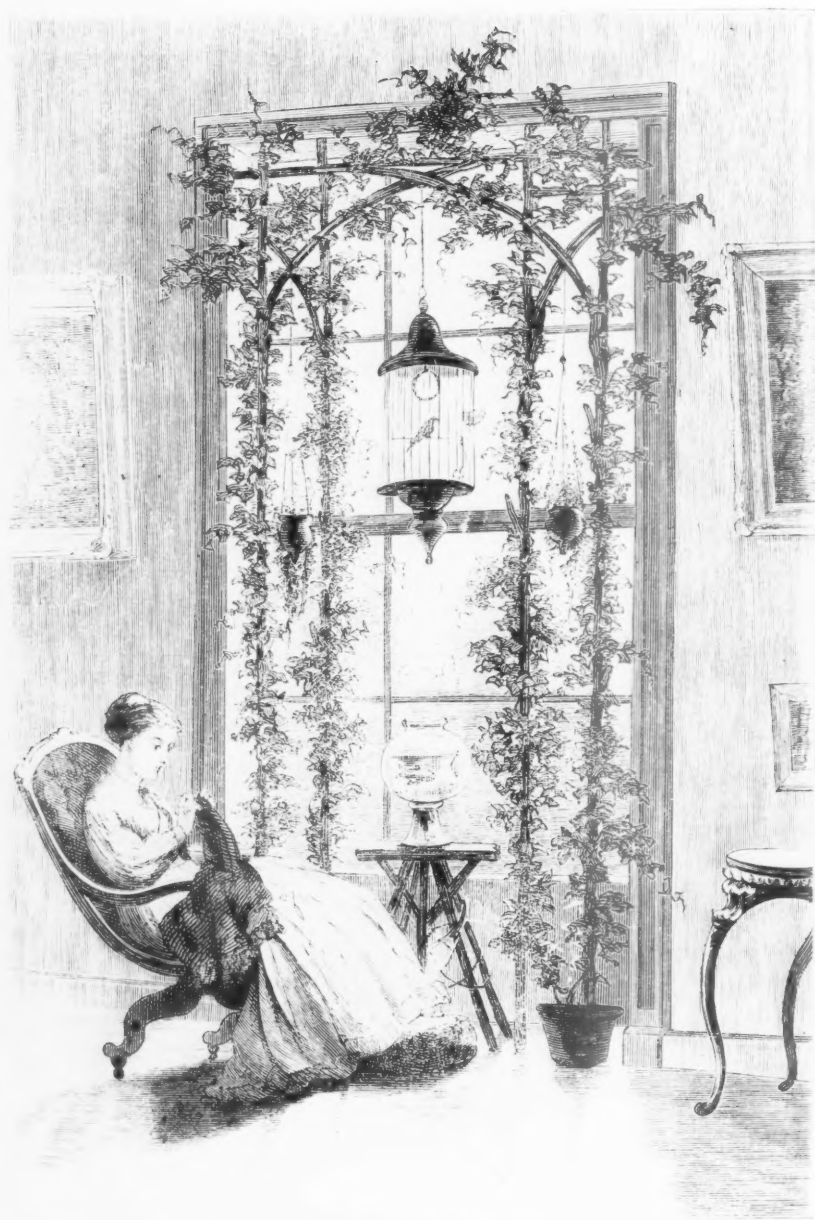
We offer the following clubbing lists, including "ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE," "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK," "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," "THE WORKINGMAN," and "THE BRIGHT SIDE," a weekly paper for children, that we can fully endorse. By taking two or more of these publications, they can be obtained at a large discount from the regular subscription prices.

		ONE YEAR.
ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and CHILDREN'S HOUR,		\$2.50
Do do and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,		4.00
Do do and THE WORKINGMAN,		2.50
Do do and THE BRIGHT SIDE,		1.75
CHILDREN'S HOUR and BRIGHT SIDE,		3.00
Do and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,		1.50
Do and WORKINGMAN,		2.25
WORKINGMAN and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,		3.25
Do and BRIGHT SIDE,		1.25
HOME MAG., CH. HOUR and LADY'S BOOK,		4.00
Do do do and WORKINGMAN,		5.25

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THE IVYED WINDOW



No. 8.



No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 3



No. 2



No. 5

COSTUMES FOR FANCY BALL.

No. 4





No. 9.



No. 3.

COSTUMES FOR FANCY BALL.

No. 4.



No. 10.



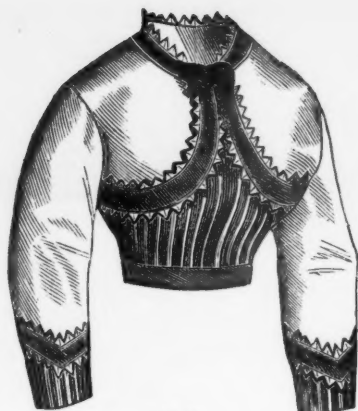
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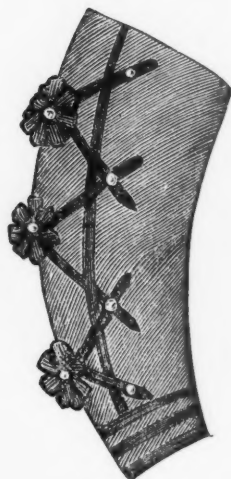
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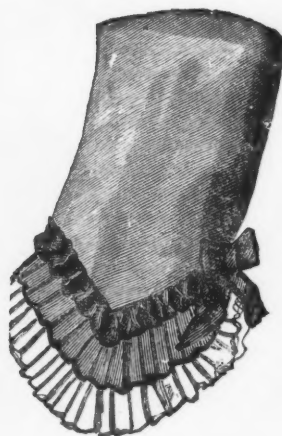
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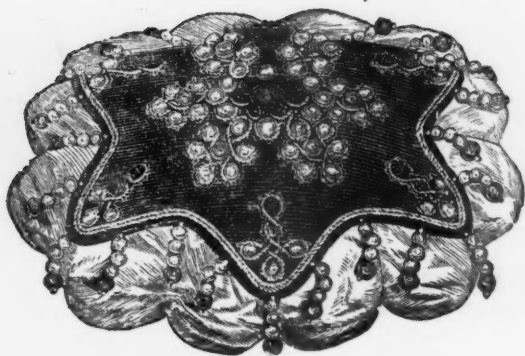
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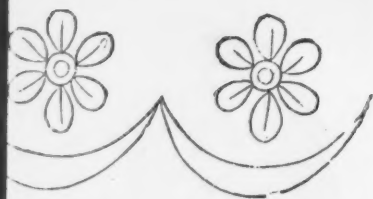
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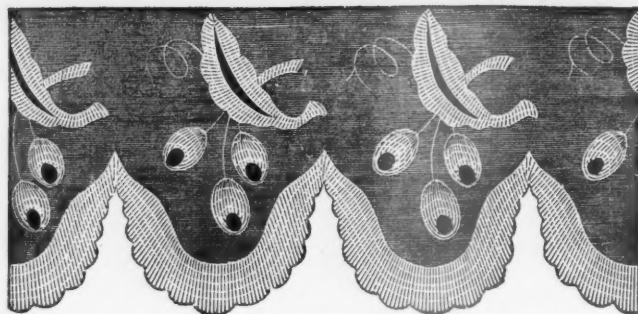
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N EMBROIDERY.



SILK EMBROIDERY.



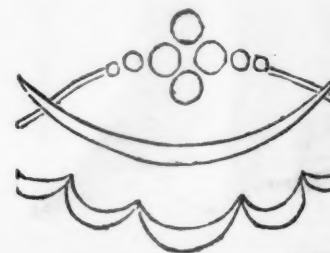
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PATTERN FOR SLIPPER—FRONT



PATTERN FOR SLIPPER—

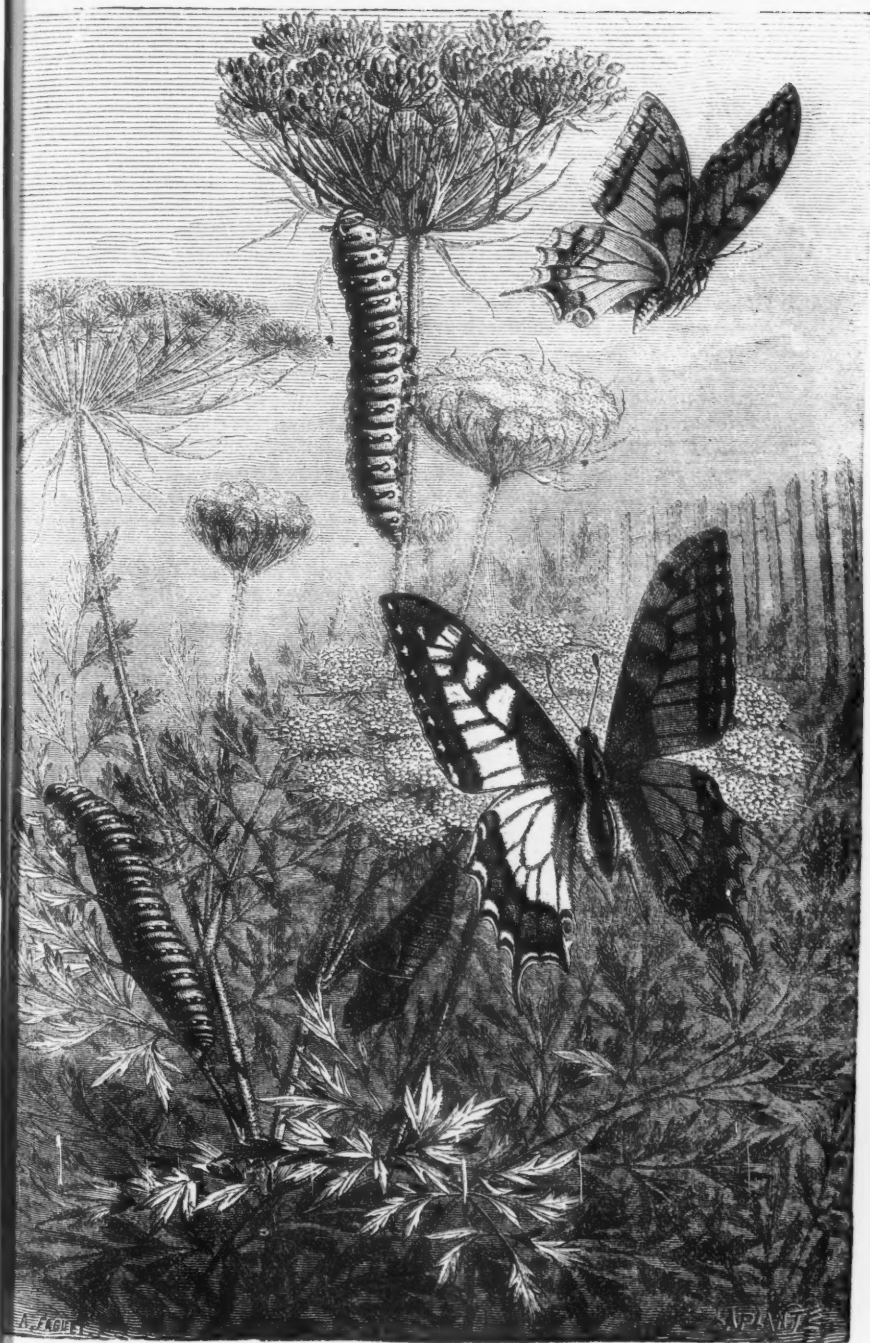


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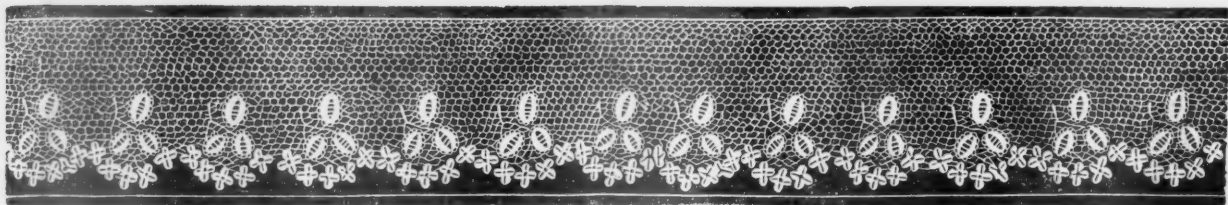
EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



SWALLOW-TAILED BUTTERFLY (*Papilio machaon*). See page 106.

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LACE EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

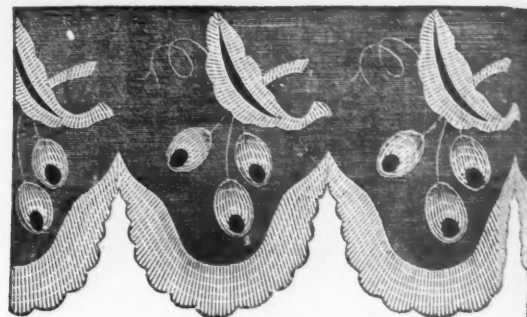


FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF WATER-PROOF CLOAK, TO BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT RUFFLE.

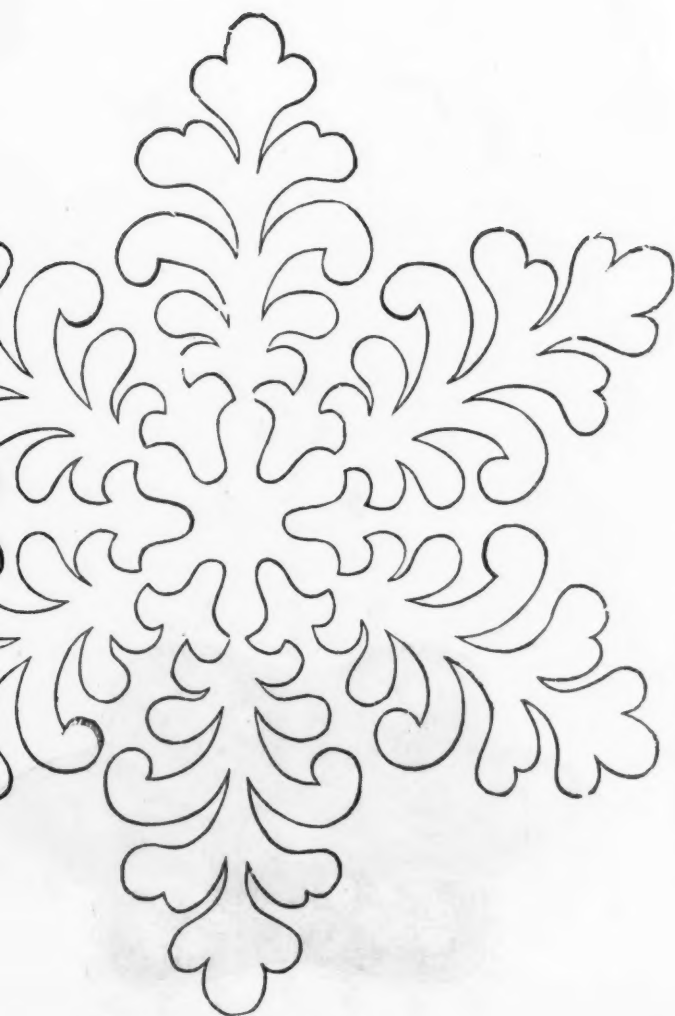




MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.



SILK EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CUSHION.



PATTERN FOR SLIPPER—FRONT



IN THE TWILIGHT.





RECEPTION AND VISITING DRESSES. (FURNISHED BY MME. DEMOREST.) See Toilet and Work-Table.

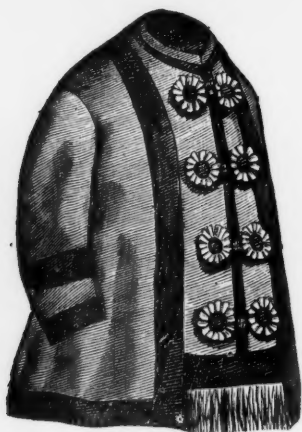


FASHIONABLE HAT AND CAP.



BRACES AND TUNIC.

This upperskirt is intended for a girl from eight to ten, and may be made either of black silk or of the same material as the frock. The round tunic opens in front, and is edged with a flounce. The braces are fastened to the waistband. A high waist and tunic all in one, of black alpaca, makes a useful overdress for a school-girl.



THE PARK MANTLE.

The Park Mantle, of which we give two illustrations, is suitable for either cloth or silk. Black silk should be trimmed with bands of velvet, about two inches wide, silk fringe, and velvet buttons. The sides are longer than either the back or fronts, which are fringed, thus rendering the garment even all the way round. Velvet buttons, placed in the centre of small rosettes of silk, ornament the back and fronts.

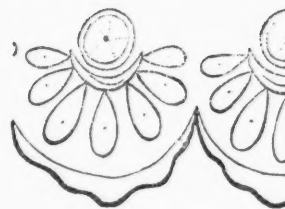


MONTANA WALKING-SUIT.

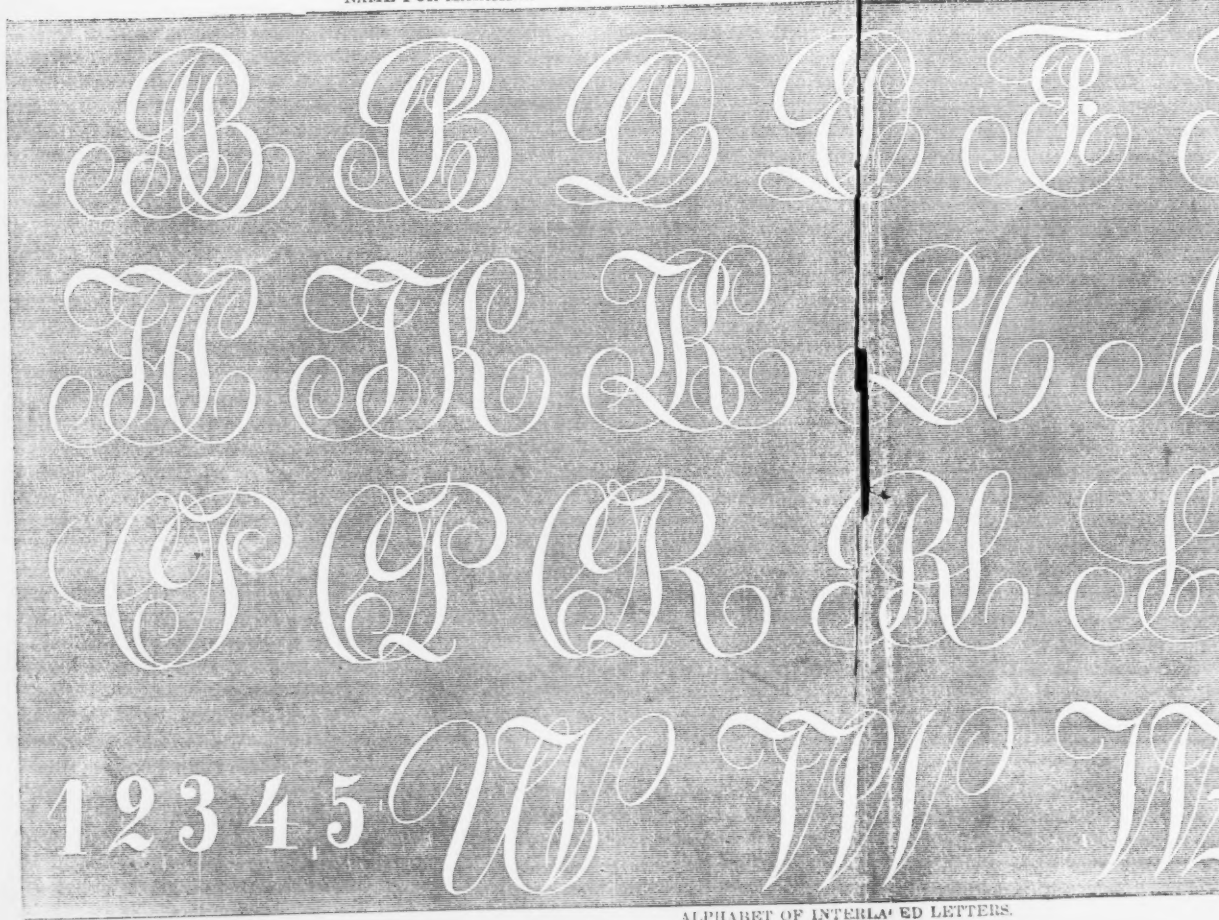
An entirely new style of making up the very fashionable as well as serviceable dress goods—serge. This suit is made with tight-fitting jacket, straight in front, and forming points on the sides and in the back; the neck left open, and trimmed to imitate a rever collar. The style is exceedingly good, and would be very rich in corded silk or velvet. The skirt is made short, with three ruffles of the same material, the centre one trimmed with rows of braid, width of braid apart, and a ruche finished on each edge, and fastened down in the centre with braid as a heading. Use Hercules or navy braid and gilt buttons for trimming.



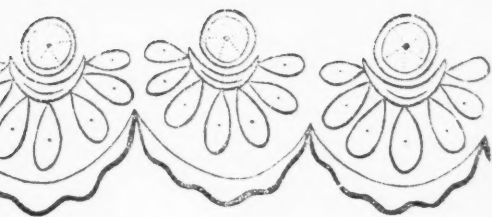
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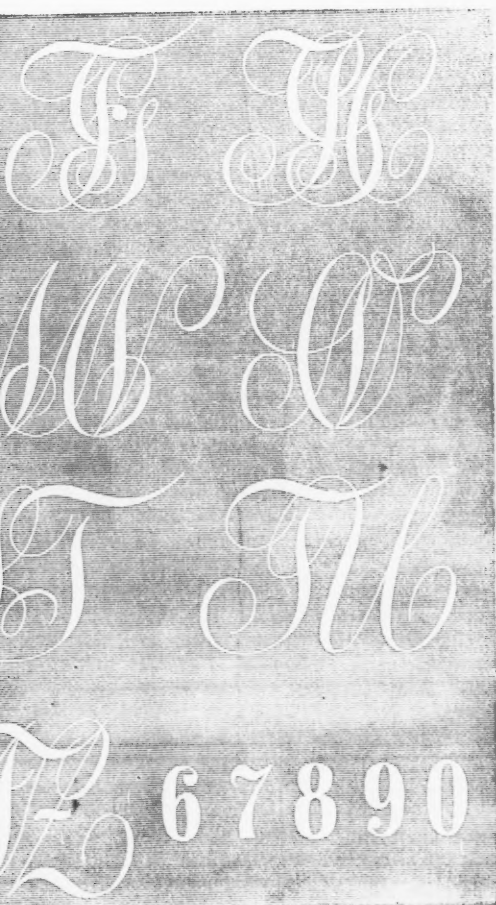
PATT.

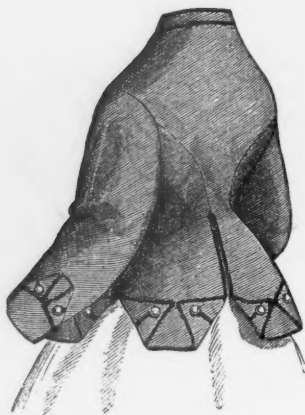


ALPHABET OF INTERLACED LETTERS.



PATTERN FOR NEEDLEWORK.





SKATING-JACKET.

Tight-fitting, of heavy blue cloth. Slashed up on the sides and in the back - corners caught back with buttons; front made pointed, with vest buttoned closely to the throat.



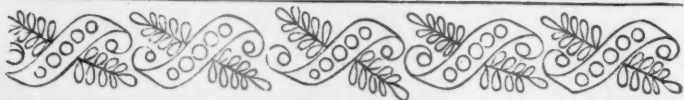
No. 1.



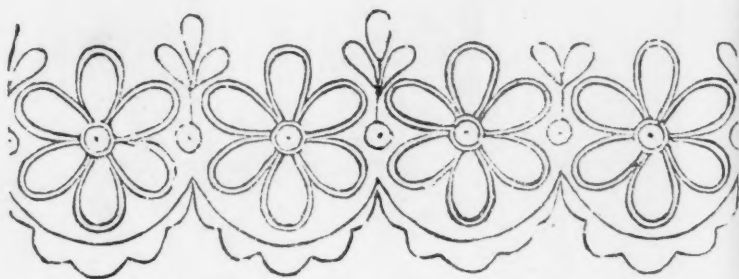
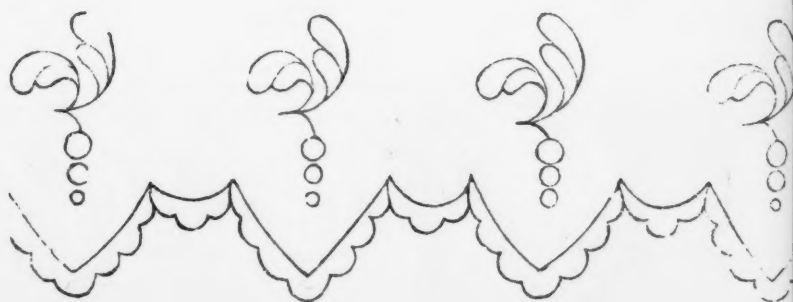
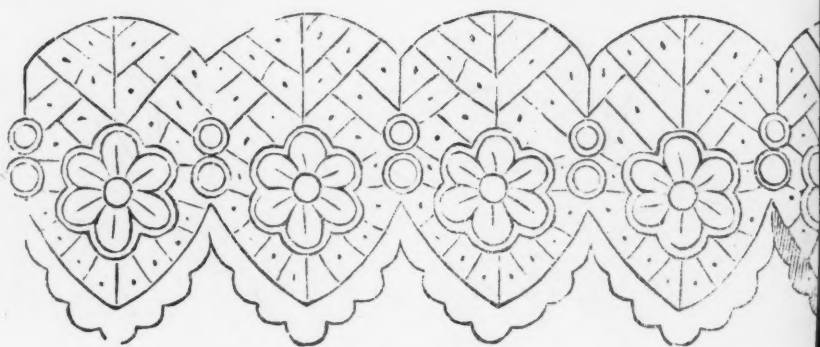
No. 2.

No. 1.—Black silk bodice, trimmed with blue and green striped velvet

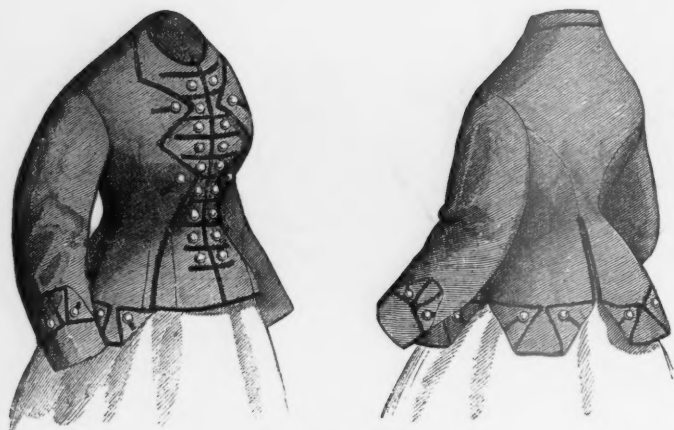
No. 2.—Brown poplin bodice. The trimming consists of a satin rouleau of the same color, and black lace.



INSERTION.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.



SKATING-JACKET.

Tight-fitting, of heavy blue cloth. Slashed up on the sides and in the back - corners caught back with buttons; front made pointed, with vest buttoned closely to the throat.

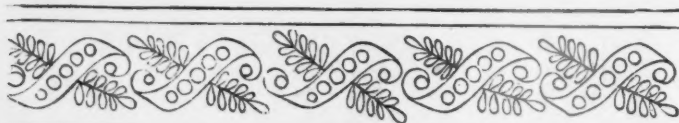


No. 1.

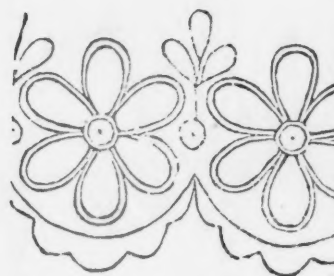
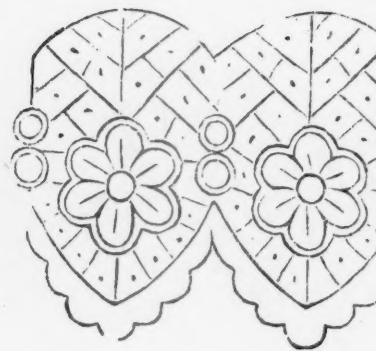


No. 2.

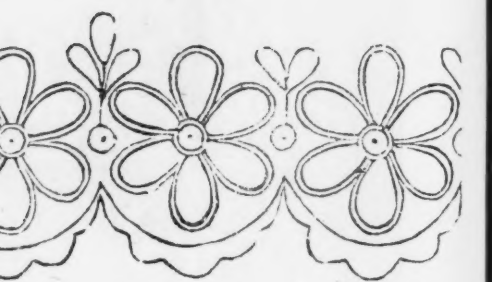
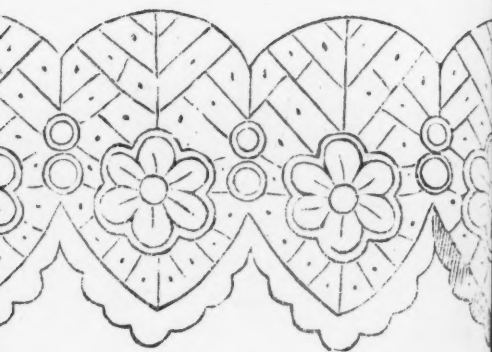
No. 1.—Black silk bodice, trimmed with blue and green striped velvet
No. 2.—Brown poplin bodice. The trimming consists of a satin rouleau of the same color, and black lace.



INSERTION.



NEEDLE



NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.



Vol. xxxv.—9.

PEACOCK BUTTERFLY (*Vanessa Io*).—See page 163.

(135)



SPRING.





No. 1. EVENING TOILET.

No. 1.—Pink silk skirt, trimmed with five founces of platted white tulle, each founce being sewn on with a row of black velvet; pink silk bodice, low and square, and trimmed with platted white tulle and black velvet; black velvet bow in front of the bodice; black velvet waistband and sash. The bow in the hair is partly made of velvet and partly of pink satin. Gold necklet, with jet drops; earrings and bracelet to correspond; white gloves, with white lace rosettes, and black velvet loops in the centre.

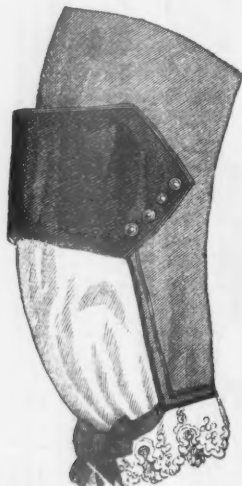
No. 2. GREEN SATIN DINNER DRESS.

No. 2.—Green satin train skirt, the shade called "gas green;" long tunic of Chantilly lace, looped up at the sides with two large bows of a darker shade of green satin. The lace overskirt forms a tablier in front, and a pouf at the back. High satin bodice to match the skirt, fastened half way to the top with buttons of the same color; lace bolice, high at the back, and open and square in front; a lace ruche, with a green satin ruche in the centre borders the top; sash of the darker shade of green satin; gold ornaments and locket; green satin boots, with a black satin rosette on each instep.



BRAIDED ROBE FOR A GIRL OF EIGHT OR TEN (*front and back view*).

This robe may be made either of cashmere, poplin, or satin cloth. The skirt is gored, and the pointed trimming of the same material, ornamented with silk braid, is laid on the skirt to simulate a tunic. There is a braiding decoration at the corner of the skirt, and the sash is likewise braided. Made of white cashmere braided with scarlet, it is very effective.



THE "HUGUENOT" SLEEVE.

This is a new and stylish sleeve for morning dress or house costume. The full part is of white lawn or cambric, set in to the plain sleeve. A wide, rather loose band of black velvet is set on with buttons above the fulness, and so as to lay over the elbow. The wrist displays a ruffle of lace and velvet bow.

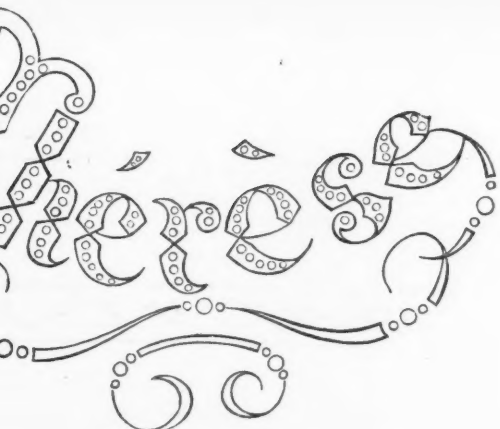


THE "GARDE" SLEEVE.

This sleeve is quite military in its appearance. It tapers at the wrist, but springs out at the elbow, retreating again to the shape of the arm. It is trimmed with straps of corded silk or velvet, and ornamental buttons, attached to the ends of cords, which are stitched through the centre of the strap.



This may be made either of black or white plaid dresses that are made for indoor wear.



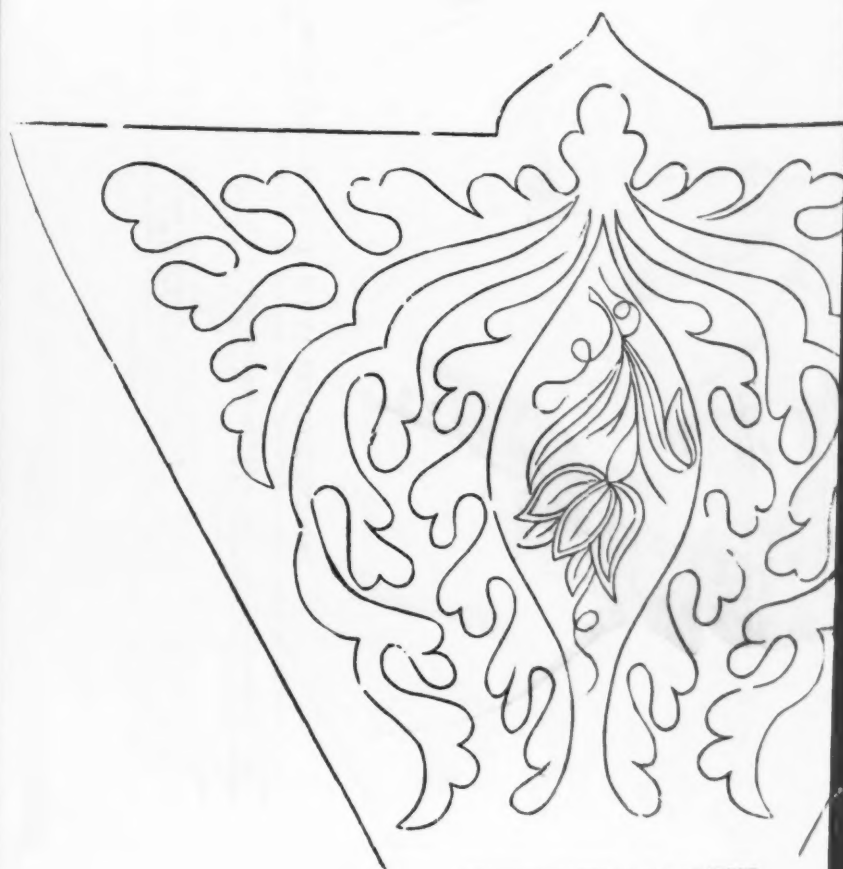
NAME FOR MARKING.



SPRING MANTELET (*front and back view*).
 of black silk or of the same material as the dress with which it is worn. For
 indoor wear and without a casaque, it will be found particularly useful.



ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.

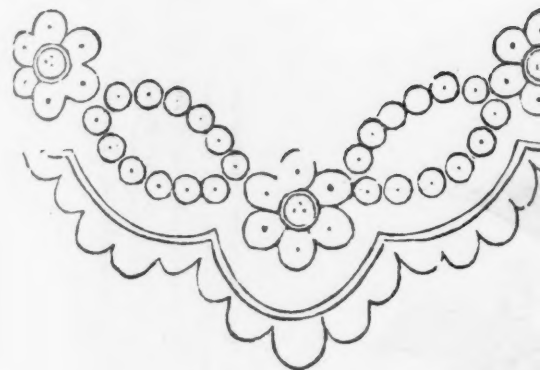


NAME FOR MARKING.



SPRING MANTELET (*front and back view*).

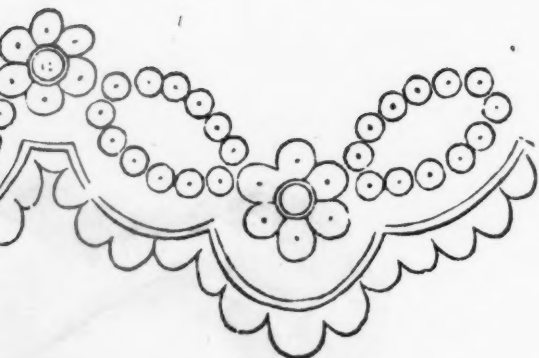
This may be made either of black silk or of the same material as the dress with which it is worn. For plaid dresses that are made for indoor wear and without a casaque, it will be found particularly useful.



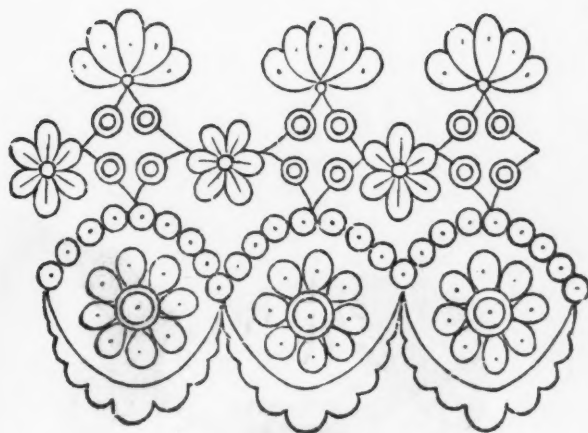
ENGLISH E



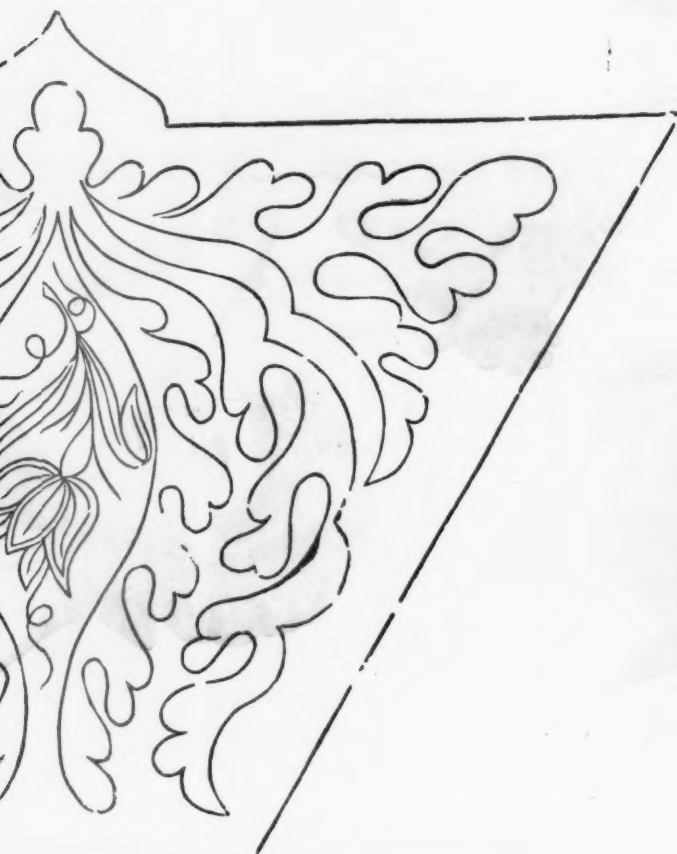
BRAIDING PAT



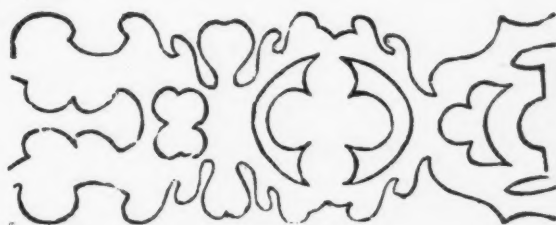
SH EMBROIDERY.



ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.



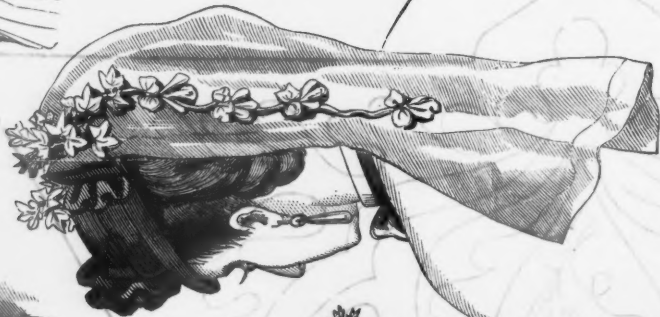
PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN.



SPRING BONNETS AND HATS. (FURNISHED BY MME. DEMOREST.)

No. 1.—La Contessa Bonnet, composed of a puff of ruby satin and diadem and necklace of black Spanish lace. Ornaments, ruby satin marguerites, with jet centres.
 No. 2.—A new spring style, composed of a double fluting of straw, across the centre of which is a twisted band of black velvet ribbon edged with lace. Lace necklace ornaments, black velvet, and large rose with leaves.
 No. 3.—New spring Hat of black straw, narrow brim bent down; full plaited trimming of black velvet, finished with trail of maderia vine. Long gauze veil.
 No. 4.—Diadem Hat of black horsehair, embroidered with chenille, and trimmed with black velvet and bouquet of mixed flowers. The straw diadem is scalloped out upon the front edge, a fine vein of embroidery following the line of the scallops, and surmounted by a quilling of black lace, pointed on the edge, and forming the necklace, which is completed by a bow of velvet in front.
 No. 5.—A new spring style, composed of a double fluting of straw, across the centre of which is a twisted band of black velvet ribbon edged with lace. Lace necklace ornaments, black velvet, and large rose with leaves.





JAPANESE GIRL PAINTING HER LIPS.

(See Home Circle.)





SPRING BONNETS AND COIFFURES. (FROM MME. DEMOREST.)

- No. 1.—A simple Coiffure, consisting of the hair, arranged in puffs and curls, with "chateaine" braid at the back.
- No. 2.—Evening Coiffure, consisting of back hair arranged low in double puffs; front hair in side curls, laid close to the temples. Two long curls descend upon the neck. Wreath of roses in foliage, with trailing branch.
- No. 3.—Plain in-door Coiffure of hair arranged in a light net, with two long curls falling at the back. Black velvet band, with square bows laid flat with the hair.
- No. 4.—Duchesse Bonnet of puffed crape, with satin band and strings, fastened with a shell ornament. Trimming consists of a rose in foliage, with an edging of white, pointed blonde.
- No. 5.—Straw Toquet, bound upon the edge with blue velvet put on full, covered with an edge of black lace, and headed by a band of blue, curled feathers. A bow of blue velvet is placed on the top, toward the back of the crown; and a band, to which a wide lace is attached, surrounds the chignon, and is fastened underneath.
- No. 6.—Duchesse Bonnet of black, fluted crinoline straw set upon a coronet of blue velvet surmounted by jet balls. Wide strings of blue grosgrain tied under the chin. Blue ostrich feather—which may be replaced by a fall of lace later in the season—curling over the chignon.



PROMENADE DRESS.

EVENING BODICE WITH BASQUE.

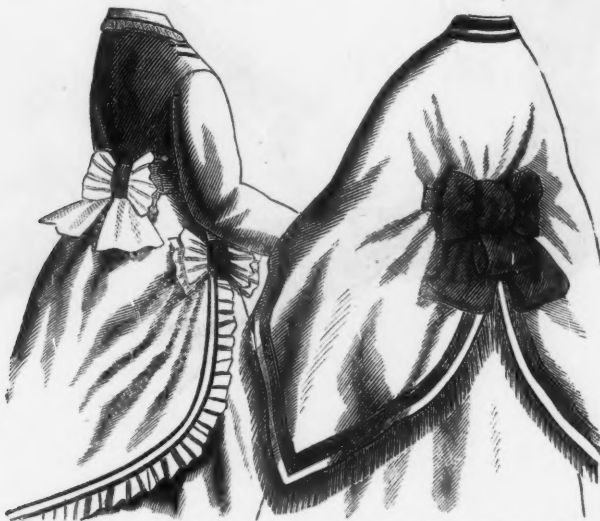
Sophie

Anna



No. 1.—A costume of steel-gray mohair, with a walking-skirt trimmed with a flounce nine inches deep, set on in box-plaits, arranged in clusters of three, and bound with a fold of black silk about three fourths of an inch wide. The heading for the flounce is composed of a band of the goods cut in points to fall into the spaces of the flounce, trimmed on both sides with a plaited ruching of black silk about an inch wide, headed with narrow black velvet. The overskirt is cut in four points, the front left open and turned back en revers.

No. 2.—An elegant home-dress of Metternich green silk, with jupe rond, garnished with a bias flounce of rich black silk about seven inches deep, cut in very decided scallops, and bound with green satin, set on perfectly plain. Above this are two bias bands of black silk about two inches wide, trimmed with satin to match the flounce, and placed with about the width of the fold between them. The corsage is cut high and plain, and, with the upper part of the sleeve and the lower flounce on the same, is made of green silk. The tunique is of black silk, trimmed with pipings of green satin, cut very long, the back looped from underneath to form the panier, and the sides gathered in graceful folds.

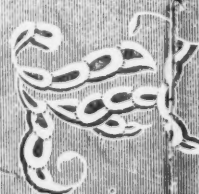
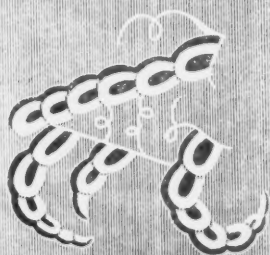
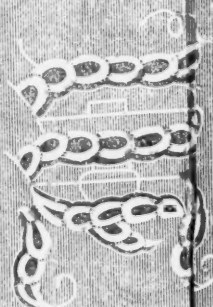
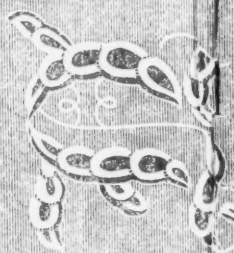
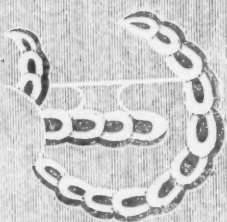
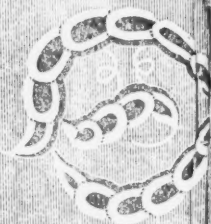
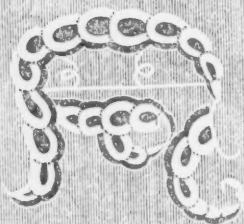


No. 1.—NONPAREIL PALETOT.

No. 2.—SHAWL METTERNICH.

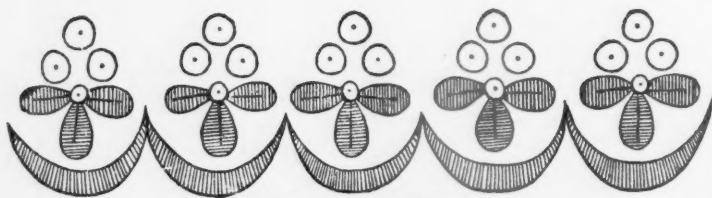
No. 1.—This is another style of the "Paletot," so much worn at present with walking-suits. The model is of poplin, trimmed with quillings of the same, bound with satin a shade darker, and headed with satin pipings. It is cut tight-fitting, with tab-shaped fronts, revers, and sailor-collars. The back is arranged as a panier, and attached to the front by large, fluted bows of poplin, bound and crossed with satin. The sash is formed of two short loops underneath a double fluted bow, to match those on the skirt.

No. 2.—The front is cut in mantilla shape, and the back is so looped that it has more the appearance of a shawl than any we have before presented. This promises to become a great favorite, being peculiarly adapted to the goods used for early spring wraps.

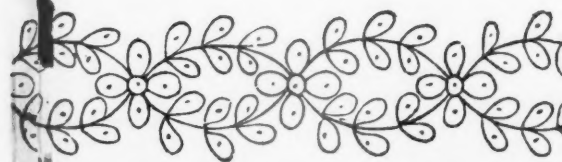




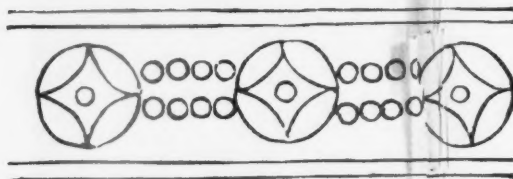
ALPHABET OF FANCY LETTERS.



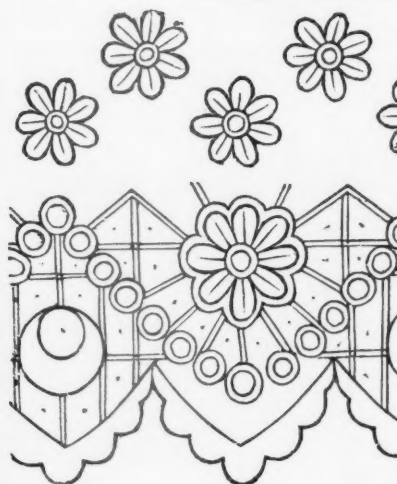
EMBROIDERED EDGING.



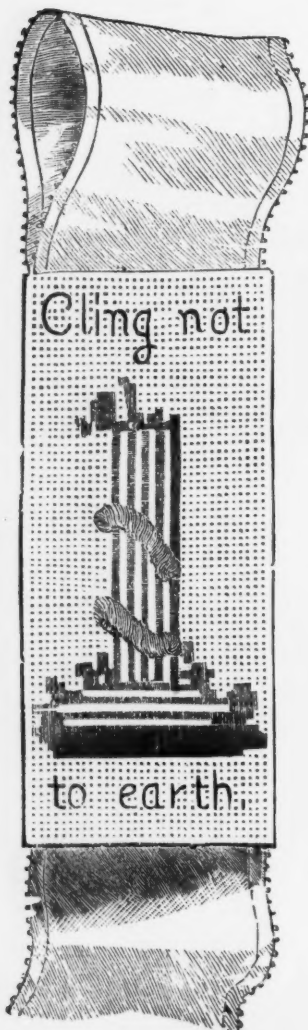
EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



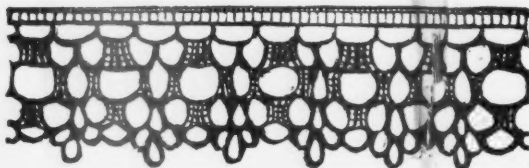
EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



BOOK-MARK.



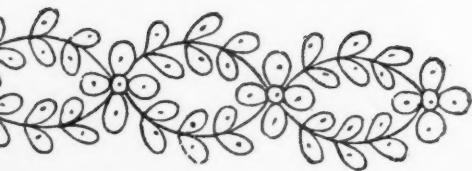
CROCHET EDGING.



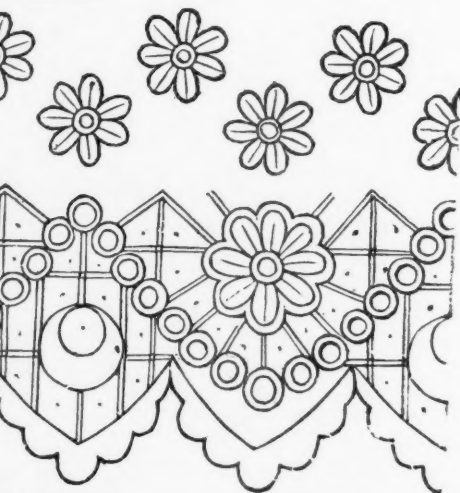
BRAIDING PATTERN WITH MONOGRAM.



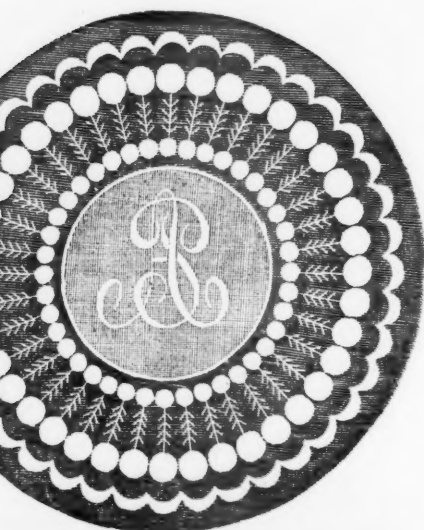
BRAIDING PATTERN WITH MONOGRAM.



INSERTION.



EMBROIDERY.



MONOGRAM FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



"FIXING FOR GRANDMA."

BY A. H. POE.

We're fixing up for grandma,
She's coming here to-day;
We'll have to hurry, Bennie,
I s'pect she's on the way.
You run and bring some wood in,
And put it on the fire;
I'll get the biggest turkey-wing,
To make it blaze up higher.

And now we'll bring the rocking-chair,
And the cricket for her feet,
And on the little table
Put something nice to eat.

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And when she comes, we'll make her
A splendid cup of tea;
O dear! I hear somebody—
I'll have to run and see.

There she is, O Bennie!
Let's meet her at the gate!
You needn't mind your mittens—
I can't begin to wait.
I'll take your basket, grandma;
Did it tire you much to ride?
It seems to me it *smells* good—
I wonder what's inside!

(251)



WHAT KIND OF REMEMBRANCE WILL HE HAVE OF YOU?

Page 345.





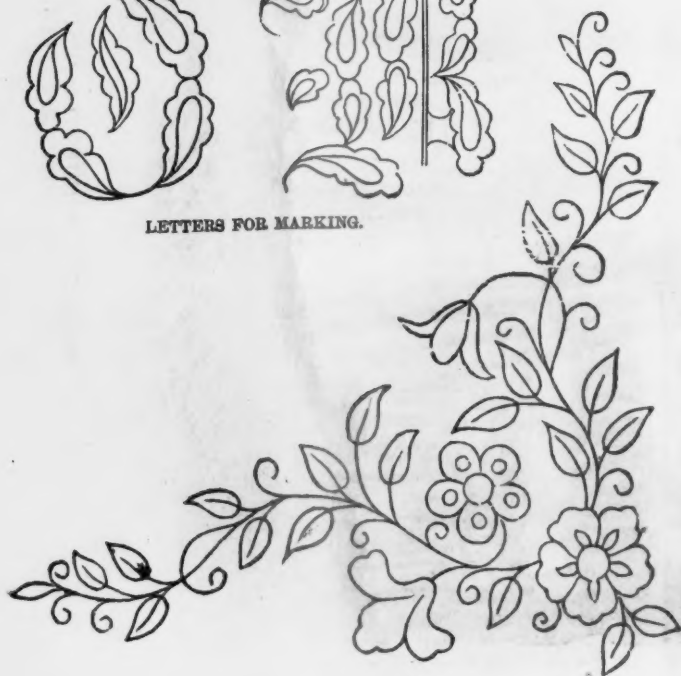
WALKING-COSTUMES FOR JUNE. (FURNISHED BY MME. DEMOREST.)
For description, see second page of Second Extension Sheet,



HOUSE DRESS.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



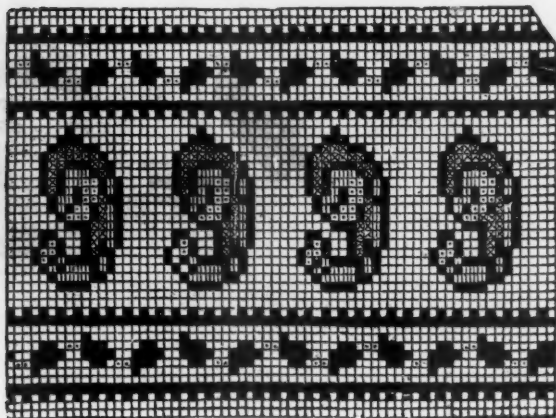
CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EVENING DRESS.



SILK EMBROIDERY.



WORSTED EMBROIDERY.



WALKING-COSTUME.

Walking-costume of gray French poplin, trimmed with blue poulx de soie. The lower skirt is bordered with a flounce about twelve inches deep, cut in squares and bound with blue. Over this falls another flounce or ruffle, composed of sections of box-plaited ruching, alternating with pieces cut in squares, both being bound with the blue silk. The heading is formed of box-plaited ruching, bound with blue and set on with a bias band of the silk. Overskirt open in front, with full panier back, trimmed with a scant ruffle cut in squares, also bound with blue and headed with a band of the silk. Waist high, with a Marie Antoinette fichu trimmed to correspond with the overskirt. Coat sleeve with cuff to match the other trimmings. Full sash of loops, bound with blue.



No. 1. "VANZANDT" SASH.

No. 1.—A very stylish sash, and one very easily arranged. We give the exact dimensions, so that any one can make it up from the illustration without a pattern. The triangular shaped ends measure down the centre or inner sides, where they are attached by small bows, 17 inches; on the bottom or lower outside, 15 inches; on the sides, 9 inches; across the top, 6 inches. The sashes are laid in plaits where they are attached to the belt, and left slightly apart at the lower corners. The larger loops at the belt are 12 inches long by 6 inches wide, and the others arranged in proportion. Our model is for a suit in two colors, blue and black. The ends and larger bows at the belt are black, and the ruching, piping, and smaller bows of blue bound with black.

No. 2.—This dress is made of blue all-wool delaine, cut Gabrielle, with square neck and short sleeves, and trimmed with ruffles of black silk headed with narrow black velvet. The ruffles are arranged on the skirt in the manner indicated in the illustration, the upper end of each being finished by a rosette of black silk with a black velvet button in the centre. These rosettes are continued up the front, in a line with the one at the top of the front ruffle, one being placed on each side of the waist. Similar rosettes, only smaller, are placed on the top of the shoulder, on the ruching which finishes the neck, and others loop up the short sleeves, which are trimmed to correspond. A black silk belt and sash complete this dress.



No. 2. LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

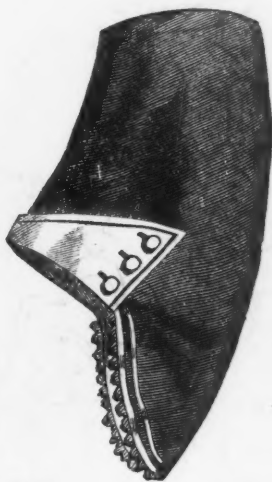
Dint
than t
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No. 1
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DINNER TOILET.

Dinner toilet of lavender poul de soie, garnished with black thread-lace and bands of silk two shades darker than the dress. Skirt demi-train, bordered with an eight-inch flounce pinked in deep scallops, with a fall of thread lace about four inches wide placed above it, and surmounted by a plaited ruching pinked and set on with an inch-wide band of silk of the darker shade. Long, full panier trimmed to match, and looped in the back by a large bow composed of the two shades of silk. Trimming, to correspond with the bottom of the skirt, is arranged circularly on the front width to simulate an apron to the overskirt. Corsage heart-shaped, with a collarotte fichu composed of alternate folds of silk of the two shades, and bordered with trimming to correspond with the rest of the dress. Coat sleeve trimmed with ruffles and lace arranged in the shape of a Louis XV. sleeve, and finished at the elbow with a bow.



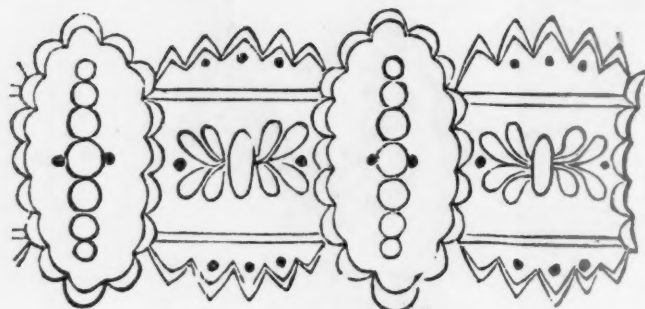
PATTERNS FOR SLEEVES.

No. 1.—Full sleeve of muslin or grenadine, made with puffings and one deep ruffle, trimmed with velvet. The puffings are not inserted, but are set on with narrow velvet.

No. 2.—A most graceful sleeve for a home-dress, suitable for any material, making the revers and bands of silk two shades darker than the dress, or of a contrasting color. If made of silk, it should be trimmed with lace, with the revers and folds of satin of the same shade as the dress.



EMBROIDERED EDGING.



EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

WALKING-COSTUMES FOR JUNE. (*Description of Plate.*)

No. 1.—Walking-costume of twilled foulard, cuir color, trimmed with chestnut-brown foulard. The skirt is ornamented with two flounces of the brown, with headings composed of a puff of the cuir color, surmounted by a pointed trimming of chestnut color. The upper flounce is cut in points, and is about three fourths the width of the lower one. Deep pointed basque, trimmed to correspond—the trimming being arranged surplice shape up the fronts, so as to simulate a vest. Coat sleeves, ornamented with puffs of the cuir color, separated by ruchings of chestnut color.

No. 2.—Dress of bright blue French poplin, the skirt bordered with a sixteen-inch flounce, set on in deep box-plaits. Basque of black gros-grain, trimmed with guipure lace and narrow pipings of satin. This basque is particularly stylish, being cut very short in the front and on the hips, and having the back divided into two long sash-shaped ends, ornamented with rosettes of lace and satin. Broad revers on the front.

No. 3.—Walking-suit of black and white speckled leno. Skirt bordered with a scalloped flounce, bound with black taffetas, and set on in double box-plaits, the spaces between the plaits measuring ten inches. This flounce has an undulated heading of box-plaited ruching, bound with black taffetas, and set on with a piping of the same. Overskirt open in front, with two deep points in the back, and looped very high on the sides with full rosettes. The overskirt, waist, and sleeves are trimmed with ruching to correspond with the skirt.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Suits are still worn, every article, even to gloves, bonnet, and parasol, being of the same color. Straw bonnets and hats, dyed in various tints, have been introduced; but as it is difficult to get a perfect match in color, it is better that the bonnet or hat be made of silk or crape, or else of black or white lace, which can be worn appropriately with any toilet.

White suits in pique, jaconets, and even thinner materials, are to be worn, though over light dresses, lace shawls, black silk overskirts, sacks, and small mantelets will be fashionable. Suits of unbleached will be seen, trimmed with guipure to match, with black and white braids, or with braids matching the linen in color. Green tinted "Spanish linen" will also be worn by ladies of fair complexion.

HINTS TO DRESSMAKERS.

We find the following in the May number of *Demorest's Mirror of Fashion*:

Dresses for spring and summer are nearly all made short. Even percales, cambrics, muslins, lawns, bareges, piques, aconets, and the like, formerly mostly worn for house dresses, and made long, are now arranged en suite, so that they can be used for walking and street wear.

The trimmings are ruffles of the material, graduated in depth and put on scant, with bands between, of velvet, braid, or striped chintzes.

The edges of the ruffles are turned up on the right side, and stitched with the sewing machine.

Small mantelet capes, belted in, are in favor for muslins, linens, and the like; sailor jackets and small basques, for piques, mohairs, and poplins.

When piques, or any stiff material, are made long for the house, the fulness at the back, instead of being gathered, is laid in an immense hollow plait.

Overskirts are universal, are quite short, and very much bunched up. Soft materials, such as silks and woolsens, have the paniers lined with wiggings, to enable them to retain their position.

Long skirts of even rich silks are rarely now lined throughout; imported dresses are never more than faced, the facing sometimes cut deep, but always considerably short of the entire depth of the skirt. The reason for this is obvious. The extreme length of train, the trimming, and the overskirt, make the weight, in addition to the lining, too great to be borne, and modern fashionable women do not "turn" their silk dresses, as their grandmothers did before them, when they have grown shabby on one side, so that there is now no reason for lining throughout in order to preserve the under side fresh.

Thin dresses, such as tissues, grenadines, and the like, are more frequently lined than thick dresses, the gored breadths requiring a light lining to prevent them from "sagging."

The shape of skirts is precisely that of last year, the same amount of fulness, the same walking length. The trains, however, are much shorter, often not exceeding half a yard in length. The edge is bound with the trimming, silk, satin, or uncut velvet, whatever it happens to be, rather than with braid.

Jackets take the coat form as much as possible, and bodies are trimmed to simulate short vest, jacket, large round collar, as well as the pointed cape of last season.

There is no trimming on the top of the sleeves, but there are plaittings on the elbow, the waist, and high up on the shoulder, the latter sometimes simulating a coat and waistcoat, particularly when the skirt forms a long basque or a Polonoise.

Trimmings, it should be remarked, are not put upon the edge of the sleeve, at the wrist, but above, so as to form a straight or military cuff.

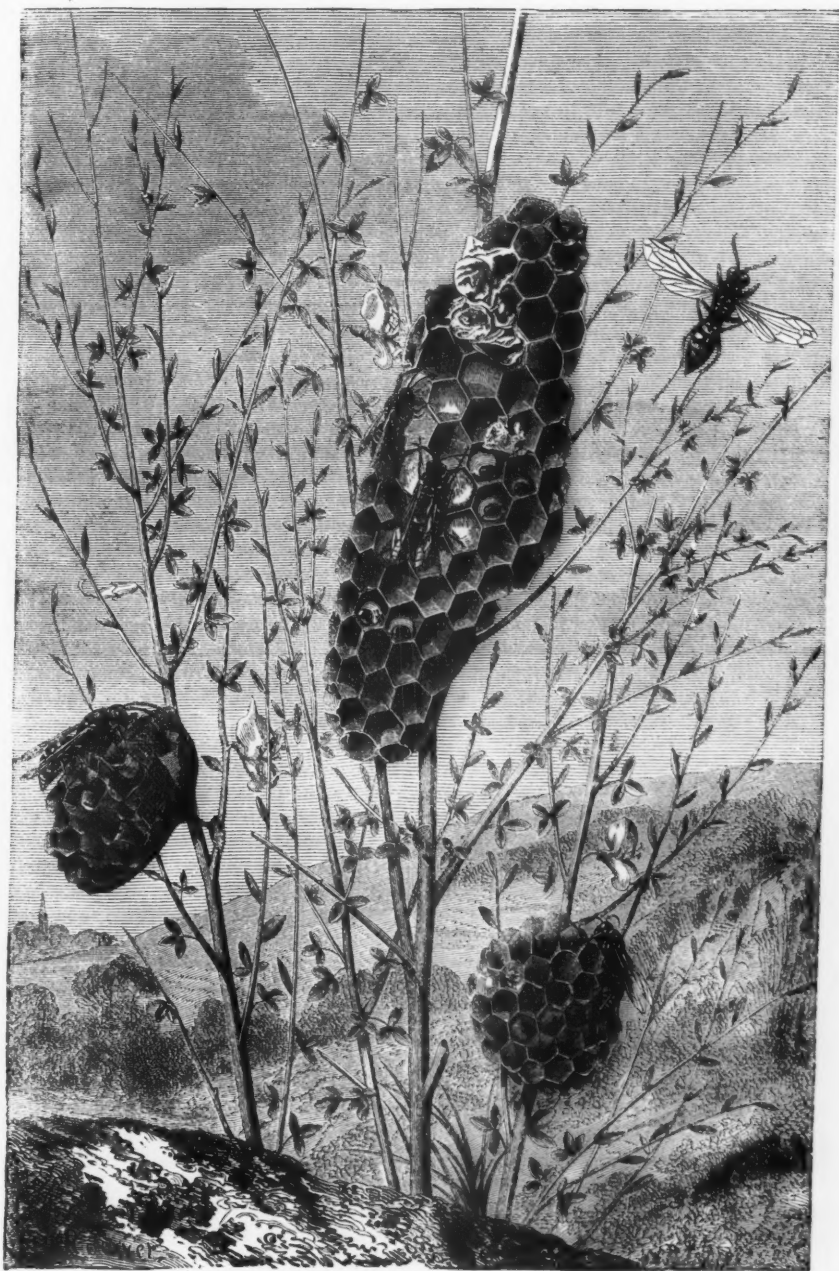
More dressy sleeves are sometimes rounded off at the wrist, and the trimming carried several inches up the back. These are cut quite loose, and a lace undersleeve, finished with a frill of Valenciennes, worn with them. These are specially adapted to house dresses of muslin, barege, or grenadine.

Thin silks, or woollen tissues, are very prettily trimmed with ruffles of the same, headed with "feathered-out" ruchings—that is, ruchings cut on the bias, and fringed out upon the edges.

Narrow black velvet edges gray leno or barege ruffles effectively, and is quite inexpensive. Two, three, five, and seven ruffles are worn, according to taste and the distance they are placed apart. When the smaller number are employed, the lower one is generally twelve inches deep, and is headed by one or two narrow ones, or by bands of trimming and a quilled plaiting, the plaits all laid one way, and placed upright.

Kilt plaiting and Russian plaiting are largely employed upon alpaca, mohairs, and soft woolsens. The plaits in both instances are single, and turned one way, but the kilt plaiting is made in single material and laid flat; the Russian plaiting is made in doubled material, and forms quillings, which are generally worn standing, the bands of velvet or other trimming forming the base instead of the apex.

Bodies of dresses are so universally made open (the V shape), that collars are dispensed with, and inside ruffles of lace substituted in their place. A narrow velvet, with a cross attached, is worn round the throat.



FRENCH POLISTES (*Polistes gallica*).



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.





CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR SUMMER, 1870. (FROM MME. DEMOREST.)



TATTING CASE, OPEN AND SHUT.

The case is made of pieces of card-board of the shape seen in illustration. The pieces are then covered with scarlet merino. After they are joined together, they are worked around the edge with black silk. The inside of case has pieces sewed on for the tatting implements. It is fastened when closed with a button and loop, worked around in fancy stitch in black silk.



EMBROIDERED SCISSOR SHEATH.

MATERIALS.—Gray kid, gold thread, gold lace, card-board, white kid, gray sewing silk.

The scissor case can be made of gray kid, cloth, watered silk, or velvet of any color preferred. Instead of embroidering with gold thread, purple silk of different colors may be chosen. The embroidery is worked in raised satin stitch and overcast. The case is made of white card-board, which is covered outside with the embroidered material, and inside with white kid; the different parts are sewn together with overcast stitch. On the outlines of the case sew on a gold lace, a silk cord, or some chenille.



INFANT'S FLANNEL SHOE, WITH KNITTED SOCK.

This pretty little shoe is made of white flannel, worked round with button-hole stitch of red wool; the sock is knitted with colored wool. Cast on for the sock a sufficient number of stitches with red wool; begin at the upper edge, and work 16 rounds alternately 2 stitches knitted, 2 purled; then begin the striped pattern, which is worked in plain knitting, 2 rounds with red wool, 3 rounds with white wool, 2 rounds red, and 1 round black. The sock is worked like a stocking, only shorter and looser. The shoe is made of flannel taken double; it is embroidered with red wool, from illustration. The lappets of the shoe are fastened with a button and button-hole.



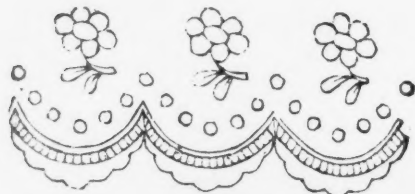
SPECTACLE CLEANER.

Nothing damages an eyeglass or spectacles more rapidly than wiping them with any harsh, rough fabric. This small contrivance will be found very useful for the purpose. The shape is cut in paper, and the back is covered with green silk, ornamented in the centre with a few fancy stitches; a little wadding is added and the lining consists of either soft wash leather or a piece of white kid glove, the inside being turned outward. The edge is finished off with a piece of cord. Both sides are alike.



BATHING COSTUME

of white flannel; trousers fastened at the knee by a cross-strip braided with a Grecian pattern in black wool. Peplum blouse, with short sleeves, with a braided Grecian pattern, buttoned on each side and on the shoulders.

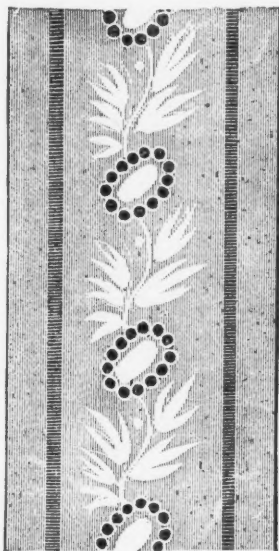


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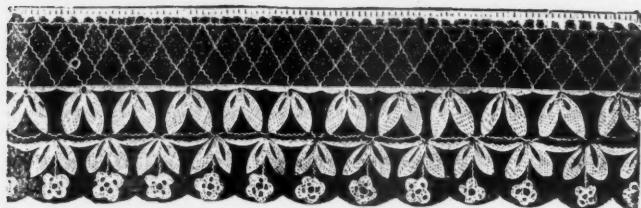


JACKET FOR A GIRL FROM SEVEN TO NINE.

This jacket is made of the same material as the frock with which it is worn. It is double-breasted, and has revers. The frill is cut on the cross, and box-plaited. The trimmings and buttons are velvet.



EMBROIDERED INSERTION.



LACE EMBROIDERED EDGING.



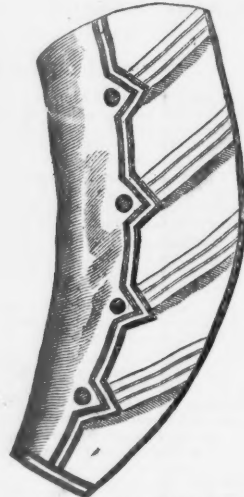
WALKING-COSTUMES.

No. 1.—The sash on the lower skirt is eleven inches deep, and that on the upper skirt four inches. The folds and ruchings are of the same width—one and a half inches. With these directions and the two views, the costume can be easily arranged without further explanation.

No. 2.—An entirely new design for a walking-costume, to be made in black mohair, Buffalo brand, trimmed with ruffles edged with narrow, black velvet, and black velvet buttons. The novelty consists in the arrangement of the ruffles on the skirt, which are placed only on the side gores, the front and back widths being ornamented with rows of velvet and black velvet buttons. The Polonoise is cut quite long, and trimmed to match the skirt. A plain, flowing sleeve, slashed on the sides, the front section being trimmed with ruffles, and the back with buttons and rows of velvet.



No. 1.—JENNIE SLEEVE.



No. 2.—THE OLLIVIER SLEEVE.

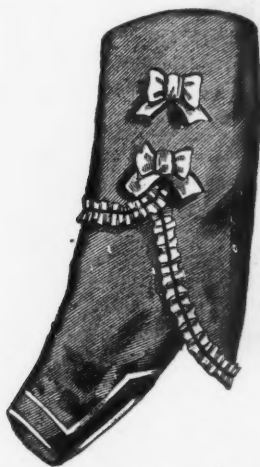
No. 1.—A plain coat-sleeve, with deep cap cut round, caught up on top with bow and short ends. The cuff at the wrist is very deep and pointed, and has three bows on the back. The whole trimmed with heavy fringe, edged with two rows of velvet or braid.

No. 2.—A plain coat-sleeve, trimmed on the outer side with bands of velvet or silk, in the manner shown in our illustration. It is a very pretty sleeve, suitable for a walking-costume or any plain house-dress.



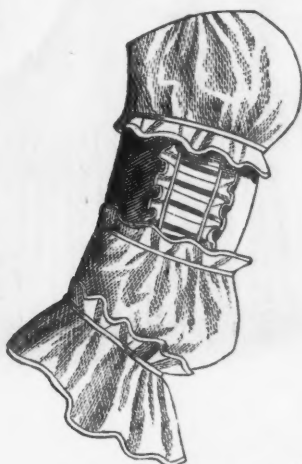
THE ELFRIDA BASQUE (*front and back views*).

Our model for this stylish basque is made in heavy, black grosgrain, trimmed with satin folds, and leaves of grosgrain bound with satin, having in addition, on the back of the basque, guipure lace falling from under the points. It would be a very appropriate style for any other goods, without the lace, and with foldings and bindings of silk.



No. 1.—THE VERONICA SLEEVE.

A graceful combination of the close with the flowing sleeve. The lower part is trimmed with a bias band of the material edged with black velvet, and the upper part with machine fluted ribbon, held in place by a narrow band of velvet. Two bows of the material, also edged with velvet, are placed on the upper part of the sleeve.



No. 2.—THE "LÆTINIA."

A particularly graceful sleeve, suitable for thin goods. It descends nearly to the wrist, and is just flowing enough to be comfortable and not in the way. The puffs are each eight inches deep, including the narrow ruffle at the edges, and are, of course, a little narrower at the inner seam. The space between them is five inches, and the ruffling, with which it is ornamented, the same width. The width of the flounce at the bottom, including the narrow ruffle, is five and a half inches.



COSTUME.

Dress of lilac silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited flounce, headed with a quilting. The upper one cut pointed at the side, and laid in a deep box-plait, open in the back; and the upper part puffed in a panier, trimmed with white lace, with a row of black over it, and a band of velvet. Basque with lappets, trimmed to correspond. Coat-sleeves, trimmed with a row of lace up and down, with two bands of satin between.



EDGING.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Demorest's Mirror of Fashions, the standard fashion magazine of the country, tells us that "summer toilets exhibit quite a marked change from those of the six months preceding. The short overskirts, very bouffant paniers, and short, bunched-up sashes, although seen, perhaps, more extensively than ever upon the street, are giving way, in more private circles, to softer, more flowing and graceful styles. The introduction of crepe de Chine as one of the most important fabrics for dressy toilets, has created or revived the taste for yielding, delicate materials, and supplanted the stiff stuffs, which hardly required the addition of patent linings, to make them take any shape or form required. The change is decidedly advantageous, so far as simplicity and the quantity of material required are concerned. Overskirts are longer; but they do not cut up, or cut into, or waste the material in bunching up, as the short ones did. Moreover, they are more confined to ceremonious toilets—the outside garment simulating an overskirt upon walking-dresses.

"The prevailing style of the summer walking-dress is the simple and convenient one of three years ago—the skirt and Polonaise. Silks, mohairs, poplins, as well as linens and piques, are made in this style, and with great satisfaction and comfort to the wearer.

"Quite an innovation is announced in Paris by the new leader of fashion, Mme. Ollivier—that of high-necked dresses for evening wear. The lady, it is said, not only wears them herself, but has intimated her desire that ladies who frequent her salons should follow her example."

Bonnets are somewhat larger than heretofore, but are of all shapes and styles. Some of the imported styles are extremely odd in form and trimming. The popular styles for the present season are, however, very much what they were last, except, as we have remarked, a tendency to greater apparent size, an effect produced quite as much by the quantity and arrangement of trimming, and the addition of a scarf veil or lace lappets, as by an actual enlargement of the bonnet.

Black lace hats and bonnets are as much worn as last season, and can be worn with all toilets. They are profusely trimmed with lace and flowers.

The most fashionable flowers this summer are peach-blossoms, apple-blossoms, roses of every species and color, pinks, and sprays of grass. Pinks are much worn. They are made in every color: red, citron, white, speckled with pink or orange, or pure white; in short, every conceivable variety.

The circular wreath is restored to favor, but it is not worn in the same way as heretofore. It now forms a diadem, being placed low on the forehead, where the flowers are disposed very full. This style is called the wreath à la Florian, and is exceedingly pretty when made of various hues, or of very large pansies. The circular wreath is sometimes made of roses and orange-blossoms, the flowers of the latter being full blown, not in buds. Pink and red roses combined together are extremely fashionable. White and blue lilac blended together likewise make a charming wreath. Wreaths are occasionally formed of daisies, combined with jonquilles or pinks.

Some very pretty ornaments for evening headdress have been introduced. They consist of flowers (as daisies or blue-bells), combined with glow-worms, scarabees, and butterflies, made in gold and enamel. They are fixed by pins, just above the bandeaux of the front hair, and are arranged in the form of a coronet or tiara. The effect is at once novel and becoming.

Ball-gloves are fastened by four or five buttons, and are without any trimming at the top.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR SUMMER. (See full-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Dress of blue China silk, the skirt ornamented with four pinked ruffles, arranged in festoons, and finished at the points by rosettes of silk. High waist, with coat-sleeves, trimmed in cuff shape. Overdress of white Swiss, forming two sash ends in front and three in the back, with broad bretelles looped on the shoulders. The overdress is trimmed with scalloped ruffings, and is ornamented in each sash end, and on the shoulders, by rosettes of blue.

No. 2.—Dress for a girl of seven years. Plain, gored dress of gray French poplin, with sailor jacket slashed in the back, and slightly looped at the sides. The trimmings consist of ruchings of light green silk, headed with bands of velvet two shades darker. Full sash to correspond. Straw hat, trimmed with a rouleau composed of velvet and ribbon, of the two shades of green on the dress, and ribbon streamers.

No. 3.—Suit, to be made of white pique, trimmed with bands of buff Chambray edged and strapped with narrow black braid—the straps confined by pearl buttons. The suit consists of a dress with Gabrielle front, full back, and coat-sleeves, and a short mantilla cape with the tabs belted down. White straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and daisies.

No. 4.—Suit for a boy of four years. Knickerbocker pants and belted blouse, to be made of blue twilled flannel, trimmed with narrow black braid, and gilt, or pearl buttons. Black leather belt with gilt buckle. Straw hat with blue ribbon band.

No. 5.—Suit for a pet of two and half years. The dress is cut after the pattern of the "Arthur" dress given in the May number, and is very pretty made either in white pique or buff linen, trimmed with narrow bands of blue Chambray, stitched on by machine, and crossed at intervals by bands of the same material, commencing at the bottom of the skirt, and extending nearly to the waist. The bands are pointed at the upper ends, and attached with small pearl buttons. Little sailor jacket to correspond, cut away in the front.

No. 6.—This dress is made of changeable summer poplin, blue and gold, the skirt trimmed with three narrow folds of blue silk, and bands of double ruching of blue silk placed perpendicularly at intervals, and finished at the upper ends with blue silk bows. High waist and coat-sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Overdress of black silk, with peasant waist, the skirt forming a round apron front, and three distinct puffs at the back. The overdress is bordered with folds of blue silk, the puffs separated with ruchings of blue silk, and ruching around the square neck.

No. 7. Florette suit, a stylish little costume for cool days in early summer. The dress is made of bright blue cashmere or all-wool delaine, the skirt ornamented with five narrow bias ruffles, edged with narrow blue velvet a little darker than the dress. Plain waist and coat-sleeves, trimmed with velvet. The outside garment is a half-fitting sack, with coat-sleeves and shoulder capes, and is made of drab cashmere, trimmed with blue velvet, and ornamented up the back with blue velvet rosettes. Drab straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet.



CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.





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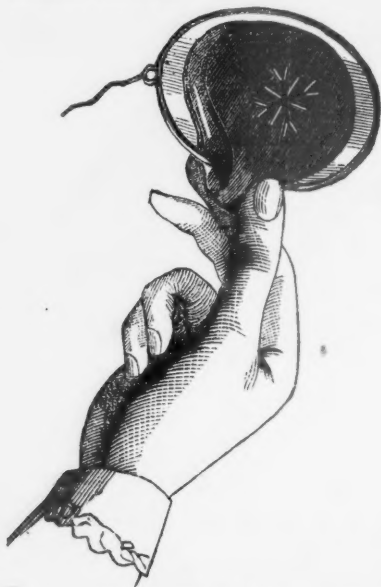
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This pretty little shoe is made of white flannel, worked round with button-hole stitch of red wool; the sock is knitted with colored wool. Cast on for the sock a sufficient number of stitches with red wool; begin at the upper edge, and work 16 rounds alternately 2 stitches knitted, 2 purled; then begin the striped pattern, which is worked in plain knitting, 2 rounds with red wool, 3 rounds with white wool, 2 rounds red, and 1 round black. The sock is worked like a stocking, only shorter and looser. The shoe is made of flannel taken double; it is embroidered with red wool, from illustration. The lappets of the shoe are fastened with a button and button-hole.



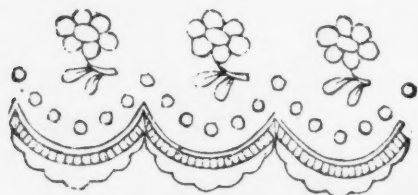
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BATHING COSTUME

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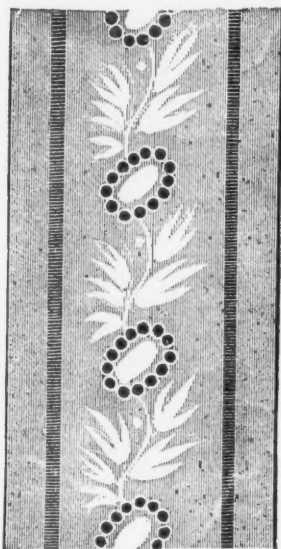


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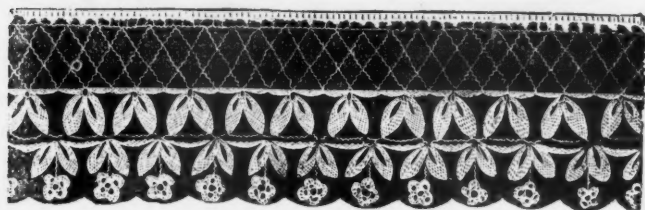


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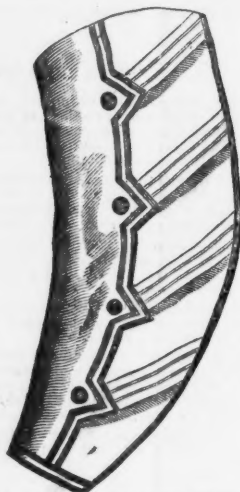
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No. 1.—JENNIE SLEEVE.



No. 2.—THE OLLIVIER SLEEVE.

No. 1.—A plain coat-sleeve, with deep cap cut round, caught up on top with bow and short ends. The cuff at the wrist is very deep and pointed, and has three bows on the back. The whole trimmed with heavy fringe, edged with two rows of velvet or braid.

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COSTUME.

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EDGING.

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Black lace hats and bonnets are as much worn as last season, and can be worn with all toilets. They are profusely trimmed with lace and flowers.

The most fashionable flowers this summer are peach-blossoms, apple-blossoms, roses of every species and color, pinks, and sprays of grass. Pinks are much worn. They are made in every color: red, citron, white, speckled with pink or orange, or pure white; in short, every conceivable variety.

The circular wreath is restored to favor, but it is not worn in the same way as heretofore. It now forms a diadem, being placed low on the forehead, where the flowers are disposed very full. This style is called the wreath à la Florian, and is exceedingly pretty when made of various hues, or of very large pansies. The circular wreath is sometimes made of roses and orange-blossoms, the flowers of the latter being full blown, not in buds. Pink and red roses combined together are extremely fashionable. White and blue lilac blended together likewise make a charming wreath. Wreaths are occasionally formed of daisies, combined with jonquilles or pinks.

Some very pretty ornaments for evening headdress have been introduced. They consist of flowers (as daisies or blue-bells), combined with glow-worms, scarabees, and butterflies, made in gold and enamel. They are fixed by pins, just above the bandeaux of the front hair, and are arranged in the form of a coronet or tiara. The effect is at once novel and becoming.

Ball-gloves are fastened by four or five buttons, and are without any trimming at the top.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES FOR SUMMER. (See full-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Dress of blue China silk, the skirt ornamented with four pinked ruffles, arranged in festoons, and finished at the points by rosettes of silk. High waist, with coat-sleeves, trimmed in cuff shape. Overdress of white Swiss, forming two sash ends in front and three in the back, with broad bretelles looped on the shoulders. The overdress is trimmed with scalloped ruffings, and is ornamented in each sash end, and on the shoulders, by rosettes of blue.

No. 2.—Dress for a girl of seven years. Plain, gored dress of gray French poplin, with sailor jacket slashed in the back, and slightly looped at the sides. The trimmings consist of ruchings of light green silk, headed with bands of velvet two shades darker. Full sash to correspond. Straw hat, trimmed with a rouleau composed of velvet and ribbon, of the two shades of green on the dress, and ribbon streamers.

No. 3.—Suit, to be made of white pique, trimmed with bands of buff Chambray edged and strapped with narrow black braid—the straps confined by pearl buttons. The suit consists of a dress with Gabrielle front, full back, and coat-sleeves, and a short mantilla cape with the tabs belted down. White straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and daisies.

No. 4.—Suit for a boy of four years. Knickerbocker pants and belted blouse, to be made of blue twilled flannel, trimmed with narrow black braid, and gilt, or pearl buttons. Black leather belt with gilt buckle. Straw hat with blue ribbon band.

No. 5.—Suit for a pet of two and half years. The dress is cut after the pattern of the "Arthur" dress given in the May number, and is very pretty made either in white pique or buff linen, trimmed with narrow bands of blue Chambray, stitched on by machine, and crossed at intervals by bands of the same material, commencing at the bottom of the skirt, and extending nearly to the waist. The bands are pointed at the upper ends, and attached with small pearl buttons. Little sailor jacket to correspond, cut away in the front.

No. 6.—This dress is made of changeable summer poplin, blue and gold, the skirt trimmed with three narrow folds of blue silk, and bands of double ruching of blue silk placed perpendicularly at intervals, and finished at the upper ends with blue silk bows. High waist and coat-sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Overdress of black silk, with peasant waist, the skirt forming a round apron front, and three distinct puffs at the back. The overdress is bordered with folds of blue silk, the puffs separated with ruchings of blue silk, and ruching around the square neck.

No. 7. Florette suit, a stylish little costume for cool days in early summer. The dress is made of bright blue cashmere or all-wool delaine, the skirt ornamented with five narrow bias ruffles, edged with narrow blue velvet a little darker than the dress. Plain waist and coat-sleeves, trimmed with velvet. The outside garment is a half-fitting sack, with coat-sleeves and shoulder capes, and is made of drab cashmere, trimmed with blue velvet, and ornamented up the back with blue velvet rosettes. Drab straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet.

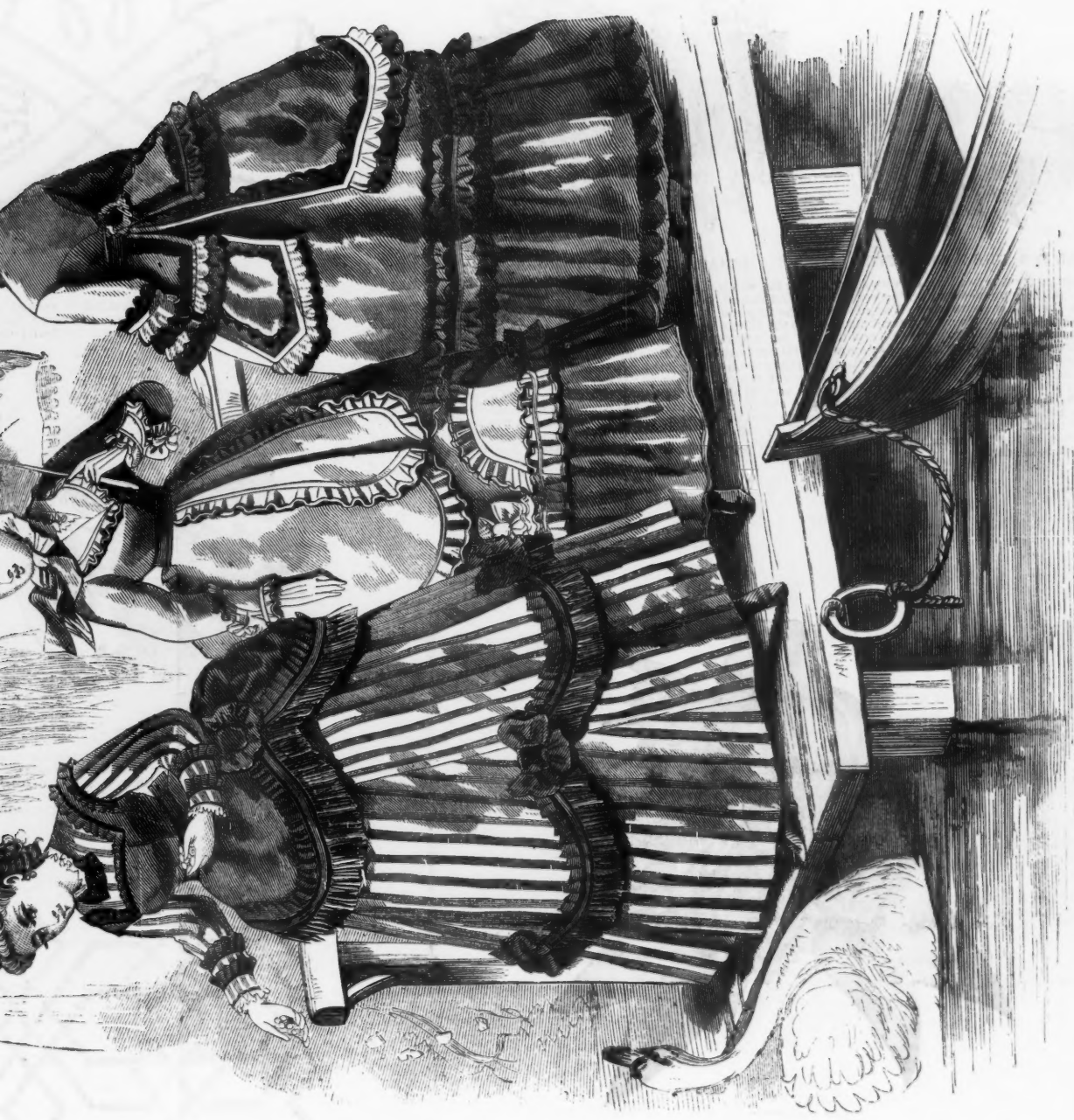


CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.

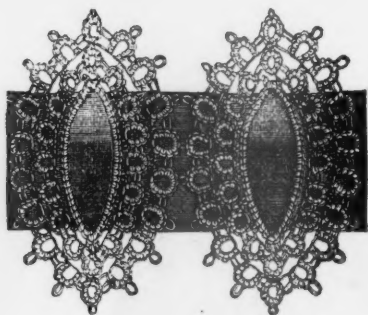
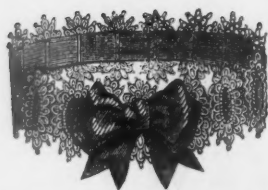


THE FACE IN THE GLASS.





SHORT COSTUMES FOR AUGUST, 1870. (FROM MME. DEMOREST.)



FRILL FOR THE NECK (TATTING).

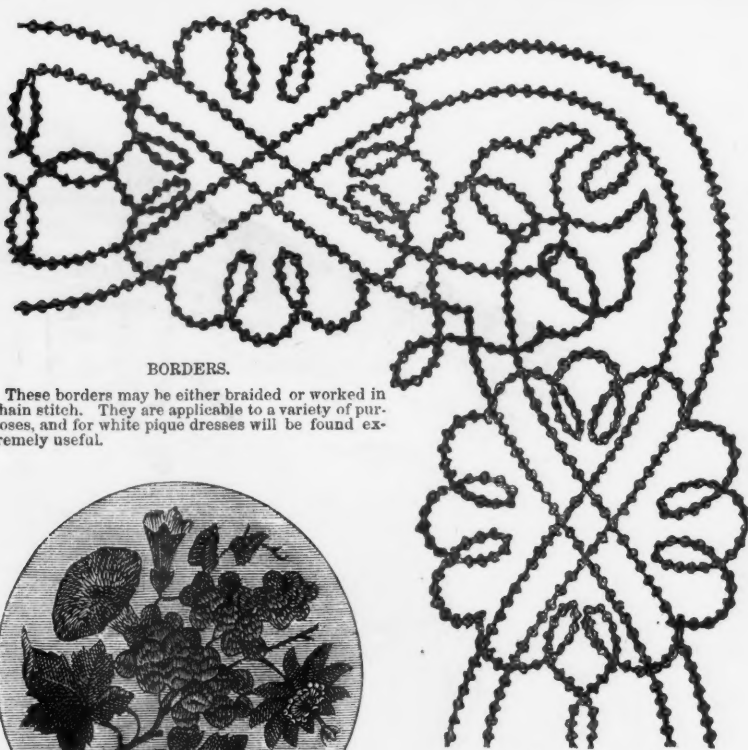
DETAIL OF FRILL FOR THE NECK.

You require for this two threads, also satin ribbon, the width of the inside of the medallions. Use Evans's cotton, No. 24. Commence by working upon the second thread, 25 double; this is for the bar inside the oval over which the ribbon is twisted. You now work the first row inside the ovals, * 1 purl (still on the second thread), 5 double, repeat from * 7 times, 1 purl, join to the thread before the 25 double, 1 purl, 5 double 6 times, 1 purl, join just between the 25th double and the first purl after the bar, you now work the first round of ovals, knot into the 1st purl. With the shuttle commence the first oval. 3 D., P. 3 times, 3 D., draw up, knot into the next purl, work 16 ovals altogether like the last, joining each one to the one preceding it in the first purl stitch, and knotting into each successive purl on the last round, pass the cotton to the top of the first oval, and knot it into the purl for the second round of ovals. Work an oval as in last row, draw close; leave a little cotton, an oval as before, joining to the last one in the first purl stitch. Do not draw quite close, but leave a little space. The engraving illustrates this clearly. Knot into the purl on the next oval of last round, and repeat in this manner all round. In working the following medallions join the two centre ovals on the side to the corresponding ovals in the last medallion. Run the ribbon through as described, and add a bow. The engraving shows how this is done.



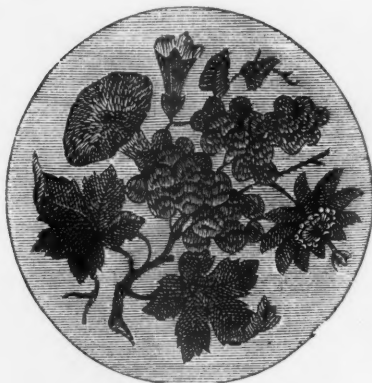
BOW FOR THE HAIR.

Bows of all descriptions are now worn in the hair, fastened among the plaits and curls wherever they are found to be most becoming to the wearer. They are usually made of satin or ribbed ribbon to match the dress worn at the time. This is made with loops and ends of green satin, and has a gold and black enamelled butterfly lighting upon it.



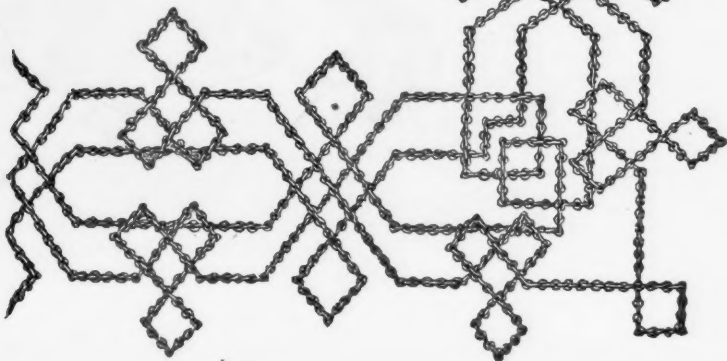
BORDERS.

These borders may be either braided or worked in chain stitch. They are applicable to a variety of purposes, and for white pique dresses will be found extremely useful.



MEDALLION IN SATIN STITCH.

This medallion is suitable for ornamenting small baskets, housewives, pocket-books, pincushions, &c. The ground is made of satin, velvet, silk, or cashmere. The embroidery is worked in satin stitch with pure silk in different bright colors, or in the color of the ground.



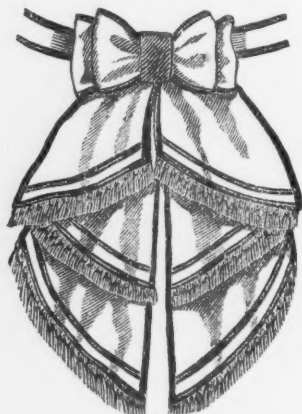


No. 1.—WALKING-COSTUME.

No. 2.—HOME DRESS.

No. 1.—Street suit in grisaille summer silk, trimmed with black grosgrain. The lower flounce is fourteen inches deep, and the second one eight inches, and the bindings, bands, and plaitings of grosgrain, each three inches wide.

No. 2.—Home dress of white grenadine, made over light-blue silk. The skirt is made just to touch the ground, and is bordered with a sixteen-inch flounce, arranged as seen in the illustration. This flounce, as are also the ruffles which are disclosed by the loopings, is bound top and bottom with light-blue silk, and edged with narrow blue fringe. It is attached with ruchings of silk, and bows made of grenadine and silk combined. Overskirt arranged and trimmed to correspond, forming a full panier at the back. Sash of blue silk. Half-fitting sack, open en châte, with a standing ruche of lace. Flowing sleeves to match.



THE MARION SASH.

A very pretty yet simple sash, made of black alpaca, and trimmed with velvet and fringe. It would also be very appropriate for any washing goods; trimmed with ruffles or rows of braid.



ALICIA SASH.

A stylish sash, suitable for any material, the trimming to be leaves of the material bound with silk of a darker shade and silk pipings. The lower sash-ends are twelve inches long by eight broad; the second ones, eight inches long by six broad; and the upper ones, five and a half inches long by five broad.

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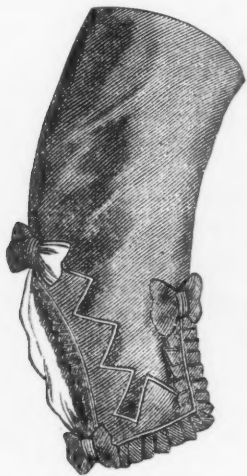
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IME. DEMOREST.



HELENA SUIT.

This is made in light-brown chene mohair, trimmed with folds and feathered ruchings of brown silk. The three upper folds stop at the side seams of the front width—which is cut wider than usual—and a long, circular apron is simulated by a ruffle of brown silk, with a heading to correspond with that of the folds. The round postillion is gathered into the belt, instead of plaited, as is usual. It is very handsome in gray Japanese silk, trimmed with folds and ruchings of violet, or in hair-striped summer silk trimmed with stone color.



OLYMPIA SLEEVE.

Our model for this sleeve is made in gray foulard, the points bound with violet silk, and the ruchings of gray attached with a fold of violet. The opening on the outer side extends to the elbow, and is finished at the top and caught together at the bottom by bows of gray, bound with violet. A full undersleeve of white muslin should be worn with it, and allowed to show through the opening.



JULIE DRESS.

of buff linen, the skirt ornamented with two deep flounces, cut as seen in the illustration, edged with white braid, and ornamented with linen buttons.

Plain waist and coat-sleeves trimmed to correspond. Short, gathered postillion in place of a sash.



Dress of gray silk, trimmed with five plaited ruffles, headed with a narrow satin fold. Plain corsage, trimmed with bretelles of quilled silk and satin. Open sleeves to correspond. Overskirt of black lace, looped at the sides and back with satin bows.

EMBROIDERY.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

There has been an unsuccessful attempt to introduce long dresses for the street. But short dresses still hold their own, and it is to be hoped the good sense of the women of the present generation will prevent their being thrown aside. A short, loose jacket cut up the back is worn by ladies of any age up to forty. Paniers and overskirts are sometimes omitted. Many of the elegant summer robes are made without either.

Among the novelties are white muslin shawls cut in the shape of a lace "point." They are trimmed with one row of fluting six inches in depth, and two ruffles, each three inches wide, above. They are worn loose at the neck, and draped at the back to form a tunic *fichu*, as lace shawls often are.

Favorite and fashionable dresses are of white organdy, trimmed with black velvet. The flounces are edged with narrow velvet. The sash may either be of muslin or of wide velvet.

Flowers are used in the greatest profusion. They have quite taken the place of jewels as ornaments for young girls.

Bonnets have increased in height, but not enlarged in size. They are, however, very little worn, excepting for church and dressy occasions. Round hats have almost wholly taken their place for the street.

Sashes are now in many instances dispensed with, a bow of some sort taking their places.

The "Turkish talma" is worn at watering-places. It is simple in shape, and made in fine Oriental cashmere, brodered with rich silk and gold fringe. It is fastened at the throat with handsome buttons, crocheted in silk and gold thread. Scarlet and gold, or crimson and gold, or blue and gold, should be the predominating colors.

Muslin neckties in the form of sailor's knots, embroidered in black and red, and edged with Valenciennes insertion, are very pretty. Short scarfs of China crepe in various colors, just long enough to tie in a bow at the neck, the ends being pointed and fringed, are worn with linen suits.

Summer travelling-costumes are made of a linen skirt and blouse, trimmed with flat plaitings, quilled ruffles, and narrow braid in clustered rows. Or it may be made without trimming, and confined at the waist by a sash shaped like a small, round apron, trimmed like a horseshoe.

White toilets are greatly worn this summer. These are made of French nainsook, Victoria lawn, Swiss muslin, French organdy, pique, and percale. Pique is most in favor for cool mornings.

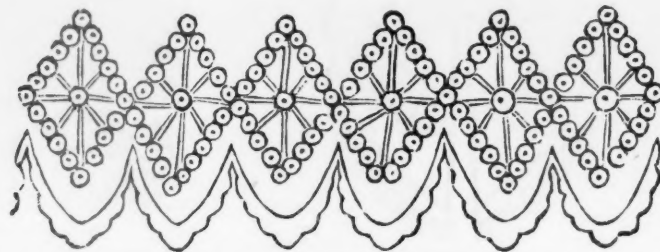
SHORT COSTUME FOR AUGUST.

(See full-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Afternoon dress of striped Japanese poplin—black and white—the skirt ornamented with black silk fringe and two rows of black velvet, which are surmounted by a single plaited ruching of black silk. This trimming is arranged in broad scallops, with a bow of silk trimmed with velvet, placed at each junction. Square-necked overdress of black silk, the skirt, with full panier back and round apron, trimmed to match the underskirt. Pretty in striped summer silk garnished with blue, and blue silk overdress, or in the more economical striped poplin, with alpaca overdress.

No. 2.—Morning promenade-costume of white linen, the twelve-inch flounce on the bottom of the skirt headed by a double fluting, attached by a bias band stitched on by machine. Above this are semicircles of fluting, separated by linen bows which can easily be removed for washing. Overskirt bouffant in the back and en revers in front, trimmed with fluting. Plain waist with round revers and narrow collar. Close sleeves with trimming to match that on the skirt. Bonnet of white chip, ornamented with ruchings of black lace interspersed with field-flowers. Tie-strings of light-blue grosgrain ribbon. A very pretty effect may be produced by making the bows, sash, and tie-strings of the bonnet of ribbon of some color becoming to the wearer. This design would be equally as appropriate for any other thin goods, or for any of the silk or woollen materials used for summer wear.

No. 3.—Walking-costume of gray crepe Engenie, the skirt bordered with a fourteen-inch gathered flounce, the edge of which is finished with a broad binding of golden-brown silk cut in scallops. The heading is composed of five scalloped ruffles, alternately gray and brown, three standing and two falling over the flounce. Overskirt formed of detached gores and a rather wide apron-front. Tight basque with square neck—the bottom cut to match the overskirt. The overskirt, basque, and coat-sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the heading to the flounce. Chapeau rond of gray straw, ornamented with a rouleau of brown grosgrain and a tuft of brown and gray plumes at the back.



EMBROIDERY.

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SPURGE HAWK-MOTH, CATERpillars AND CHRYSALIS.



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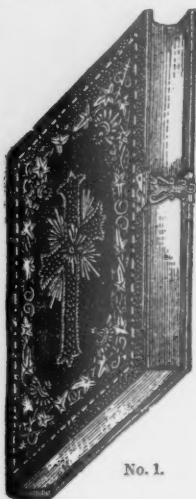
EARLY FALL FASHIONS, FOR 1870. (FROM MME. DENORET.)



NEGLIGEE DRESSES.

No. 1.—A graceful and comfortable wrapper, cut in a modified "Gabrielle" style, with a gore under the arm and a loose front. Our model is made in blue French cambric, trimmed on the bottom with an eleven-inch flounce attached by a bias band of the goods, leaving a fluted heading above. Flowing sleeves, trimmed to correspond. The flounce, bands, and ruffles, are edged with narrow white braid. To be belted in with a sash of the material, or of silk.

No. 2.—A Morning Dress, or walking costume for the country, to be made in French lawn, or any thin white goods. The round skirt is ornamented with alternate rows of horizontal and diagonal tucks, a fluted ruffle being placed below, on the edge of the skirt, and another, standing, above. Half-fitting French sacque with flowing sleeves, trimmed to correspond. To be worn with a silk sash of some becoming color.



No. 1.



No. 2.

EMBROIDERED COVER FOR PRAYER BOOKS.

The covers may be of black, blue, red, or violet velvet. The embroidery may be in gold, silver, or silk, according to taste. The outlines of the patterns must be traced upon the velvet, and worked over from the full-size parts of the design given in No. 2.

The cross in the middle may be easily enlarged from the illustration, as the outlines are very simple. Some ladies make these covers loose, and sew them over the book; they must then be lined with silk to make them neat. Others send them to the binder's.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

No. 1.—Little girl's dress of white pique, with a double skirt; the under one is braided with scarlet soutache; the upperskirt is cut in deep scallops, edged with embroidery and braiding. Low, square bodice with braces and sleeves braided to match the skirt. Waistband with long ends of pique, ornamented with embroidery and braiding.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

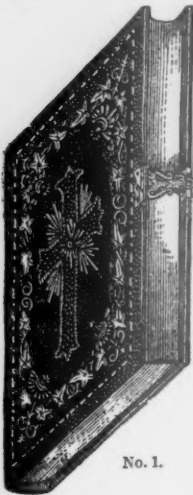
No. 2.—Dress of white muslin for a little girl between six and eight years old. This dress is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce, edged with Valenciennes lace, and headed with muslin insertion. Tunic rounded in front and just covering the flounce, headed with insertions and narrow tucks that simulate an apron. The tunic is simply edged with a flounce and insertion. Low bodice, pleated in front with flounce, forming braces, which meets that of the tunic. Puffed sleeves. Waistband and sash of blue ribbon.



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LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.

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FASHIONS FROM MME. DEMOREST.



BONNETS AND COIFFURES.

No. 1. COIFFURE "JASMINE."—This is especially adapted to a blonde, and was arranged for a fashionable *reunion* in this city. The style of the front is admirably illustrated by our artist; the back is composed of a profusion of light airy curls falling over puffs similar to those on the sides.

No. 2. COIFFURE "MARIE."—A simple, yet stylish coiffure, which can easily be arranged by any person. Part the hair very far forward and divide it into four strands, rolling them over good-sized "topies." Place a heavy cable band down the center. The front is arranged in the regular manner, with the plaits placed between them and the back hair. Short, frizzed curls fall over the forehead.

No. 3. THE "BRIGANT."—One of the new shapes, to be trimmed with black thread lace, loops, and streamers of black grograin ribbon, and a large rose in foliage placed on the left side.

No. 4. THE "ROSETTA."—One of the latest styles, made with a diadem front, and a full, loose cap fitting over the high coiffure. The cap should be made of embroidered tulle with ruchings and bows of ribbon, and the diademe with large bows, and the hair interspersed with flowers. Tie-satings of grograin ribbon.

No. 5. A FASHION.—To be made in black lace with a bouquet of flowers set directly in front, a veil falling over the chignon. Tie-strings of ribbon.

No. 6. A stylish arrangement for the hair of girls from six to nine years of age.

No. 7. THE SCHOOL-BOY'S COIFFURE, for misses from eleven to fifteen years.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

No. 1. LINEN CUFF, trimmed with check cambric—to be worn with the sailor collar, No. 8.

No. 2. PARURE "ABBE-GALANT," a chemisette of linen laid in fine plaits, with the stylish collar richly embroidered.

No. 3. A HANDSOME CUFF, made in linen, with a second one, on reverse, of plaited linen, cambric, edged with Valenciennes lace. To be worn with the Collarette Gabrielle, No. 6.

No. 4. CUFF OF LACE NET, edged with Valenciennes, plaited into a lace beading through which narrow scarlet velvet is run. To be worn with Collar Fernande, No. 7.

No. 5. UNDERSLEEVE with embroidered linen cuff, belonging to Parure "Abbe-galant."

No. 6. COLLARETTE "GABRIELLE"—a full ruche of Valenciennes lace finished in the centre with a plaiting of cerise satin ribbon. Fastened with a bow of satin ribbon to match.

No. 7. COLLAR "FERNANDE"—a very stylish collar, made in white organdy, and trimmed with full plaits of wide lace footed edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, a beading of black satin ribbon, and a beading of the same the beading to the plaits. The back is formed entirely of the plaits—the upper one standing—and the front is turned back on reverse, the ends being continued quite long and fastened together with a handsome bow with fringed ends.

No. 8. LINEN SAILOR COLLAR, trimmed with bands of checked cambric. Suitable for traveling.



COLLARS AND CUFFS.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

We give this month a great variety of fashions, both for ladies and children. Summer materials and summer styles are still in use. Linen, pique batiste—a fine, close, neutral-tinted fabric of wiry silk and linen—and seersucker—a mixture of Lisle thread and cotton, which washes and irons beautifully—are all seen as the most popular fabrics of the season. Dress goods have been and still are exceedingly cheap this season, having nearly, if not quite reached their standard before the war. And in spite of the beautiful and costly fabrics which the windows of our warehouses display, there has been displayed a commendable tendency to economy. Piques and percales are as frequently to be met as silks and hennies, and the higher priced organdies. We have even seen plain prints, such as can be obtained for twelve and a half cents per yard, prettily and stylishly made, on our fashionable thoroughfares.

Nevertheless, those who wish to be extravagant can be so to their heart's content. Lace in some shape is an almost imperative addition to a dressy toilet, and as "no one would dare to wear" imitation "who wished to retain caste," the demand for the real fabric is enormous, and prices have advanced accordingly. Consequently a lady can easily carry a fortune on her back.

An effort is about to be made to revive long dresses, but there is a determination among sensible women—among whom, we hope, we may number all our readers—to resist it.

Madam Demorest, the standard fashion authority in America, gives some excellent hints in regard to the wearing of chemisettes and fichus, she says:

"Chemisettes and fichus, trimmed with strips of insertion, and borders in point lace, are very fashionable. White bodices are nearly gone out of fashion. All the skill of our lingers is now expended upon chemisettes of various kinds, to wear with low, open dress-bodices.

"The shape of the chemisette, of course, varies according to that of the dress-bodice, which is either square, round, or heart-shaped. Fichus are worn with low dresses. They are made of muslin, trimmed with strips of insertion in embroidery, and with Valenciennes or Mechlin lace.

"The fichu is extremely becoming to ladies who are thin and slight, who should, on the other hand, avoid the square-cut bodice, which always makes one appear thinner, and is, therefore, suited to ladies who, with a good, well-proportioned figure, will look well in any style of dress; but if they incline to any extreme of thinness, or embonpoint, they must make use of a little art to conceal it.

"The very thin will do well to adopt the pretty fichu mantles crossed over the bosom in front; also the short, loose jacket, just open enough in front to show the full lace jabot.

"The stout should wear the square cut bodice, with clear muslin or tulle chemisette, and beware of bouillons and other puffed-out trimmings. It should also be borne in mind that light colors and white make one look stouter; and black and dark colors make one look thinner. Striped materials, vandyked and spiked trimmings, are becoming to stout figures; and flounces, scallops, and ruches, to those that are the reverse. It is also well known that a short waist makes the figure look shorter, and a long one causes it to appear taller."

The same lady speaking of children's fashions, says:

"Nothing is so pretty for a little girl's 'vest' as white muslin, over pink or blue silk—the bows and sash, of course, the color of the silk. Wash dresses, however, for this season, are in the ascendant, and ought to be for any summer in this climate. Piques, linens, percales, cambrics, are all cheap, all pretty, all durable, and make pretty suits and dresses for both boys and girls.

"Boys, until they are five years old, wear little cross over blouses and paletôts of linen, and piques, with pants or short plaited skirts.

"Girls', high-necked, yoked, or Gabrielle dresses of muslin, pique, or cambric, with apron or overdress, more or less looped, and ruffled, and decorated with ribbons.

"Very pretty excursion suits for boys consist of sailor pants and jacket, made of blue cloth and trimmed with white or black braid. The collar of the jacket is very broad, and deeply pointed on the shoulder; over it a smaller collar, attached to the striped cambric shirt, is turned down. Striped stockings, high boots, belt with leather pouch, and sailor hat, complete the costume."

FASHIONS FOR FALL, FOR 1870. (See Double-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—Morning walking-costume of lawn, the lower skirt and half-fitting sacque in white with blue spots, and the overskirt of plain blue. The lower skirt is entirely without trimming, and the sacque is trimmed with ruffles on the bottom, around the heart-shaped neck, and on the flowing sleeves. Simple, round overskirt, trimmed with a broad ruffle and gracefully looped at the sides. Hat of rice straw, turned up at the back and trimmed with a feathered ruching of blue silk, a bunch of marguerites, and streamers of blue grosgrain ribbon.

No. 2.—A distingue evening toilet in rose-colored gaze de Chambéry, the train skirt bordered with a fourteen-inch flounce cut in scallops and bound with silk of the same shade. This flounce is arranged in very broad box-plaits, leaving plain spaces between, each plait being attached with a bow of black velvet, and the intervening spaces headed with a feathered ruching of rose-colored silk. Just above is placed a standing row of black thread lace. The overskirt, trimmed to correspond, is open and rounded away in the front, and looped on each side with a large graceful bow of black velvet. Corsage à basque, forming two deep points in the front, and having a second plaited postillion at the back of rose-colored silk. Square neck, trimmed with ruching and lace. Point-lace chemisette. Flowing sleeves and lace undersleeves. Coiffure of puffs, adorned with sprays of pink hyacinths.

No. 3.—Visiting-costume of lavender grenadine made over violet poul-de-soie. Skirt ornamented with a twelve-inch flounce surmounted by a deep puff with a narrow ruffle above. The flounce is edged with a fold of violet silk, similar ones defining the puff, and the ruffle caught with loops of silk. Simple overskirt, trimmed with a corresponding puff, and looped at the sides under a bow of violet silk. High waist with a berthe formed by a puffing, and close sleeves trimmed to match. Sash of violet silk. Bonnet of lavender crepe de Chine, trimmed with clusters of shaded violets in foliage. Brides of crepe de Chine fastened on the left side with a bunch of violets.



WALKING SUIT.

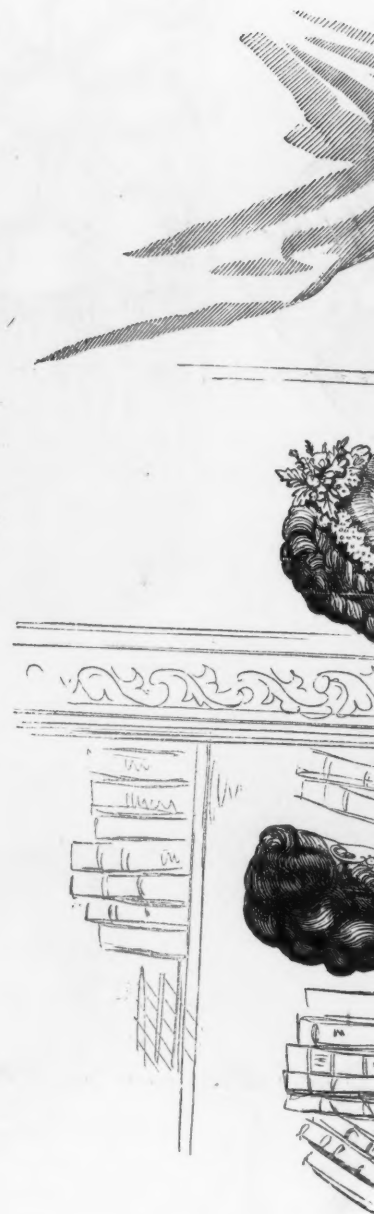
Suit of buff linen, made with two skirts; the lowest one trimmed with one ruffle, headed with three bands of green chambray; the upper skirt is trimmed with six bands of the same. Jacket trimmed to correspond, with bows of the same on the shoulders. Leghorn hat, trimmed with green velvet and feather.



THE SISTERS.

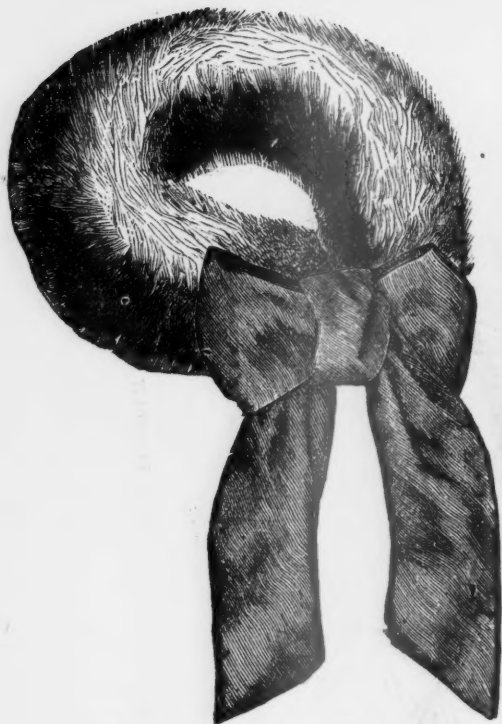


THE INTERESTING BOOK.





WALKING DRESSES FOR AUTUMN, 1870.—(FROM MME. DEMOREST.)



No. 1.

FUR FOR THE NECK.

No. 1. This fur is made of feathers or down. You require a piece of linen, 15 inches long, by 1 wide; some poultry feathers or down, which should be prepared. As this is a very useful as well as fashionable work, we will describe a good method of preparing feathers for the benefit of those who keep poultry. Feather trimming is much worn, and is not difficult to make; and, if sold, would prove far more profitable than disposing of the feathers to upholsterers or drapers.

As soon as your feathers are taken from the bird, put them into brown paper bags, which tie close—coarse calico bags would do as well—and put them into a moderate oven, where they should be kept for some hours; this kills all the vermin. When you take them out, put on a cloth and shake them well, then pick each feather out, and cut off the little hard piece of quill at the top. If you intend to make trimming of the feathers, before your birds are plucked they should be gently washed in lukewarm water and soap-suds, with a little whiskey or gin in it; by this means the plumage is rendered perfectly clean and free from all dirt and dust, and if the birds are left in a clean, warm place to dry, they can receive no harm. Nearly all birds are washed in this manner before exhibition, on account of the gloss and lustre it gives to the feathers.

No. 2 shows you how each feather should be cut. Prepare a large quantity before you commence working.

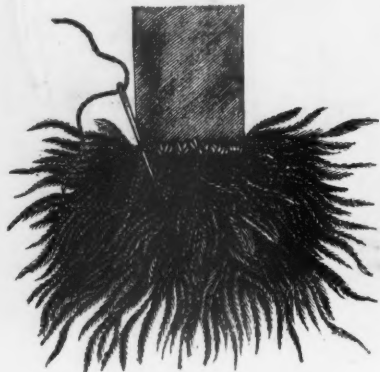
No. 3 shows the manner of sewing on. You take for the first row three or four feathers, and sew them in a row at the extreme end of the linen. They must be sewn on with sewing silk, at about the distance from each other shown in the figure. The stitch used for sewing on is made by working over each feather twice on each side the quill. The detail shows the stitch and the position of the needle so clearly that further explanation is unnecessary.

In the 2nd and all other rows the feathers are put close together, and on each side the linen—that is, for this boa for the neck—in making a trimming, they must not be put so close that they fall over each other, but be carefully arranged.

Sew the feathers on the linen till about 1 inch from the middle, then commence the other half, working to the same distance from the middle; then sew the feathers on in a slanting direction, by which means the turning, or rather meeting of the feathers, will not be so visible. When the piece is finished, sew ribbon strings to the extreme ends of the linen to tie it with. When you mount feathers as a trimming, it is well to mount them on material as nearly the color of the feathers as possible. The feathers of the golden pencilled or spangled Hamburg fowls form a beautiful, rich trimming, and a good gray one, well marked, can be had from the silver-pencilled birds of the same breeds, also from the Brahma Pootra fowls.



No. 2.



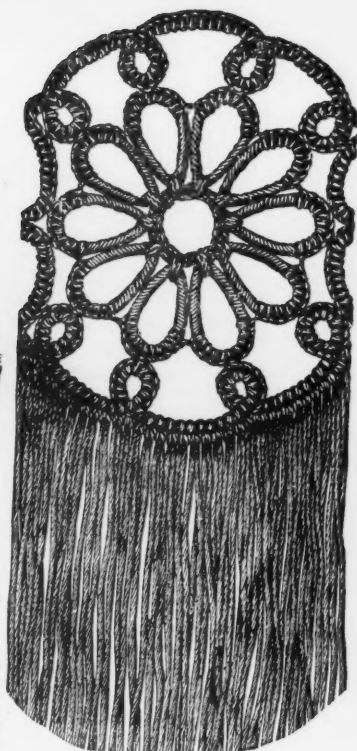
No. 3.



No. 1.

CURTAIN-HOLDER OF WHITE COTTON CORD AND TATTING COTTON.

This curtain-holder consists of large and small rosettes of cotton cord; the circles are worked round with buttonhole stitch of coarse tatting cotton; on both sides of the curtain-holder these circles are edged with loops and scallops of cord; these are likewise worked round with tatting cotton. At the lower edge of the curtain-holder work a crochet fringe with cotton. No. 1 shows part of the curtain-holder smaller than full size; No. 2 shows the middle part of the same, full size. The curtain-holder is 14 inches long. The pattern must first be traced on stiff paper or cardboard; the cord is fastened on the same, following the outlines of the pattern; for each circle of the rosette make a loop with the cord, as can be seen in No. 2. When the last loop has been made, sew the beginning and the end of the cord together. No. 1 shows distinctly that the rosettes get smaller toward the ends of the curtain-holder. In the middle of the rosette fasten every circle with 2 buttonhole stitches of thick cotton; at the edge of the rosette work about 10 buttonhole stitches in every circle, joining them thus together. Then work the border from illustration, fastening the cord on the paper in loops, and working buttonhole stitches round them, fastening at the same time the loops on to the rosette from illustration. For the fringe at the lower edge of the curtain-holder, take up one loop in every buttonhole stitch, work 1 chain stitch, draw it out so as to form a loop 3 inches long; the fringe loops must all be exactly of the same length; for this always keep 3 or 4 loops together on the needle. When the loops are completed the fringe is cut open.



No. 2.

CENTRE OF CURTAIN-HOLDER (full size).



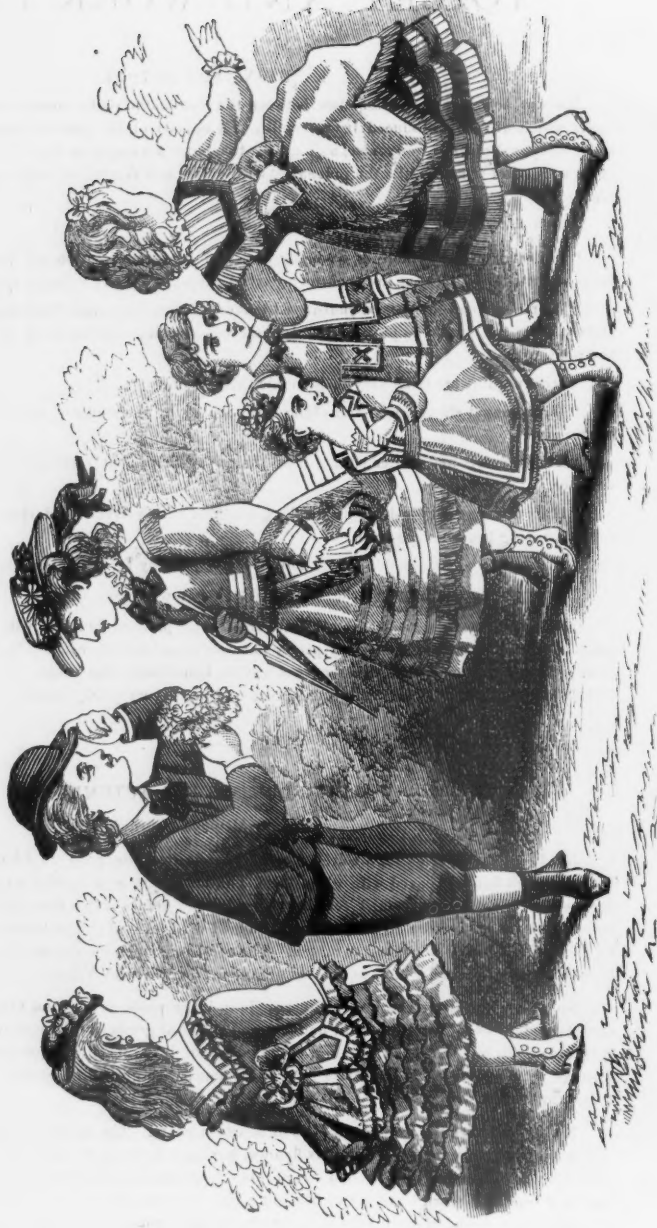
INITIAL LETTERS.



PEARL NECKLACE.

The mode of making this pretty-shaped necklace is too clearly shown in the design to need description. The beads should be strung on round white elastic, and fastened by satin bows.

FASHIONS FROM MME. DEMOREST.



LATEST STYLES OF CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

No. 1.—A stylish little dress made in white grenadine, the skirt ornamented with ruffles, the waist with a row of pink rose-buds. Pants descending just over the knee, where black silk braid and jet buttons. Hat of gray cassimere, and trimmed with narrow row black velvet and jet buttons. Pants descending just over the knee, where black silk braid and jet buttons.

No. 2.—Boy's suit, to be made in gray cassimere, and trimmed with narrow row black velvet and jet buttons. Pants descending just over the knee, where black silk braid and jet buttons.

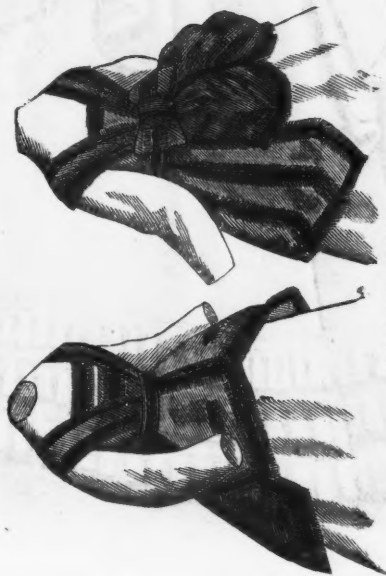
No. 3.—A stylish little dress made in white grenadine, the skirt ornamented with ruffles, the waist with a row of pink rose-buds. Pants descending just over the knee, where black silk braid and jet buttons. Hat of gray cassimere, and trimmed with narrow row black velvet and jet buttons.

No. 4.—Suit for a child of two and a half years. Paletot of white piqué, trimmed with black velvet and jet buttons. Pants descending just over the knee, where black silk braid and jet buttons.

No. 5.—Suit for a boy of four years, consisting of a skirt and jacket, made in white cassimere, and trimmed with bands of blue cassimere and narrow black velvet, as per illustration. Jacket open in front, displaying the white waist underneath.

No. 6.—Suit for a girl of two and a half years. Paletot of white piqué, trimmed with black velvet and jet buttons. Pants descending just over the knee, where black silk braid and jet buttons.

row black velvet and pink rose-buds.
 No. 2.—Boy's suit, to be made in gray cassimere, and trimmed with narrow black silk braid and jet buttons. Pants descending just over the knee, where they are fastened on the outside with three buttons. Open jacket and vest, trimmed to correspond with the pants and vest.
 No. 3.—A handsome suit for a girl of eight years, consisting of dress, overskirt, and jacket, made in white alpaca, and trimmed with bands of blue silk and blue fringe. The overskirt has no apron, the side gores are very short and square, and the back is much longer and perfectly plain, without any looping. Ordinary sailor jacket with one dart in front. Broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and white daisies.

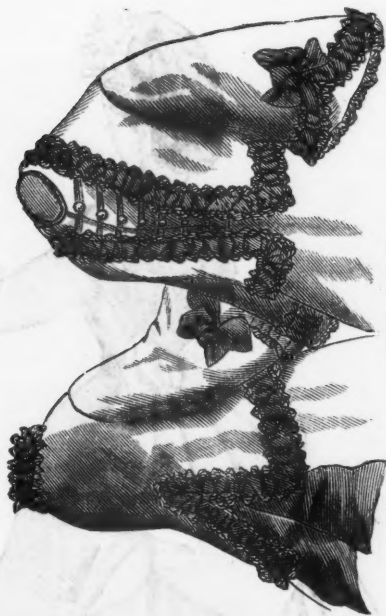


CELIA OVERDRESS.

A stylish little overdress, made short and open in the front with three quite long ties in the sides, and a short panier back. The material may be black or any colored silk, trimmed with bands of velvet and narrow fringe.

white cashmere, and trimmed with bands of blue cashmere and narrow black velvet, as per illustration. Jacket open in front, displaying the white waist underneath.

No. 6.—The model from which this dress was drawn was made for a girl of eight years, and the style would equally do for a girl of twelve. The dress is made in white alpaca, with three broad bands of plain green, skirt garnished with three broad bands of plain green. Panier of plain green, edged with silk fringe, mixed green and white. Plain waist, with square neck and without sleeves, trimmed to correspond, and to be worn over a blouse waist of white organdy, trimmed with Valenciennes.



ADELIA JACKET.

This fancy jacket, intended to be worn en suite, is drawn from a model made in grisaille silk, and trimmed with narrow black thread lace and ruchings of bright blue silk. The vest is of grisaille silk, garnished with broad bands of blue.



Dress of brown silk, made with one skirt, and a casaque forming the waist and tunic. The lower skirt is trimmed with three plaited ruffles, headed by narrow satin folds; the upper skirt is simply corded with satin. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with scarlet flowers.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

We are now in a transition state between the thin materials for summer wear and the heavy winter goods which will be introduced in November. A novelty of the present month will be suits of Scotch wool, composed of skirt, polonaise, and talma, the latter arranged to throw over the left shoulder as an extra wrap, and trimmed like the polonaise, with velvet and fringe, the latter containing the colors of the plaid.

Demorest's Monthly says of the fall fashions:

"Underskirts and crinolines, as being prepared for the fall season, are perfectly straight and flat in front, and sustain fulness at the back by a curved shape, or by five volants, spaced between.

"We recommend the *special guaranteed* makes of black silks, and black alpacas, and mohairs for fall suits, as they are sure to be pure in quality, and will give much better wear, as well as greater pleasure in the wearing.

"Irish poplins are to be very fashionable this season.

"Wide bonnet strings, rich and plain, are adopted by the empress, and 'ruled in' for the fall and winter styles.

"The new fall and winter bonnet is of the gypsy shape, but somewhat larger than those worn this summer.

"Hats of very rich plush, in high colors, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, are to be very fashionable during the coming season.

"Grebe is to be fashionable for trimming, and especially for trimming cloth and velvet suits.

"Crimped waterfalls have been revived—they are much cooler than the chataleine braids."

The handsomest parasols are of white or of some pale-colored silk, with a lace cover, and stick of pearl and gold or coral. Some very pretty parasols are of a thin, white silk, lined with blue, cherry, or lilac silk, and trimmed with three narrow ruffles, bound with the color. The color shows through the silk (which looks like a heavy silk grenadine), and has a very pretty effect.

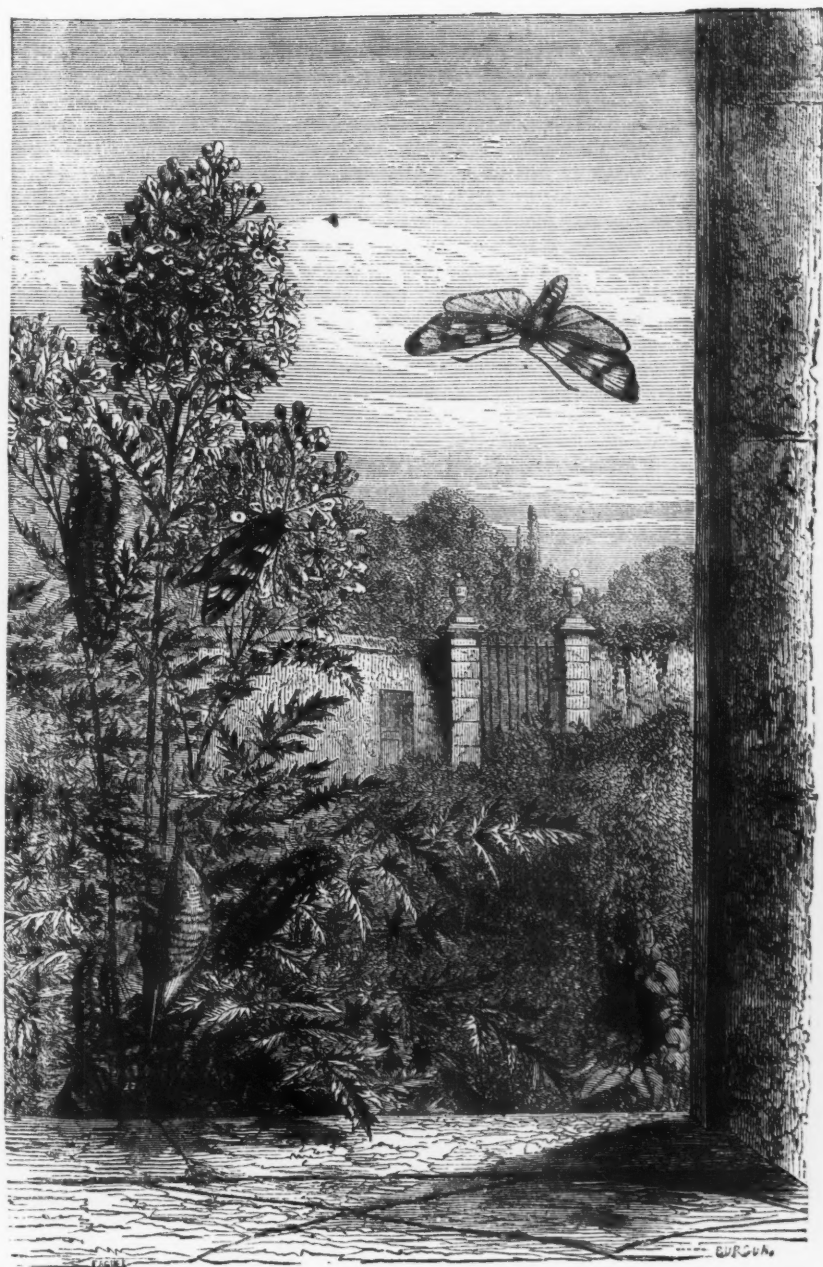
WALKING-DRESSES FOR AUTUMN, 1870.

(See Double-page Engraving.)

No. 1.—A lovely toilet for a soirée, the skirt made in white gaze de Chambéry, trimmed very high with gathered flounces edged with white Tom Thumb fringe and headed with black velvet. The overdress—consisting of an overskirt, forming three distinct points and a round apron-front, and a basque to correspond—is of lavender crêpe de Chine, trimmed with folds of silk of the same shade, each point being finished with a heavy silk tassel to match. The corsage is open to the waist in front, and is completed by a chemisette, plaited à la paysanne, of organdy, trimmed with Valenciennes.

No. 2.—A handsome visiting-costume made in black poul de soie and black grenadine, the silk skirt ornamented, as per illustration, with flounces and ruffles of grenadine, bound with black silk, and retained with broad silk bands. The trimming, en tablier, is slightly raised in the centre, forming reversed points. Corsage with square neck and close sleeves, trimmed with grenadine ruffles. Chapeau of black thread lace, ornamented with shaded violets in foliage.

No. 3.—A charming dress for a Miss of fourteen years. The skirt is of summer silk, striped in blue and white, and ornamented with a bias flounce, having a heading of shell trimming, in plain blue silk. Over this skirt is arranged a second one of plain blue silk, trimmed with silk fringe, and tied carelessly on the sides like a scarf, leaving two floating ends. The corsage of blue is of a new style, the fronts laid in plaits like a fichu, trimmed with fringe, and continued round to the back to form a sash. Rather close sleeves of striped silk, trimmed to match the skirt, and having a full puff of blue at the top.

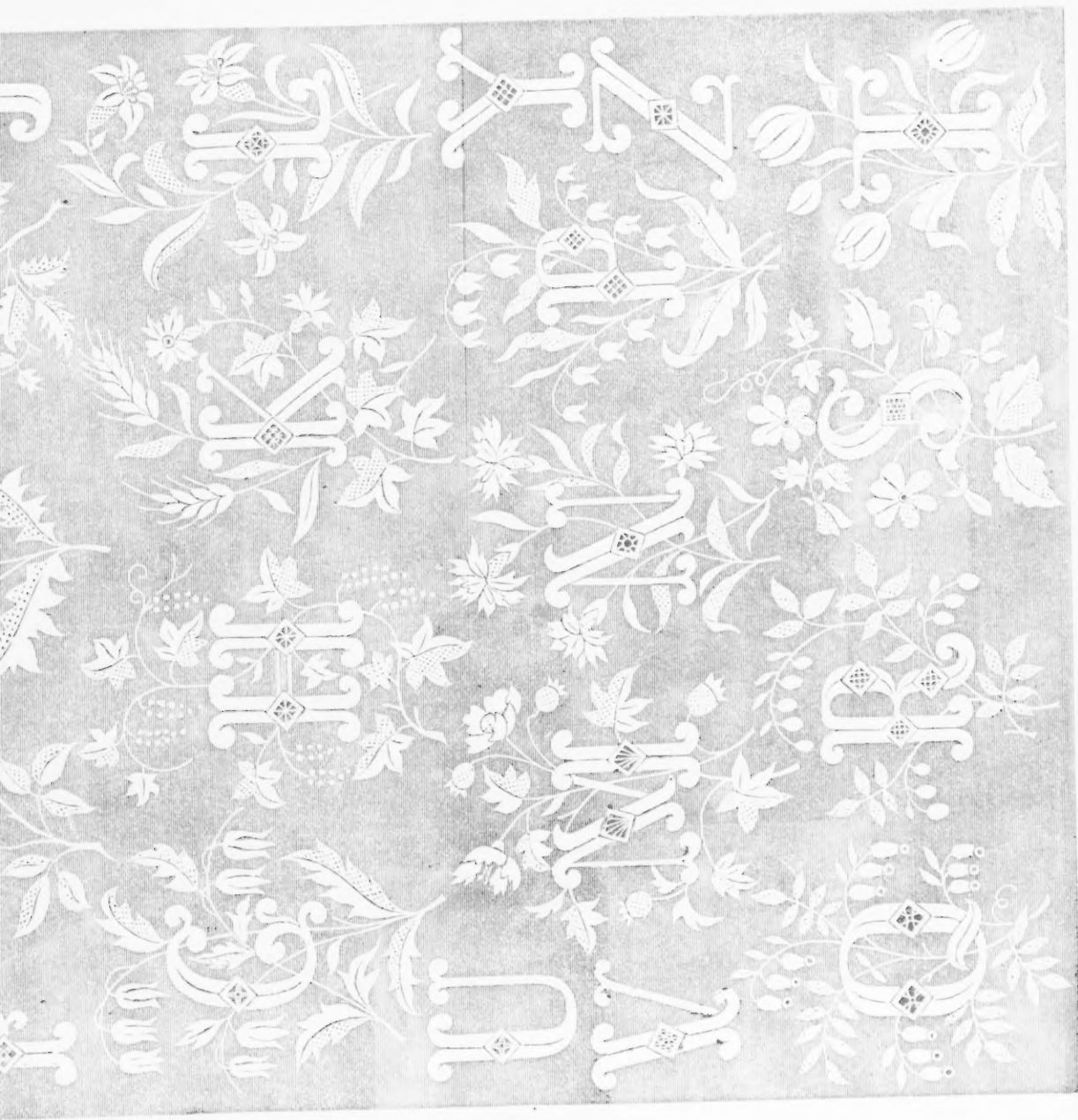


BURNET MOTH.



JENNY DENNISON.



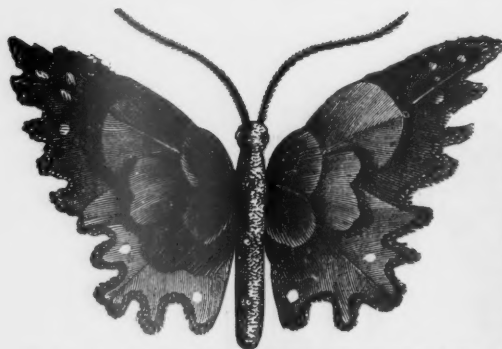


ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

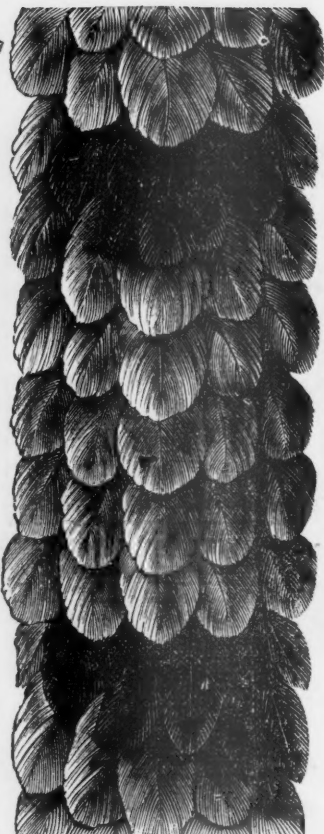




VISITING TOILET AND DINNER DRESS.—(FROM MME. DEMOREST.)



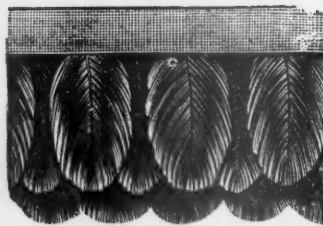
No. 1.—ORNAMENT FOR THE HAIR (FEATHER WORK).



No. 2.—BAND FOR DRESS (FEATHER WORK).



No. 3.—BAND FOR DRESS (FEATHER WORK).



No. 4.—TRIMMING (FEATHER WORK).

FEATHER TRIMMINGS FOR BALL DRESSES, &c.—Some of the newest and most uncommon trimmings of the present season are composed of feathers arranged in a variety of ways, either as ornaments for the hair, in separate shapes, or in continuous rows forming a border of any desired width. White poultry feathers are particularly useful, as by the aid of "Judson's dyes" they may be made to assume any tint required to match or contrast with any ball dress. From the magenta dye a beautiful rose pink may be obtained

by putting in a small quantity of it. Scarlet, cerise, mauve, violet, yellow, blue, orange, gray, and many other colors may be had. For dyeing the small feathers, pour into an earthen basin two quarts of boiling water, and let the feathers soak in it for a minute or two, then lift them out with a perfectly clean quill pen or piece of stick, and pour in a little of the dye. The quantity must depend on the shade required; but it is better to put in too little than too much, as it is easy to add more if requisite. The feathers must

never be allowed to remain in the basin while the dye is poured in. When the dye is thoroughly mixed with the water, put the feathers in and stir them about well with a pen or stick in each hand, that the color may take effect equally. When the feathers are of the shade you wish, take them out of the water with your little implement, and hang them to dry. No. 1 is a pretty ornament for the hair, and looks extremely well with lace, ribbon bows, or flowers. For the foundation take a piece of rather thin Bristol board, three-quarters of an inch in depth and one inch and one-eighth in width; slope the outer corners toward the centre, leaving one-quarter of an inch in the middle for the body, which must be sloped and rounded at the extremities, and slightly fold the cardboard straight across, depthways, on each side of this. This piece is for the support of the wings (it is better to be colored black on the underside), and to it the feathers composing them must be fixed with strong gum arabic. For these, feathers having a larger and stronger shaft than those forming the trimmings hereafter described must be selected, those form the two upper wings cut to about an inch and three-quarters in length, and for the lower ones an inch and a quarter; these last must overlap the former, part of one side of the feather being cut away that they may not do so too much. The feathers for the upper wings must also be shaped with the scissors, and sloped to meet the under ones, and both sets notched at the edge. Scarlet looks well for the upper wings, and buff or sulphur color for the lower ones (but these can be varied in any way); white spots may be painted on the scarlet with body or oil color, and black on the buff with lamp black, with which also the notches may be edged. The breast feathers of pheasants are very pretty for the centre, arranged something in the manner shown in No. 1, their natural markings coming into great advantage. The very small neck feathers of the peacock, too, may be advantageously used for the same purpose. Having arranged the wings to your satisfaction proceed to cut the shape of the butterfly's body in the Bristol board, about an inch and three-quarters in length, rather pointed at one extremity, and rounded at the other for the head; paint the underside black and cover the upper with black velvet gummed on; but before doing so put between it and the former piece of cardboard two of the thinnest filaments of a peacock's feather (or, if not thin enough, cut them narrower), about one inch and three-quarters in length, for the antennae; these, being so very light, are the best things for the purpose, as they move with the air, and give a more natural appearance. Now insert into the centre of the under piece of cardboard a short length of fine wire (such as is used for artificial flowers) twisted around a knitting needle, and make a small loop at the disengaged end; it only remains now to gum on the body in its proper place, and the butterfly is complete. A hair-pin put through the loop in the wire fastens it to the hair in any required position. Nos. 2 and 3 are well adapted for bands to loop up the tunic of a white tarlatan or crape ball dress. A foundation must be made by folding a double piece of the same material as the dress, rather narrower than the feathers will cover, and on it, for No. 2, are to be fixed a row of five feathers in breadth, of any light or bright color preferred, placed not quite straight across, but in the manner shown in the illustration. There are to be five rows of the same feathers also in height, as distinctly seen in the illustration, and then by way of contrast the tip of a large dark-green and black cock's feather, or a peacock's eye, which would have the best effect at night, with a very small feather of the same color as the rest on each side of it to make up the width. There are two ways of fastening on the feathers. Some people fix them with very strong gum arabic at the quill end of each; but the most secure way is sewing over every feather twice on each side the top of the quill. The peacock's feather and the smaller colored ones are to be repeated in the manner shown in the illustration till you have the required length. No. 3, which is intended for the same purpose, for a mourning dress, is composed entirely of black feathers, arranged in the form there shown, and edged with very light narrow ones. Some gray feathers might be intermixed in any way preferred to lighten this trimming; and, in order to adapt them to any desired shape, all and any of the feathers may be cut with sharp scissors to give them the proper form and make them fit in where required. No 4 is a narrow trimming for the edge of the tunic, to correspond with the looping up, and, in the choice and arrangement of the colors, must be made to match the others.



ETTA OVERSKIRT.

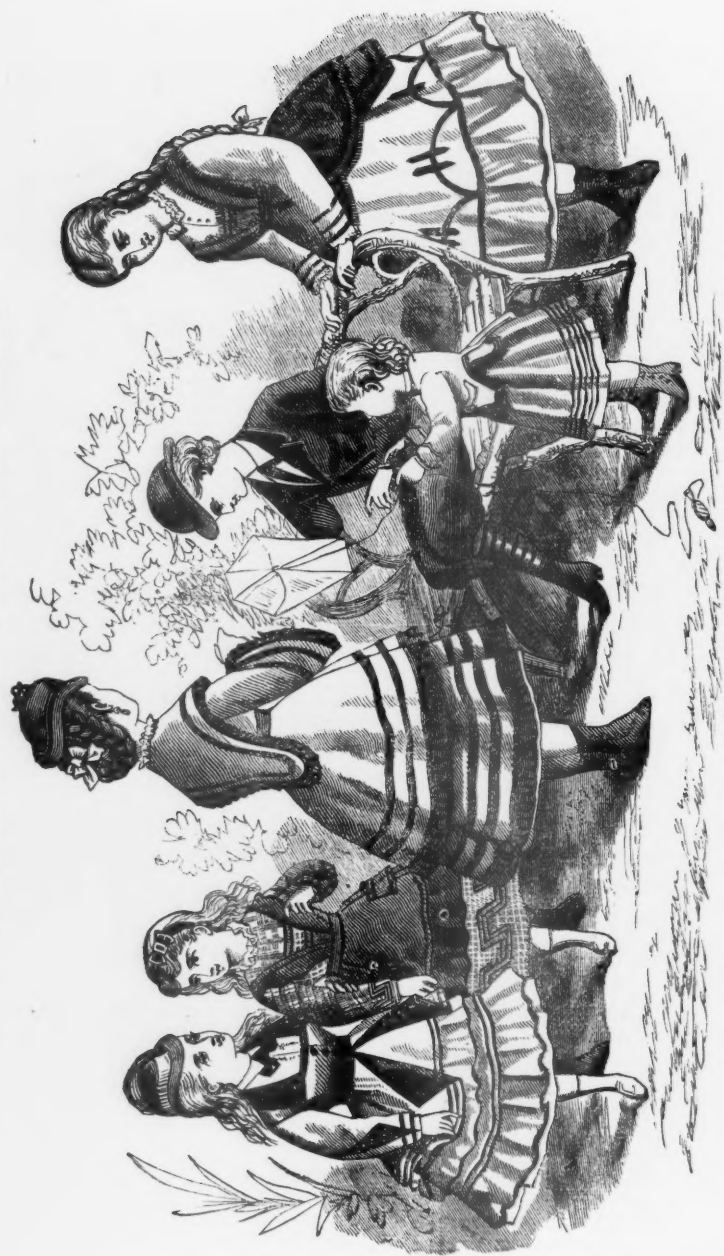
This jaunty little overskirt can very appropriately be made in any of the fall or winter goods to complete a suit. It would also be very pretty made in black silk or alpaca, to be worn with any dress.



LITTLE BOY'S SUIT.

Rosalie

FASHIONS FROM MME. DEMOREST.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR LATE AUTUMN.

No. 1.—Street suit in bright blue cashmere, the skirt trimmed with two bias flounces edged and headed with narrow black velvet. Polonaise, looped at the sides, trimmed with narrow black velvet, and broad velvet revers in front. Square neck, with revers and collar of black velvet. Coat-sleeves trimmed to the wrist with narrow black velvet. No. 2.—A pretty suit for boys from three to five years of age. To be made in blue-colored all-wool delaine, trimmed with very narrow garnet velvet. The skirt is to be made in the same material as the jacket, which has broad revers and collar of black velvet. Dark gray felt hat.

housings edged and headed with narrow black velvet. Polonaise, looped at the sides, trimmed with narrow black velvet, and broad velvet revers in front. Square neck, with revers and collar of black velvet. Coat-sleeves, with velvet and a blue plume.

No. 2.—A neat home dress in bright all-wood plaid, trimmed with narrow black velvet arranged in a Grecian pattern. Black silk apron, with bretelles, trimmed with narrow velvet. Ruffle edged with lace at the neck.

No. 3.—A handsome walking-costume for a girl of about eight years, to be made in gray French poplin, trimmed with bands and plaited ruchings of light purple silk. The suit consists of a skirt, a plain Polonaise, worn without hoop-irons, and a cape, rounded in front and descending below the waist in the back. Hat of gray plush, trimmed with purple, years of age, consisting of full pants reaching just over the forehead, and a square cut-away jacket with coat-sleeves. The material is dark gray mixed cloth, made up without



No. 1.

HOUSE JACKETS.

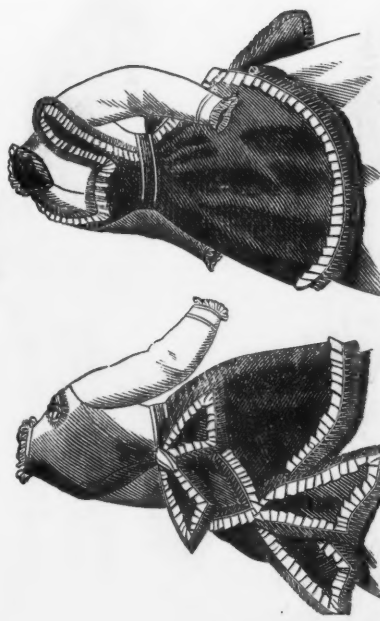
No. 2.

No. 1.—The "Uva," which partakes of the Zouave style in the front and is slightly fitted in the back, is made in white cashmere or serge, trimmed with white and black guipure—the white placed over the black and finished where the rows join by a row of black grosgrain. Bows of black grosgrain ruchings. No. 2.—The "Ina," made in crimson cashmere, trimmed with plaited ruchings of black silk, separated from a standing row of narrow guipure by a row of narrow velvet. It is closely fitted in the back, the edge of the basque left plain, with the fronts cut in a design shown in the illustration.

velvet. Dark gray felt hat.

No. 5.—A suit for boys from three to five years of age. To be made in stout colored silk, with velvet trimmings. The skirt is made perfectly plain in front, but is arranged in box-plaits at the sides and back. The jacket is particularly pretty, having two tabs in front, with pockets, and three in the back.

No. 6.—Dress of magenta all-wool delaine, the skirt bordered with a flounce edged with black velvet ribbon, and headed with velvet disposed in a design which can be easily copied from the illustration. High, plain waist, and coat-sleeves trimmed with velvet. Overdress of black silk or Beaver brand molair, trimmed with velvet ribbon and Tom Thumb fringe. This overdress is arranged with a single width in the back, a very short round apron-front, and a detached piece on each side, rounded on the front, which overlaps the apron and back width. Bretelles, trimmed to match, joined both back and front with narrow bands.



THE APRON OVERSKIRT.

(Front and back view.)

This simple and graceful overskirt can be very appropriately made in black silk or alpaca, and trimmed with velvet and fringe, or platings of silk. It will be found very convenient to be used with any dress, serving the double purpose of apron and overskirt.



AFTERNOON TOILET.

Skirt, with demi-train of green crepe, the shade called *vert paon*: it is bordered with two gathered flounces, the second terminating with a heading. Black spotted tulle tunic, open in front, gathered all round the edge, and having the effect in front of two wide pointed bouillonnés. It is trimmed with black lace, a cross band of black satin, and a frill of black lace. The points at the sides terminate with a large black satin bow. Black satin waistband with bow at the back and four bows on the front breadth of the skirt. Low square bodice, bordered at the top with black lace and a black bias; long sleeves to correspond. Green gauze fichu, trimmed with black lace. Black velvet ribbon, on which a locket is suspended, round the throat. Rice straw Watteau hat, with a tuft of green and black feathers.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

November really inaugurates the winter season. Velvets and furs are introduced with the month, and all the heavier materials of dress-goods are brought into use. Cashmere, alpaca, poplin and mohair in black, crimson, garnet, plum, claret-color, and the different shades of brown are now worn.

Suits are still worn the same as ever, and, as heretofore, the entire dress must correspond in color. The only exceptions to this rule are when the sack is black—either black velvet or some heavy cloth—or when a tunic of bright-colored cashmere is worn over a dark or black silk skirt.

Walking dresses are still worn short and probably will be during the entire season. Panniers are going out of use, and over-skirts are longer and less puffed than heretofore. Flounces are still worn. A skirt may be edged with several narrow flounces or with a single broad one. All flounces are now plaited, and the plaits are pressed down so as to be quite flat.

Velvet, fringe, and lace, are all exceedingly fashionable for trimming. Another pretty and effective trimming is the "moss" galoons. They are not more than half an inch in width, are composed of cut crimped silk, cut to the surface, like plush, and trim anything with smooth surface beautifully. The most distinguished method is to group three shades of the trimming together, space between, and then three more, till three clusters have been attained, the three tints blended in each. Poplins, Empress-cloths, French-merinos, Mohairs, and Yak-cloths are perfectly trimmed in this way.

Gros-grain ribbons, self-colored and of different widths, are used for the hair, for bonnets, and for sashes.

Bonnets may be in velvet or of black or dark straw. They partake of the Gipsy form, and are fastened under the chin with *gros-grain* ribbon. The curtain is often turned up at the back, and, like the small brim, lined with silk matching the shade of trimming. A small, stylish bonnet is made to match a costume of crimson *gros-grain*. The brim is turned up with black and ornamented with a plume of black and crimson feathers.

Very new and stylish hats and bonnets are of dark, high-colored plush, trimmed with velvet, and long plume of the same color. They are prettiest worn with jackets of plush, with velvet mountings.

Long plumes seem to be coming in fashion again, sufficiently long to droop low over the chignon.

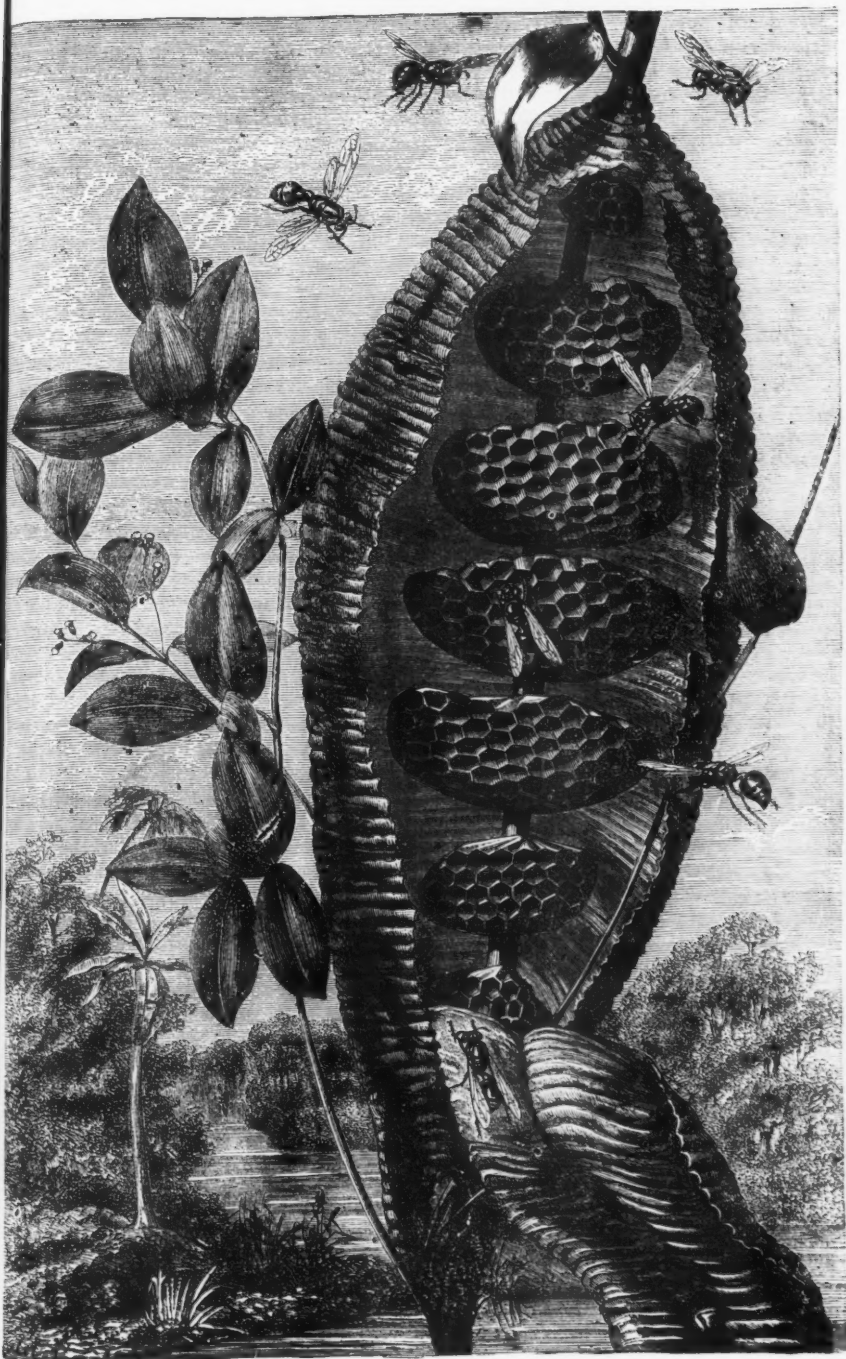
We would say to our readers, that the patterns of any of the fashions given in *THE HOME MAGAZINE*, as coming from *Mme Demorest*, can be obtained at *Madame Demorest's* establishment, 838 Broadway, New York.

VISITING TOILET AND DINNER DRESS.

(See double page engraving.)

No. 1.—Reception or dinner dress of white twilled *foulard*, garnished with ruffles of deep lilac silk, and bands and bows of black velvet edged with narrow silk folds of a deep lemon color. This unique combination of colors is a perfect success. The design of the trimming can be easily copied from the engraving. The sash is composed of three pieces—the centre one much longer than the others, and cut in the centre, forming two points. Full bow at the waist. Corsage with one deep point in front and a heart-shaped neck. Chemisette and undersleeves of *dentelle de Bruxelles*. Coiffure of puffs and curls, ornamented with purple lilacs.

No. 2.—Visiting toilet of rich black *gros-grain*, trimmed with bands of the same, edged with narrow satin folds and narrow *guipure* lace. The overskirt, which has the effect of a *Polonaise*, is additionally trimmed with a rich fringe, and is made open and square in front. The back is gathered into the side seams, thus rendering it slightly *bouffant*, and is surmounted by a plaited postillion which is deepened at the sides and joined in with the seam. This arrangement is entirely new, and produces a most stylish effect. The trimming on the plain waist describes broad *revers* in front and a deep pointed collar in the back. Bonnet of purple *crepe de chine*, ornamented with a purple plume and a garland of holly-berries and leaves.

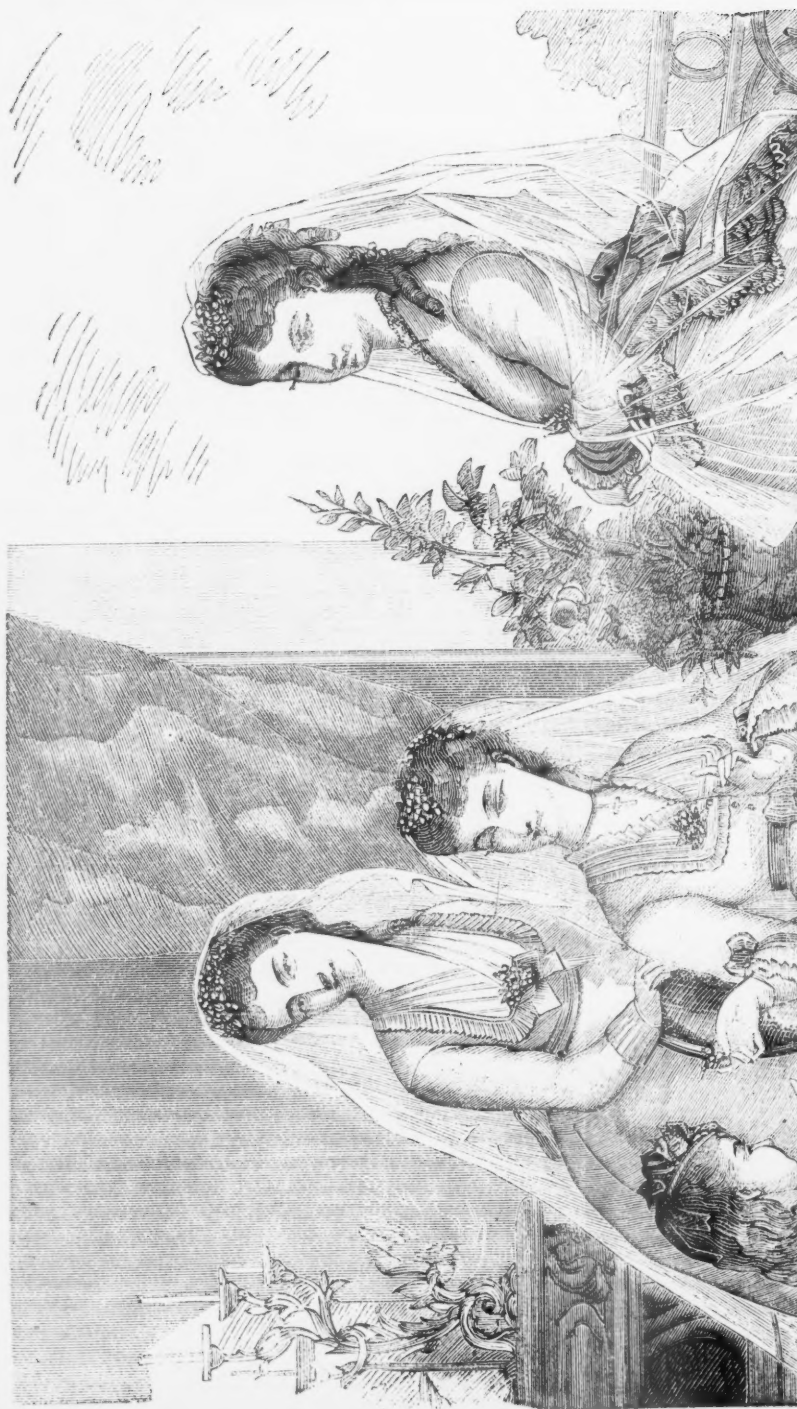


TATOU WASP (*Tatus morio*).





WELCOME HOME.



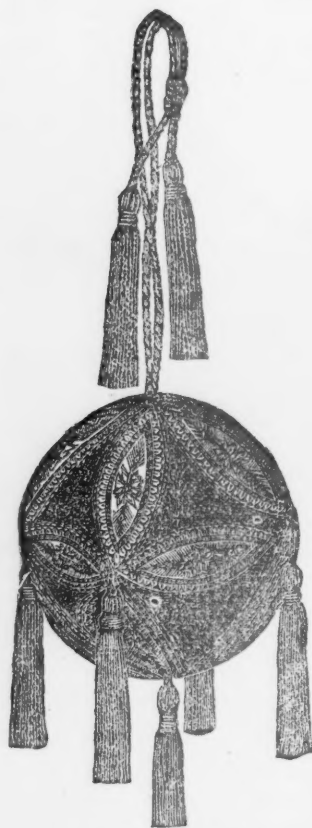


BRIDES' TOILETS



WATCH-POCKET IN PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

This watch-pocket is embroidered with fine silk on perforated cardboard. Our pattern consists of two parts, the back and the pocket. The pattern on each is a spray of rosebuds and forget-me-nots, embroidered in natural colors, with two shades of pink and two shades of blue for the flowers, two shades of green for the foliage, and two shades of brown for the stems. The embroidery is worked in long stitch. The border is of brown stamped leather, sewn on with brown silk. The pocket is lined first with wadding, and then with silk; it is edged all round with white chenille, which is arranged in loops at the top. The lining of the pocket must be slightly quilted. The hook is gilt.



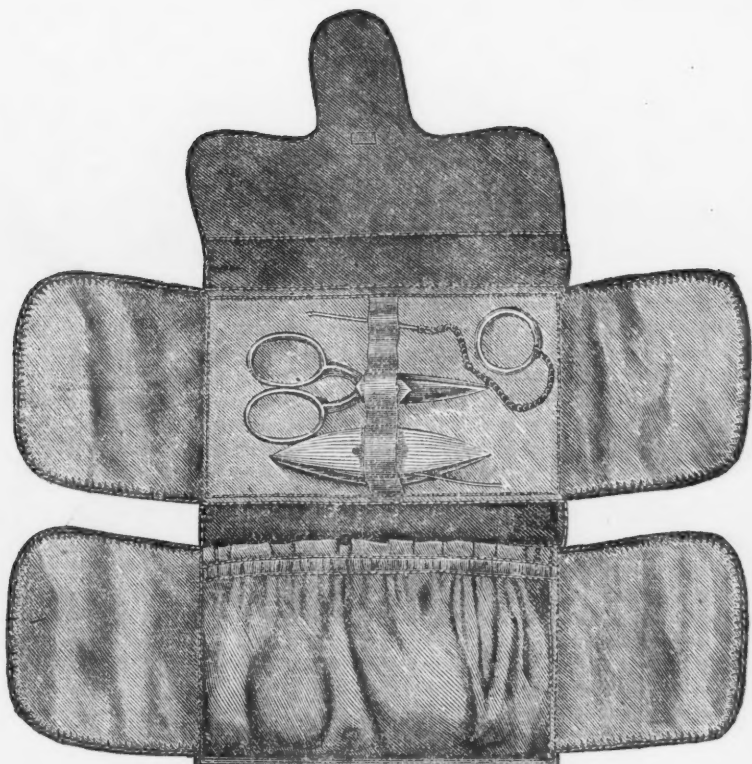
CHINESE PINCUSHION.

Materials: White velvet or cashmere scarlet velvet, purse sewing silk, and gold cord; cord and tassels.

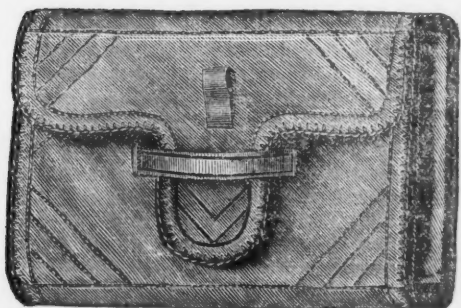
The cushion is formed of twelve little cushions of a triangular shape joined together. These consist of two pieces of plain scarlet velvet and one embroidered part on white cashmere or velvet. The colors may be selected according to taste for embroidering. The little pieces are so arranged that the narrow sides of the scarlet pieces cut to the diagram meet, and the rounding parts join the embroidered section. The little cushions may be stuffed with bran or wool; and, when the twelve are made, they are joined at the points, and the cushion is finished with the cord and tassels. It will be necessary to allow equal turnings for the scarlet and embroidered sections.



SPRAY IN RAISED EMBROIDERY.



TATTING OR FANCY WORK CASE (Open).



TATTING OR FANCY WORK CASE (Closed).

This case is made of cardboard; it is covered on the outside with reddish-brown silk, and inside with green silk. Cut four similar pieces of cardboard from illustration, four others of brown-silk, and four of green silk. Line the silk parts with calico and cover the cardboard with the brown silk previously quilted; the green silk is sewn on plain on the wrong side. The different parts are joined together at the edges with button-hole stitches of brown silk. Then cut the lappets and cover them in the same manner, edging them likewise with button-hole stitch; the lappets are then stitched on to the case; the sewing on of the lappets is covered on the inside of the case by a piece of green silk. Fasten on the outside of the case a small silk loop and a cross band; inside several cross strips of green silk; on the other part fasten a green silk pocket, through the top of which an elastic is drawn.

EMBROIDERED SCISSORS SHEATH.



Materials: Gray kid, gold thread, gold lace, cardboard, white kid, gray sewing silk. This scissors case can be made of gray kid, cloth, watered silk, or velvet of any color preferred, instead of embroidering with gold thread, purple silk of different colors may be chosen. The embroidery is worked in raised satin stitch and overcast. The case is made of white cardboard, which is covered outside with the embroidered material, and inside with white kid; the different parts are sewn together with overcast stitch. On the outlines of the case sew on a gold lace, a silk cord, or some chenille.

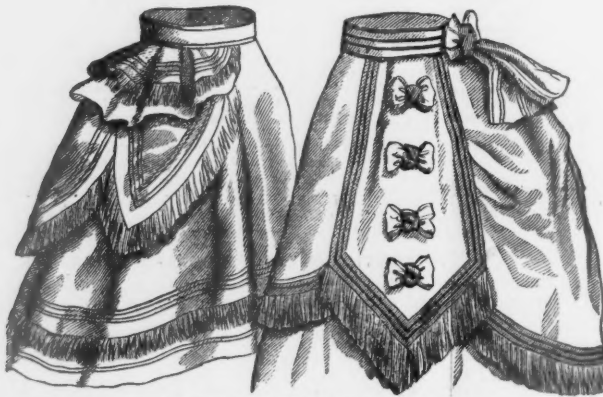


No. 1.—EUNICE DRESS.

No. 2.—ELNORA DRESS.

No. 1.—Made in crimson cashmere, trimmed with narrow black fringe and crimson velvet. The skirt is encircled with two narrow flounces, surmounted by fringe and velvet, a row similar to the headings being placed on the edge of the skirt. Overskirt, with short, round apron, describing five points at the sides and back, slightly looped, and trimmed to correspond. High, plain waist, with square trimming of velvet and fringe, and coat-sleeves with pointed cuffs.

No. 2.—Made in blue Empress cloth, the skirt ornamented with narrow flounces headed with blue velvet, set on diagonally at the sides and straight across the back width, finished on each side with velvet bows. It will be noticed that the second flounce only is continued around the back of the skirt—thus, with the velvet bands across the front width, completing a very pretty design. High, plain waist, with the trimming arranged as bretelles in front and square in the back. Coat-sleeves trimmed to correspond.



LATEST STYLES OF OVERSKIRTS.

No. 1.—The "Kellogg" is very much admired for its simplicity, and can be worn with or without looping, according to fancy. It has a round, plain apron, and the back is ornamented with three sash ends surmounted by a plaited postillion. This overskirt, when added to a dress with a pointed bodice, completes a very stylish walking costume, without any additional outer garment.

No. 2.—The "Raymond" can be very appropriately made in any goods suitable for autumn wear, trimmed with fringe and folds of the material or of silk. The pointed side gore is trimmed round to represent a sash, and ornamented with bows.



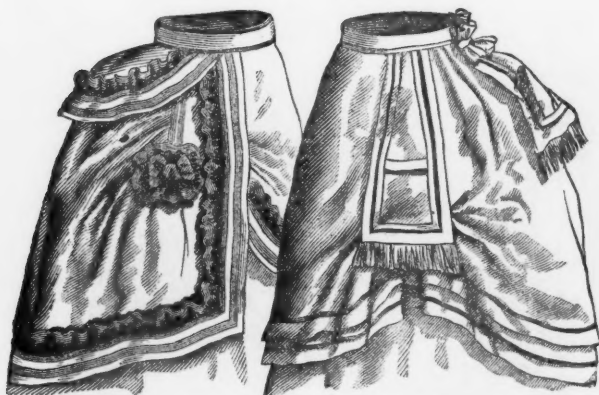
No. 1.—RUDOLPH SUIT.

No. 2.—WARREN SUIT.

No. 1.—A stylish suit for boys from six to ten years of age, consisting of Knickerbocker pants, vest, and loose jacket. Made in mixed gray cloth, trimmed with narrow, black braid and lasting buttons.

No. 2.—For boys of five years. To be made in navy-blue cloth, or serge, trimmed with narrow black velvet or *soutache* braid. The suit consists of short, tight pants, and a belted-in blouse, rather longer than those worn last season. The costume is completed by Russian boots, scarlet stockings, and a sailor-shaped hat of enamelled leather.

Patterns of either the above suits can be obtained of Mme. Demorest. Plain patterns, 40c.; trimmed, 75c.



LATEST STYLES OF OVERSKIRTS.

No. 1.—The "Hypatia" is already a favorite, and is likely to remain so. The round apron, rather wider than is usual, is looped into the sides, which are long and square. Instead of looping the back to form a panier, the middle width is left much longer at the top, and gathered into the side seams, as seen in the illustration. The full rosette on each adds very much to the general stylish appearance, and the round postillion is a very pretty substitute for a sash.

No. 2.—"La Pochette" is simple yet stylish, and will be found very appropriate for ordinary wear, trimmed with folds and fringe in the manner illustrated. The short, square sashes at the sides, used to retain the loopings, also serve as pockets, which will be found very convenient.

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

There is one effect of the downfall of the French Empire and the troublous times in Europe, that might have been foreseen, and that we are heartily glad to chronicle. The seat of the empire of fashion is about to change. Instead of looking to Europe for the modes of the day, we shall henceforth make our own fashions, and Europe will look to us.

Some of the leading European fashion magazines already copy our American styles; while one distinguished London periodical has applied to Madame Demorest of New York to furnish it color d plates which it has heretofore obtained in Paris. It is of Madame Demorest that we obtain many of our fashion designs and descriptions.

And now we would venture one word to the incoming queens of fashion—the makers and the wearers. Paris fashions have always had to be modified to suit American ideas of modesty and propriety. Now that we are to have things all our own way, it will be well to inaugurate our reign by an exhibition of taste, sense, and judgment. Let fashion be no longer regulated by fancy, subjecting health, convenience, and beauty to the whim of the moment, or the desire for extravagance. But let our American fashions be such that European women cannot but approve of and adopt them. The fashions of to-day are in many respects superior to any which have gone before. To be sure it is possible to render them absurd in the hands of persons of incorrect taste. But at the same time our present costumes are picturesque, artistic, and classic, and their advantages far outnumber their disadvantages. Neither modesty nor propriety demand that we should dress like our grandmothers, nor even as we ourselves did ten or fifteen years ago. Health and convenience demand short walking dresses, stout shoes and, in winter, thick wraps. So let American women stand by their short skirts and substantial shoes, no matter who predicts that long street dresses are coming in favor; and they will carry the day.

The most popular dress for either street or house wear is the tunic or overdress. It may be made of almost any color or material. The color of the underskirt is usually black, though any plain, quiet color may be worn. The tunic is usually of striped goods.

A very new design for a tunic has a front cut all in one piece and a postillion basque at the back, beneath which the back, which is cut separate, is united to the waist; the looping up and trimming hide the seam at the sides.

There are other designs which consist of postillion basque and upperskirt, wholly separate from each other, so that, if required, the basque can be worn without the skirt, and *vice versa*.

The favorite mantles are of the Metternich cut, and are generally made in cashmere, black or white, lined, soutache, or trimmed with knotted fringe. A very new style is the *manten jardiniere*—a vestment of black cashmere with a colored border of silk embroidery and a fringe of colors assorted. A great many opera cloaks of white Astrachan are worn, with a deep border of goats' hair fringe.

There is nothing specially new in cloaks, coats or basques. Velvet and velveteen, and heavy cloths are now in almost universal wear, except when the costume is of one material and color.

Our fashion plates are so numerous and full this month that our readers will be able to judge from them, much better than we can describe to them, the various styles worn at this season of the year.

We give this month a new feature: a waterproof suit intended as a business costume for a lady. There are now so many ladies engaged in business, that it has really become a necessity to invent a style of dress suitable to their use. The ordinary fashionable costume made with ruffles and plaits, with pulled overskirt, is exceedingly unsuitable to their use. They must wear a dress of a color and material that will withstand the weather and press of the street, the car or the steamboat. Still the plain-skirted dress and shawl or waterproof cloak is no more to their taste than to that of other ladies. The costume we give is at once neat, plain, and stylish, and suited to the most inclement weather. The two shawl costumes may also be used as business suits, as they are plain, durable, and warm.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Walking-suit of green silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one made with a deep flounce, headed by a bias puff, the puff bordered on each side with a bias satin fold of a deeper shade of green than the dress, and with a narrow plaited edge above the upper satin fold, and a fringe below the lower satin fold, falling over the flounce. The upper skirt is bordered by a scarf of green silk of the tint of the satin fold, which is looped up at the sides and fastened with a bow with long, pendant ends edged with fringe. The basque is trimmed with a fold of bias satin with a quilling above and a fringe beneath; the same trimming put on to simulate a bertha. Hat trimmed with green ribbon.

FIG. 2.—Bridal dress of white silk made with a train, a wide flounce around the front of the skirt, and a narrow flounce put on to simulate a court train. Deep basque trimmed with wide lace. Corsage plain and high. Sleeves—*Chat-sleeve*, with fluting and lace at the wrist. Orange-blossoms in the hair, at the throat, at the back in place of a sash, and on the skirt.

FIG. 3.—House dress of crimson cashmere, made with two skirts. The under-skirt plain, the over skirt open part way up the side, trimmed with black lace and bows of black lace at the sides. Sleeves made with a flounce and trimmed with narrow black lace. Corsage plain, cut down the front in the same style as the overskirt, and trimmed with narrow black lace to match the sleeves. Open at the throat, showing a plain plaited linen bosom with narrow collar.

DESCRIPTION OF DOUBLE PAGE FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Costume for a little girl from five to seven years old. The underskirt is of white alpaca, trimmed round the bottom with a deep pleated flounce of the same material. The upper, looped-up skirt, and the low jacket bodice are of blue Mozambique, trimmed all round with pinked-out ruffles of blue-silk, as seen in illustration. The applets and bows, with which the skirt is looped up, are of blue-silk, as well as the waistband. Round hat of Leghorn straw, trimmed with black-velvet ribbon and blue cornflowers.

FIG. 2.—Bride's toilet. Dress of white poul-de-soie, with plain skirt and bodice, open in front, edged round with a narrow fluting. Chemisette of pleated tulle in the shape of a fichu. *Chat-sleeves* with deep flutings on the wristbands. Long veil of silk tulle, and myrtle wreath. Bouquet of myrtle blossoms and white ribbon on the bosom.

FIG. 3.—Bride's toilet. Dress of white muslin, with the bodice open in the shape of a square in front. It is a jacket bodice, with a basque, long behind, short and pointed in front, trimmed with muslin flutings, and with *rouleaux* and bows of white silk. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a very deep fluting, put on with three white silk *rouleaux*. Sash of white ribbon. Long tulle veil. Diadem wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms. Small bouquet of the same on the right side of the bosom in front.

FIG. 4.—Dress of white satin, with a jacket bodice, trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace, and with satin cross-strips. White satin sash. Half-wide sleeve, trimmed like the bodice. Train-shaped skirt, with a hem and two tucks, each headed with a narrow cross-strip. Long tulle veil. Wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms.



SHAWL COSTUMES.

We illustrate, this month, two styles of the shawl costumes, as they are called, which are so much in vogue at present. They are generally arranged by cutting an all-wool long shawl in two, using one-half for the overskirt, and the rest for the basque, or loose sack, whichever is preferred. Some of the handsomer ones are made of plaid ladies' cloth, trimmed with bullion fringe to match. They require a walking-skirt of some kind to complete the costume.

No. 1 is arranged with a plain gray shawl—the overskirt, open up the back and looped up the sides—over a skirt of brown *satén de Chine*. The basque is neatly tight-fitting, and is confined by a belt and sash.

No. 2 is made in Sutherland plaid ladies' cloth, trimmed with bullion fringe to match, and is worn over a black silk skirt. The overskirt is closed all round, and is looped at the sides near the front, so that the draping extends across the apron. Tight-fitting basque, with flowing sleeves, and sash to match.



ANTONIA COAT.



This is a very pretty as well as comfortable coat. Made of heavy, beaver-cloth, with loose sacque front and full back, about four inches longer behind than in front; rounded up at the back and sides, ornamented with rosettes of corded silk on sides and back. Trimmed with corded silk or braid.

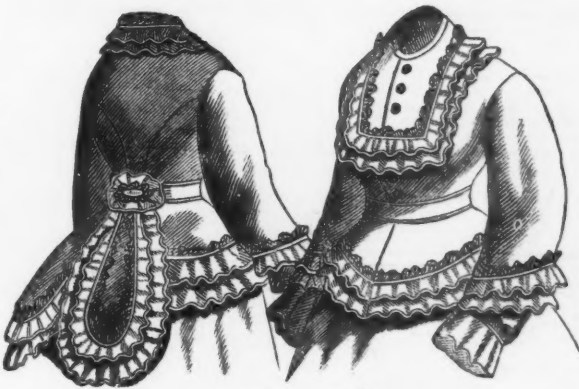


WATERPROOF SUITS.

Waterproof cloth will be much used in suits this season, especially for those intended for business.

No. 1 is a suit of English waterproof, mixed green and black, arranged with a skirt, short basque with coat-sleeves, and a Metternich cape, trimmed with wide black Hercules braid.

No. 2.—A suit of gray waterproof Tweed, trimmed with bias bands of black silk, stitched on by machine, and large flat silk buttons. The suit consists of a skirt, a little shorter than those used for ordinary walking costumes, a loose sack which forms an overskirt and is slightly looped at the sides, and a cape, belted in the Metternich style in the back, the same belt confining the sack. This cape can be reserved for very inclement weather, if desired, as the costume is stylish and complete without it.



ALBERTA BASQUE.

This jaunty basque may be used with equal propriety for either house or street wear. The one from which our illustration is taken is intended to complete a costume in purple French poplin, garnished with ruchings of the material, edged with velvet of the same color, and headed with a band of velvet surmounted by narrow guipure lace. The lozenge-shaped sashes in the back add very much to the general stylish appearance.